MARCH

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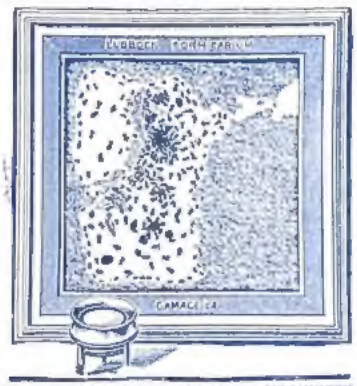

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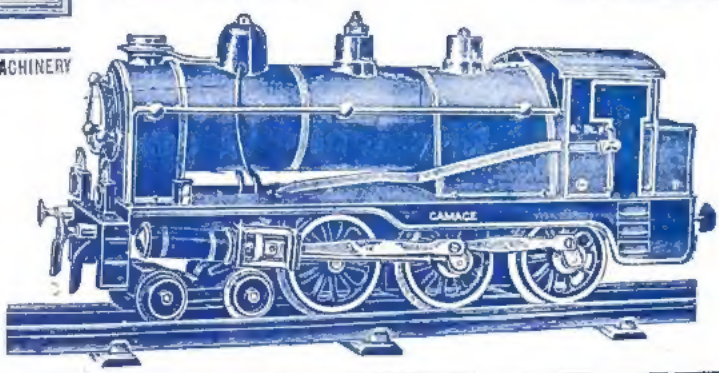

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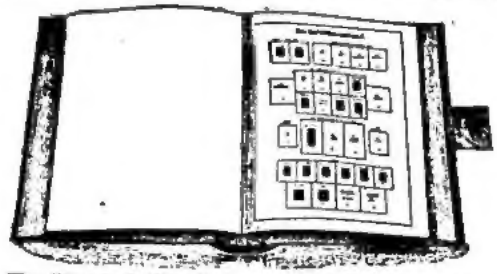

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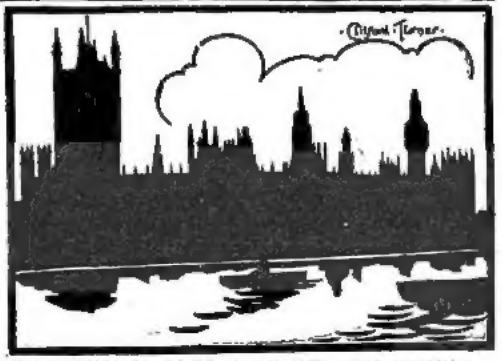

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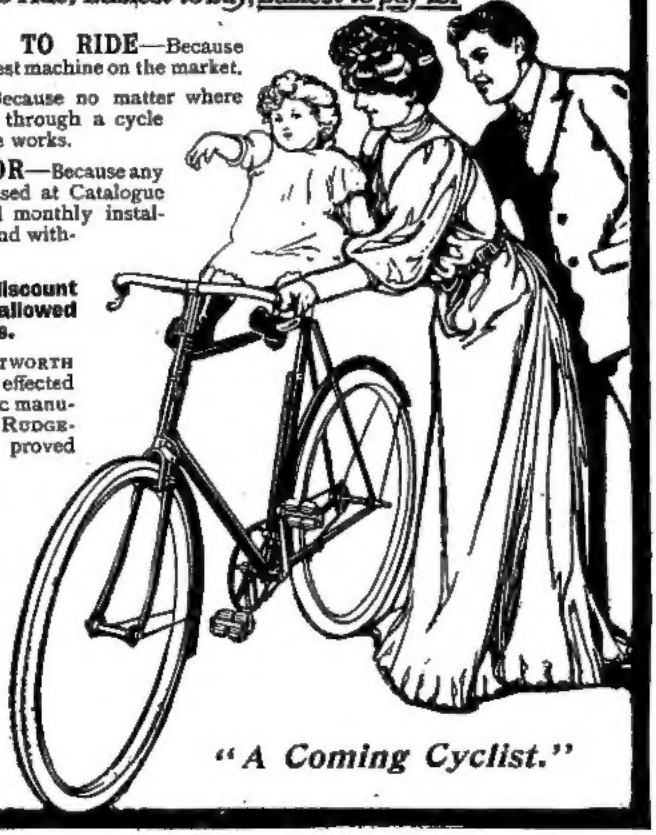

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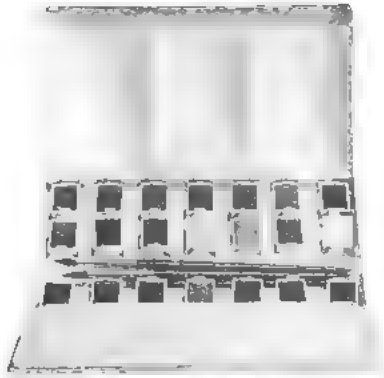

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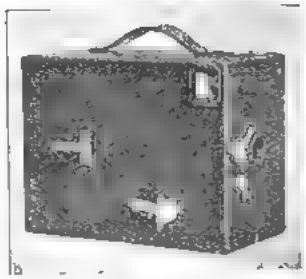

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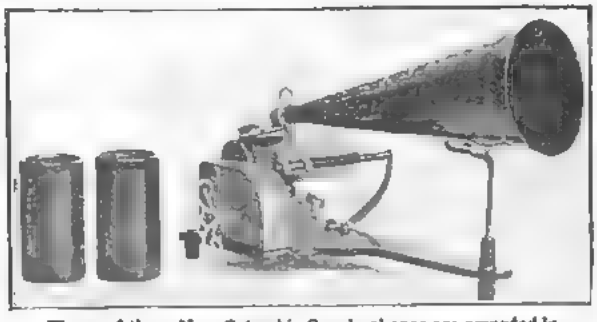

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Two of these Frank Sugg's "Boundaile" Cricket Bats are awarded in Competition No. 5

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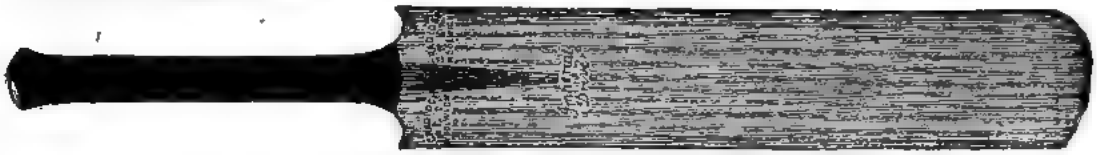

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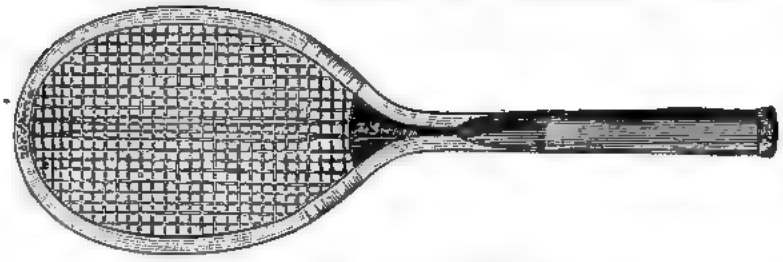

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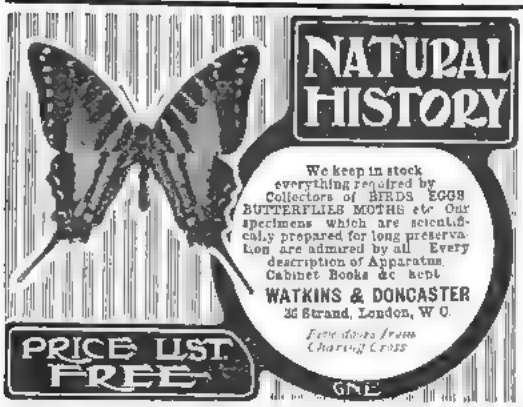

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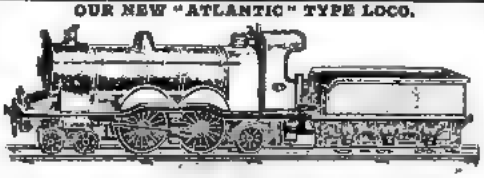

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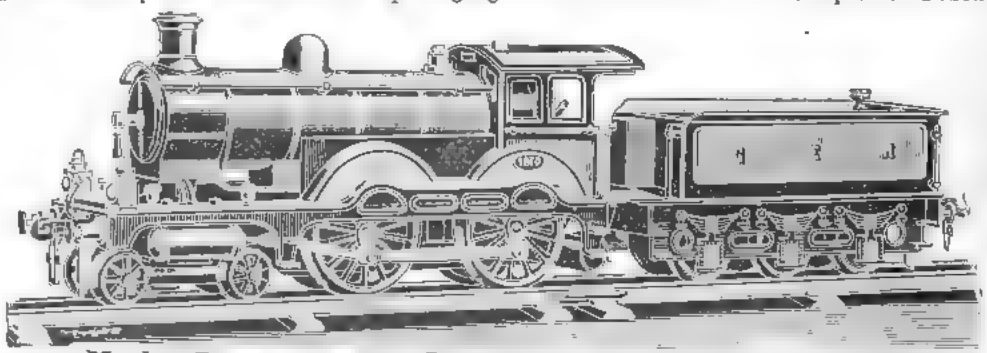

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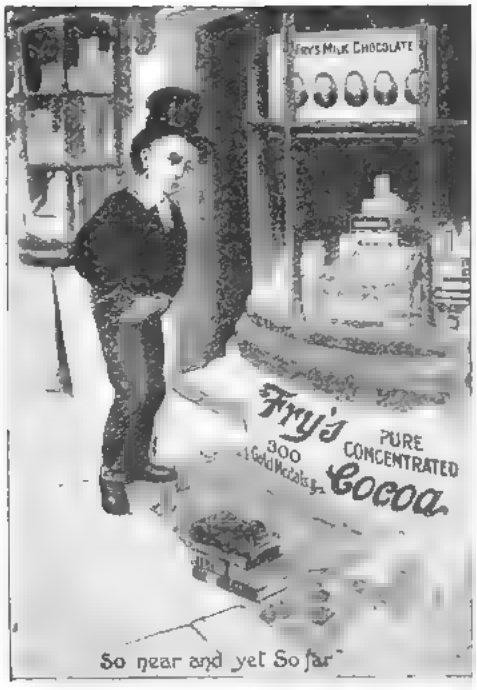

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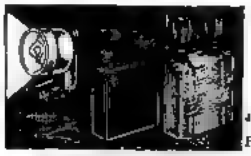

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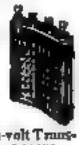

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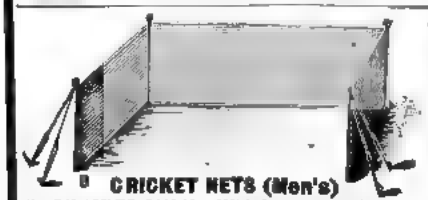

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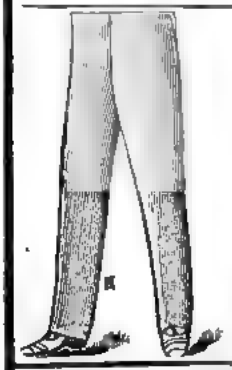

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What's the use of learning Greek?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots. all the week.

What's the use of Latin to you—
Dead and gone long years ago?
What good can declensions do you—
Tell me, please, I'd like to know!

Is it aught to you or me,
If that far-off planet Mars,
Is a town upon the Dee,
Or the smallest of the stars?

Is it aught with us to know
Whether lofty Everest
Is amid the arctic snow,
Or where eagles make their nest?

Science calls water H_2O;
Has that with us more to do
Than if standing for A Crow
Is the symbol ZY_2?

What's the use of going to school?
What's the use of learning Greek?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots. all the week.

HOWARD V. POWELL.

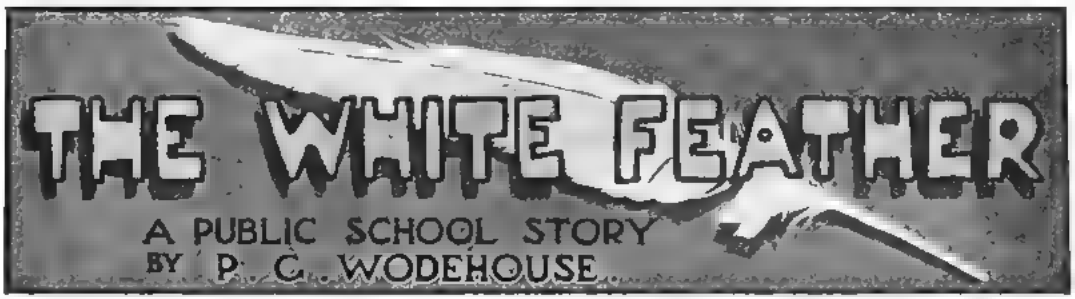
[Will some CAPTAIN poet kindly reply to this young gentleman?—O.F.]

SHEEN'S LEFT SHOT OUT ONCE MORE, AND FOUND ITS MARK.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV. MARCH, 1906 No. 84.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS

Sheen, of the Sixth Form at Wrykyn School, has shown the white feather during an election-time row in the town, with the result that, information being laid as to his cowardice by Stanning, a former friend of his, he is cut by all in his house (Seymour's). Later, he encounters "Albert," the ring-leader of the local hooligans, and suffers severely at the latter's hands, though making a plucky resistance. The timely intervention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist and trainer, saves him from serious injury. At Bevan's suggestion Sheen begins to learn boxing, under his instruction, at the "Blue Boar," an inn up the river which has been placed out of bounds; and makes such progress that he hopes to enter for the House Boxing Competition, and by winning that to restore the somewhat fallen fortunes of Seymour's and reinstate himself in the eyes of the House. The great match with Ripton School results in a demoralising defeat of the Wrykyn XV., and, as a result of infection caught during this visit to Ripton, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, develops mumps, and is unable to compete in the House Boxing Competition. Sheen, who has already astonished a few boys by one or two exhibitions of unsuspected pluck and masterfulness—notably in a private encounter with Attell, who manages notwithstanding to spread a report that Sheen has "funked" again—sends a letter to Drummond, asking to be allowed to take his place. He receives a curt reply to the effect that his services will not be required, a substitute having already been decided on. Sheen, therefore, sees that the only way in which he can retrieve his reputation is by entering for the Light-Weights at Aldershot. With the friendly aid of a master, this he manages to do, and the conclusion of the previous instalment sees him in the ring, facing his first opponent. Joe Bevan, it may be mentioned, has promised to be present in order to render assistance and advice to his pupil, but much to Sheen's disappointment the ex-pugilist has not yet appeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GOOD START.

IT was all over in half a minute.

The Tonbridgian was a two-handed fighter of the rushing type, and almost immediately after he had shaken hands Sheen found himself against the ropes, blinking from a heavy hit between the eyes. Through the mist he saw his opponent sparring up to him, and as he hit he side-stepped. The next moment he was out in the middle again, with his man pressing him hard. There was a quick rally, and then Sheen swung his right at a venture. The blow had no conscious aim. It was purely speculative. But it succeeded. The Tonbridgian fell with a thud.

Sheen drew back. The thing seemed pathetic. He had braced himself up for a long fight, and it had ended in half a minute. His sensations were mixed. The fighting half of him was praying that his man would get up and start again. The prudent half realised that it was best that he should stay down. He had other fights before him before he could call that silver medal his own, and this would give him an invaluable start in the race. His rivals had all had to battle hard in their opening bouts.

The Tonbridgian's rigidity had given place to spasmodic efforts to rise. He got on one knee, and his gloved hand roamed feebly about in search of a hold. It was plain that he had shot his bolt. The referee signed to

his seconds, who ducked into the ring and carried him to his corner. Sheen walked back to his own corner, and sat down. Presently the referee called out his name as the winner, and he went across the ring and shook hands with his opponent, who was now himself again.

He overheard snatches of conversation as he made his way through the crowd to the dressing-room.

"Useful boxer, that Wrykyn boy."

"Shortest fight I've seen here since Hopley won the heavy-weights."

"Fluke, do you think?"

"Don't know. Came to the same thing in the end, anyhow. Caught him fair."

"Hard luck on that Tonbridge man. He's a good boxer really. Did well here last year."

Then an outburst of hand-claps drowned the speakers' voices. A swarthy youth with the Ripton pink and green on his vest had pushed past him and was entering the ring. As he entered the dressing-room he heard the referee announcing the names. So that was the famous Peteiro! Sheen admitted to himself that he looked tough, and hurried into his coat and out of the dressing-room again so as to be in time to see how the Ripton terror shaped.

It was plainly not a one-sided encounter. Peteiro's opponent hailed from St. Paul's, a school that has a habit of turning out boxers. At the end of the first round it seemed to Sheen that honours were easy. The great Peteiro had taken as much as he had given, and once had been uncompromisingly floored by the Pauline's left. But in the second round he began to gain points. For a boy of his weight he had a terrific hit with the right, and three applications of this to the ribs early in the round took much of the sting out of the Pauline's blows. He fought on with undiminished pluck, but the Riptonian was too strong for him, and the third round was a rout. To quote the *Sportsman* of the following day, "Peteiro crowded in a lot of work with both hands, and scored a popular victory."

Sheen looked thoughtful at the conclusion of the fight. There was no doubt that Drummond's antagonist of the previous year was formidable. Yet Sheen believed that he himself was the cleverer of the two. At any rate, Peteiro had given no signs of possessing much cunning. To all appearances he was a tough, go-ahead fighter, with a right which would drill a hole in a steel plate. Had he sufficient skill to baffle his (Sheen's) strong tactics? If only Joe Bevan would come! With Joe in his corner to direct him he would feel safe.

But of Joe up to the present there were no signs.

Mr. Spence came and sat down beside him.

"Well, Sheen," he said, "so you won your first fight. Keep it up."

"I'll try, sir," said Sheen.

"What do you think of Peteiro?"

"I was just wondering, sir. He hits very hard."

"Very hard indeed."

"But he doesn't look as if he was very clever."

"Not a bit. Just a plain slogger. That's all. That's why Drummond beat him last year in the Feather-weights. In strength there was no comparison, but Drummond was just too clever for him. You will be the same, Sheen."

"I hope so, sir," said Sheen.

After lunch the second act of the performance began. Sheen had to meet a boxer from Harrow who had drawn a bye in the first round of the competition. This proved a harder fight than his first encounter, but by virtue of a stout heart and a straight left he came through it successfully, and there was no doubt as to what the decision would be. Both judges voted for him.

Peteiro demolished a Radleian in his next fight.

There were now three light-weights in the running—Sheen, Peteiro, and a boy from Clifton. Sheen drew the bye, and sparred in an outer room with a soldier, who was inclined to take the thing easily. Sheen, with the thought of the final in his mind, was only too ready to oblige him. They sparred an innocuous three rounds, and the man of war was kind enough to whisper in his ear as they left the room that he hoped he would win the final, and that he himself had a matter of one-and-sixpence with Old Spud Smith on his success.

"For I'm a man," said the amiable warrior confidentially, "as knows Class when he sees it. You're Class, sir, that's what you are."

This, taken in conjunction with the fact that if the worst came to the worst he had, at any rate, won a bronze medal by getting into the final, cheered Sheen. If only Joe Bevan had appeared he would have been perfectly contented.

But there were no signs of Joe.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GOOD FINISH.

"FINAL, Light-Weights," shouted the referee.

A murmur of interest from the ring-side chairs.

"R. D. Sheen, Wrykyn College."

Sheen got his full measure of applause this time. His two victories in the preliminary bouts had won him favour with the spectators.

"J. Peteiro, Ripton School."

"Go it, Ripton!" cried a voice from near the door. The referee frowned in the direction of this audacious partisan, and expressed a hope that the audience would kindly refrain from comment during the rounds.

Then he turned to the ring again, and, as if anxious that there should be no mistake, announced the names a second time.

"Sheen—Peteiro."

The Ripton man was sitting with a hand on each knee, listening to the advice of his school instructor, who had thrust head and shoulders through the ropes and was busy impressing some point upon him. Sheen found himself noticing the most trivial things with extraordinary clearness. In the front row of the spectators sat a man with a parti-coloured tie. He wondered idly what tie it was. It was rather like the one worn by members of Templar's house at Wrykyn. Why were the ropes of the ring red? He rather liked the colour. There was a man lighting a pipe. Would he blow out the match or extinguish it with a wave of the hand? What a beast Peteiro looked. He really was a nigger. He must look out for that right of his. The straight left. Push it out. Straight left ruled the boxing world. Where was Joe? He must have missed the train. Or perhaps he hadn't been able to get away. Why did he want to yawn, he wondered.

"Time!"

The Ripton man became suddenly active. He almost ran across the ring. A brief hand-shake, and he had penned Sheen up in his corner before he had time to leave it. It was evident what advice his instructor had been giving him. He meant to force the pace from the start.

The suddenness of it threw Sheen momentarily off his balance. He seemed to be in a whirl of blows. A sharp shock from behind. He had run up against the post. Despite everything he remembered to keep his guard up, and stopped a lashing hit from his antagonist's left. But he was too late to keep out his right. In it came, full on the weakest spot on his left side. The pain of it caused him to double up for an instant, and as he did so his opponent uppercut him. There was no rest for him. Nothing that he had ever experienced with the gloves on approached this. If only he could get out of this corner.

Then, almost unconsciously, he recalled Joe Bevan's advice.

"If a man's got you in a corner," Joe had said, "fall on him."

Peteiro made another savage swing. Sheen dodged it and hurled himself forward.

"Break away," said a dispassionate, official voice.

Sheen broke away, but now he was out of the corner with the whole good, open ring to manœuvre in.

He could just see the Ripton instructor signalling violently to his opponent, and, in reply to the signals, Peteiro came on again with another fierce rush.

But Sheen in the open was a different person from Sheen cooped up in a corner. Francis Hunt had taught him to use his feet. He side-stepped, and, turning quickly, found his man staggering past him, overbalanced by the force of his wasted blow. And now it was Sheen who attacked, and Peteiro who tried to escape. Two swift hits he got in before his opponent could face round, and another as he turned and rushed. Then for a while the battle raged without science all over the ring. Gradually, with a cold feeling of dismay, Sheen realised that his strength was going. The pace was too hot. He could not keep it up. His left counters were losing their force. Now he was merely pushing his glove into the Ripton man's face. It was not enough. The other was getting to close quarters, and that right of his seemed stronger than ever.

He was against the ropes now, gasping for breath, and Peteiro's right was thudding against his ribs. It could not last. He gathered all his strength and put it into a straight left. It took the Ripton man in the throat and drove him back a step. He came on again. Again Sheen stopped him.

It was his last effort. He could do no more. Everything seemed black to him. He leaned against the ropes and drank in the air in great gulps.

"Time!" said the referee.

The word was lost in the shouts that rose from the packed seats.

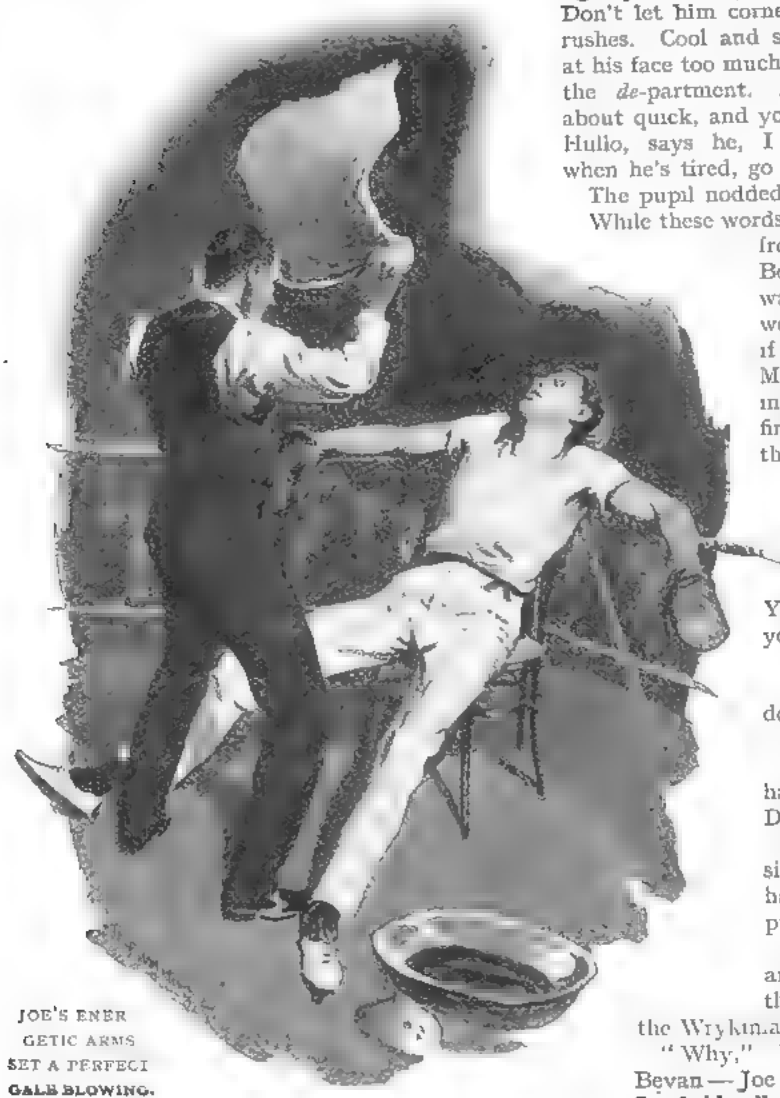
Sheen tottered to his corner and sat down.

"Keep it up, sir, keep it up," said a voice. "Bear't that the opposèd may beware of thee.

Don't forget the guard. And the straight left beats the world."

It was Joe—at the eleventh hour.

With a delicious feeling of content Sheen leaned back in his chair. It would be all right now. He felt that the matter had been taken out of his hands. A more experienced brain



JOE'S ENERGETIC ARMS SET A PERFECT GALE BLOWING.

than his would look after the generalship of the fight.

As the moments of the half-minute's rest slid away he discovered the truth of Joe's remarks on the value of a good second. In his other fights the flapping of the towel had hardly stirred the hair on his forehead. Joe's energetic arms set a perfect gale blowing. The cool air revived him. He opened his mouth and drank it in. A spongeful of cold water completed the cure. Long before the call of Time he was ready for the next round.

"Keep away from him, sir," said Joe, "and score with that left of yours. Don't try the right yet. Keep it for guarding. Box clever. Don't let him corner you. Slip him when he rushes. Cool and steady does it. Don't aim at his face too much. Go down below. That's the *de*-partment. And use your feet. Get about quick, and you'll find he don't like that. Hullo, says he, I can't touch him. Then, when he's tired, go in."

The pupil nodded with closed eyes.

While these words of wisdom were proceeding from the mouth of Mr. Bevan, another conversation was taking place which would have interested Sheen if he could have heard it. Mr. Spence and the school instructor were watching the final from the seats under the side windows.

"It's extraordinary," said Mr. Spence. "The boy's wonderfully good for the short time he has been learning. You ought to be proud of your pupil."

"Sir?"

"I was saying that Sheen does you credit."

"Not me, sir."

"What! He told me he had been taking lessons. Didn't you teach him?"

"Never set eyes on him, sir, till this moment. Wish I had, sir. He's the sort of pupil I could wish for."

Mr. Spence bent forward and scanned the features of the man who was attending the Wrykinian

"Why," he said, "surely that's Bevan—Joe Bevan! I knew him at Cambridge."

"Yes, sir, that's Bevan," replied the instructor. "He teaches boxing at Wrykyn now, sir."

"At Wrykyn—where?"

"Up the river—at the 'Blue Boar,' sir," said the instructor, quite innocently—for it did not occur to him that this simple little bit

of information was just so much incriminating evidence against Sheen.

Mr. Spence said nothing, but he opened his eyes very wide. Recalling his recent conversation with Sheen, he remembered that the boy had told him he had been taking lessons, and also that Joe Bevan, the ex-pugilist, had expressed a high opinion of his work. Mr. Spence had imagined that Bevan had been a chance spectator of the boy's skill; but it would now seem that Bevan himself had taught Sheen. This matter, decided Mr. Spence, must be looked into, for it was palpable that Sheen had broken bounds in order to attend Bevan's boxing saloon up the river.

For the present, however, Mr. Spence was content to say nothing.

Sheen came up for the second round fresh and confident. His head was clear, and his breath no longer came in gasps. There was to be no rallying this time. He had had the worst of the first round, and he meant to make up his lost points.

Peteiro, losing no time, dashed in. Sheen met him with a left in the face, and gave way a foot. Again Peteiro rushed, and again he was stopped. As he bored in for the third time Sheen slipped him. The Ripton man paused, and dropped his guard for a moment.

Sheen's left shot out once more, and found its mark. Peteiro swung his right viciously but without effect. Another swift counter added one more point to Sheen's score.

Sheen nearly chuckled. It was all so beautifully simple. What a fool he had been to mix it up in the first round. If he only kept his head and stuck to out-fighting he could win with ease. The man couldn't box. He was nothing more than a slogger. Here he came, as usual, with the old familiar rush. Out went his left. But it missed its billet. Peteiro had checked his rush after the first movement, and now he came in with both hands. It was the first time during the round that he had got to close quarters, and he made the most of it. Sheen's blows were as frequent, but his were harder. He drove at the body, right and left; and once again the call of Time extricated Sheen from an awkward position. As far as points were concerned he had had the best of the round, but he was very sore and bruised. His left side was one dull ache.

"Keep away from him, sir," said Joe Bevan. "You were ahead on that round. Keep away all the time unless he gets tired. But if you see me signalling, then go in all you can and have a fight."

There was a suspicion of weariness about the look of the Ripton champion as he shook hands for the last round. He had not had an expert in his corner, and he was beginning to feel the effects of his hurricane fighting in the opening rounds. He began quietly, sparring for an opening. Sheen led with his left. Peteiro was too late with his guard. Sheen tried again—a double lead. His opponent guarded the first blow, but the second went home heavily on the body, and he gave way a step.

Then from the corner of his eye Sheen saw Bevan gesticulating wildly, so, taking his life in his hands, he abandoned his waiting game, dropped his guard, and dashed in to fight. Peteiro met him doggedly. For a few moments the exchanges were even. Then suddenly the Riptonian's blows began to weaken. He got home his right on the head, and Sheen hardly felt it. And in a flash there came to him the glorious certainty that the game was his.

He was winning—winning—winning.

. . . . . .

"That's enough," said the referee.

The Ripton man was leaning against the ropes, utterly spent, at almost the same spot where Sheen had leaned at the end of the first round. The last attack had finished him. His seconds helped him to his corner.

The referee waved his hand.

"Sheen wins," he said.

And that was the greatest moment of his life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE FOR SEYMOUR'S.

SEYMOUR'S house took in one copy of the *Sportsman* daily. On the morning after the Aldershot competition Linton met the paper-boy at the door on his return from the fives courts, where he had been playing a couple of before-breakfast games with Dunstable. He relieved him of the house copy and opened it to see how the Wrykyn pair had performed in the gymnastics. He did not expect anything great, having a rooted contempt for both experts, who were small and, except in the gymnasium, obscure. Indeed, he had gone so far on the previous day as to express a hope that Biddle, the more despicable of the two, would fall off the horizontal bar and break his neck. Still, he might as well see where they had come out. After all, with all their faults, they were human beings like himself, and Wrykinians.

The competition was reported in the Boxing column. The first thing that caught his eye

was the name of the school among the headlines. "Honours," said the headline, "for St. Paul's, Harrow, and Wrykyn."

"Hullo," said Linton, "what's all this?"

Then the thing came on him with nothing to soften the shock. He had folded the paper, and the last words on the half uppermost were, "*Final. Sheen beat Peteiro.*"

Linton had often read novels in which some important document "swam before the eyes" of the hero or the heroine; but he had never understood the full meaning of the phrase until he read those words, "Sheen beat Pereiro."

There was no mistake about it. There the thing was. It was impossible for the *Sportsman* to have been hoaxed. No. The incredible, outrageous fact must be faced. Sheen had been down to Aldershot and won a silver medal! Sheen! *Sheen!!* Sheen who had—who was—well, who, in a word, was SHEEN!!!

Linton read on like one in a dream.

"The light-weights fell," said the writer, "to a newcomer, Sheen, of Wrykyn" (Sheen!), "a clever youngster with a strong defence and a beautiful straight left, doubtless the result of tuition from the middle-weight ex-champion, Joe Bevan, who was in his corner for the final bout. None of his opponents gave him much trouble except Peteiro, of Ripton, whom he met in the final. A very game and determined fight was seen when these two met, but Sheen's skill and condition discounted the rushing tactics of his adversary, and in the last minute of the third round the referee stopped the encounter." (Game and determined! Sheen!!) "Sympathy was freely expressed for Peteiro, who has thus been runner-up two years in succession. He, however, met a better man, and paid the penalty. The admirable pluck with which Sheen bore his punishment and gradually wore his man down made his victory the most popular of the day's programme."

Well!

Details of the fighting described Sheen as "cutting out the work," "popping in several nice lefts," "swinging his right for the point," and executing numerous other incredible manœuvres.

Sheen!

You caught the name correctly? SHEEN, I'll trouble you.

Linton stared blankly across the school grounds. Then he burst into a sudden yell of laughter.

On that very morning the senior day-room was going to court-martial Sheen for disgracing the house. The resolution had been passed on the previous afternoon, probably just as he was putting the finishing touches to the "most popular victory of the day's programme."

"This," said Linton, "is rich."

He grubbed a little hole in one of Mr. Seymour's flower-beds, and laid the *Sportsman* to rest in it. The news would be about the school at nine o'clock, but if he could keep it from the senior day-room till the brief interval between breakfast and school, all would be well, and he would have the pure pleasure of seeing that backbone of the house make a complete ass of itself. A thought struck him. He unearthed the *Sportsman*, and put it in his pocket.

He strolled into the senior day-room after breakfast.

"Any one seen the Sporter this morning?" he inquired.

No one had seen it.

"The thing hasn't come," said some one.

"Good!" said Linton to himself.

At this point Stanning strolled into the room. "I'm a witness," he said, in answer to Linton's look of inquiry. "We're doing this thing in style. I depose that I saw the prisoner cutting off on the—whatever day it was, when he ought to have been saving our lives from the fury of the mob. Hadn't somebody better bring the prisoner into the dock?"

"I'll go," said Linton promptly. "I may be a little time, but don't get worried. I'll bring him all right."

He went upstairs to Sheen's study, feeling like an *impresario* about to produce a new play which is sure to create a sensation.

Sheen was in. There was a ridge of purple under his left eye, but he was otherwise intact.

"'Gratulate you, Sheen," said Linton.

For an instant Sheen hesitated. He had rehearsed this kind of scene in his mind, and sometimes he saw himself playing a genial, forgiving, let's-say-no-more-about-it-we-all-make-mistakes-but-in-future! *rôle*, sometimes being cold, haughty, and distant, and repelling friendly advances with icy disdain. If anybody but Linton had been the first to congratulate him he might have decided on this second line of action. But he liked Linton, and wanted to be friendly with him.

"Thanks," he said.

Linton sat down on the table and burst into a torrent of speech.

"You *are* a man! What did you want to do it for? Where the dickens did you learn to box? And why on earth, if you can win silver medals at Aldershot, didn't you box for the house and smash up that sidey ass Stanning? I say, look here, I suppose we haven't been

making idiots of ourselves all the time, have we ?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Sheen. "How ?"

"I mean, you did— What I mean to say is— Oh, hang it, *you* know ! You did cut off when we had that row in the town, didn't you ?"

"Yes," said Sheen, "I did."

With that medal in his pocket it cost him no effort to make the confession.

"I'm glad of that. I mean, I'm glad we haven't been such fools as we might have been. You see, we only had Stanning's word to go on."

Sheen started.

"Stanning !" he said. "What do you mean ?"

"He was the chap who started the story. Didn't you know ? He told everybody."

"I thought it was Drummond," said Sheen blankly. "You remember meeting me outside his study the day after ? I thought he told you then."

"Drummond ! Not a bit of it. He swore you hadn't been with him at all. He was as sick as anything when I said I thought I'd seen you with him."

"I—" Sheen stopped. "I wish I'd known," he concluded. Then, after a pause, "So it was Stanning !"

"Yes,—conceited beast. Oh, I say."

"Um ?"

"I see it all now. Joe Bevan taught you to box."

"Yes."

"Then that's how you came to be at the 'Blue Boar' that day. He's the Bevan who runs it."

"That's his brother. He's got a gymnasium up at the top. I used to go there every day."

"But, I say, Great Scott, what are you going to do about that ?"

"How do you mean ?"

"Why, Spence is sure to ask you who taught you to box. He must know you didn't learn with the instructor. Then it'll all come out, and you'll get dropped on for going up the river and going to a pub."

"Perhaps he won't ask," said Sheen.

"Hope not. Oh, by the way——"

"What's up ?"

"Just remembered what I came up for. It's an awful rag. The senior day-room are going to court-martial you."

"Court-martial *me* !"

"For funking. They don't know about Aldershot, not a word. I bagged the *Sportsman* early, and hid it. They are going to get the surprise of their lifetime. I said I'd come up and fetch you."

"I shan't go," said Sheen.

Linton looked alarmed.

"Oh, but I say, you must. Don't spoil the thing. Can't you see what a rag it'll be ?"

"I'm not going to sweat downstairs for the benefit of the senior day-room."

"I say," said Linton, "Stanning's there."

"What !"

"He's a witness," said Linton, grinning.

Sheen got up.

"Come on," he said.

Linton came on.

Down in the senior day-room the court was patiently awaiting its prisoner. Eager anticipation was stamped on its expressive features.

"Beastly time he is," said Clayton. Clayton was acting as president.

"We shall have to buck up," said Stanning. "Hullo, here he is at last. Come in, Linton."

"I was going to," said Linton, "but thanks all the same. Come along, Sheen."

"Shut that door, Linton," said Stanning from his seat on the table.

"All right, Stanning," said Linton. "Anything to oblige. Shall I bring up a chair for you to rest your feet on ?"

"Forge ahead, Clayton," said Stanning to the president.

The president opened the court-martial in unofficial phraseology.

"Look here, Sheen," he said, "we've come to the conclusion that this has got a bit too thick."

"You mustn't talk in that chatty way, Clayton," interrupted Linton. "'Prisoner at the bar's' the right expression to use. Why don't you let somebody else have a look in ? You're the rottenest president of a court-martial I ever saw."

"Don't rag, Linton," said Clayton, with an austere frown. "This is serious."

"Glad you told me," said Linton. "Go on."

"Can't you sit down, Linton !" said Stanning.

"I was only waiting for leave. Thanks. You were saying something, Clayton. It sounded pretty average rot, but you'd better unburden your soul."

The president resumed.

"We want to know if you've anything to say——"

"You don't give him a chance," said Linton. "You bag the conversation so."

"—about disgracing the house."

"By getting the Gotford, you know, Sheen," explained Linton. "Clayton thinks that work's a bad habit, and ought to be discouraged."

"GOOD-BYE, STANNING," HE SAID.

Clayton glared, and looked at Stanning. He was not equal to the task of tackling Linton himself.

Stanning interposed.

"Don't rot, Linton. We haven't much time as it is."

"Sorry," said Linton.

"You've let the house down awfully," said Clayton.

"Yes?" said Sheen.

Linton took the paper out of his pocket, and smoothed it out.

"Seen the Sporter?" he asked casually.

His neighbour grabbed at it.

"I thought it hadn't come," he said.

"Good account of Aldershot," said Linton.

He leaned back in his chair as two or three of the senior day-room collected round the *Sportsman*.

"Hullo! We won the gym.!"

"Rot! Let's have a look!"

This tremendous announcement quite eclipsed the court-martial as an object of popular interest. The senior day-room surged round the holder of the paper.

"Give us a chance," he protested.

"We can't have. Where is it? Biddle and Smith are simply hopeless. How the dickens can they have got the shield?"

"What a goat you are!" said a voice reproachfully to the possessor of the paper. "Look at this. It says Cheltenham got it. And here we are—seventeenth. Fat lot of shield we've won."

"Then what the deuce does this mean? 'Honours for St. Paul's, Harrow, and Wrykyn.'"

"Perhaps it refers to the boxing," suggested Linton.

"But we didn't send any one up. Look here. Harrow won the heavies. St. Paul's got the middles. *Hullo!*"

"Great Scott!" said the senior day-room.

There was a blank silence. Linton whistled softly to himself.

The gaze of the senior day-room was concentrated on that ridge of purple beneath Sheen's left eye.

Clayton was the first to speak. For some time he had been waiting for sufficient silence to enable him to proceed with his presidential duties. He addressed himself to Sheen.

"Look here, Sheen," he said, "we want to know what you've got to say for yourself. You go disgracing the house——"

The stunned senior day-room were roused to speech.

"Oh, chuck it, Clayton."

"Don't be a fool, Clayton."

"Silly idiot!"

Clayton looked round in pained surprise at this sudden withdrawal of popular support.

"You'd better be polite to Sheen," said Linton; "he won the light-weights at Aldershot yesterday."

The silence once more became strained.

"Well," said Sheen, "weren't you going to court-martial me, or something? Clayton, weren't you saying something?"

Clayton started. He had not yet grasped the situation entirely; but he realised dimly that by some miracle Sheen had turned in an instant into a most formidable person.

"Er—no," he said. "No, nothing."

"The thing seems to have fallen through, Sheen," said Linton. "Great pity. Started so well, too. Clayton always makes a mess of things."

"Then I'd just like to say one thing," said Sheen.

Respectful attention from the senior day-room.

"I only want to know why you can't manage things of this sort by yourselves, without dragging in men from other houses."

"Especially men like Stanning," said Linton. "The same thing occurred to me. It's lucky Drummond wasn't here. Remember the last time, you chaps?"

The chaps did. Stanning became an object of critical interest. After all, who *was* Stanning? What right had he to come and sit on tables in Seymour's and interfere with the affairs of the house?

The allusion to "last time" was lost upon Sheen, but he saw that it had not improved Stanning's position with the spectators.

He opened the door.

"Good-bye, Stanning," he said.

"If I hadn't hurt my wrist—" Stanning began.

"Hurt your wrist!" said Sheen. "You got a bad attack of Peteiro. That was what was the matter with you."

"You think that every one's a funk like yourself," said Stanning.

"Pity they aren't," said Linton; "we should do rather well down at Aldershot. And he wasn't such a terror after all, Sheen, was he? You beat him in two and a half rounds, didn't you? Think what Stanning might have done if only he hadn't sprained his poor wrist just in time."

"Look here, Linton——"

"Some are born with sprained wrists," continued the speaker, "some achieve sprained wrists—like Stanning——"

Stanning took a step towards him.

"Don't forget you've a sprained wrist," said Linton.

"Come on, Stanning," said Sheen, who was still holding the door open, "you'll be much more comfortable in your own house. I'll show you out."

"I suppose," said Stanning in the passage, "you think you've scored off me."

"That's rather the idea," said Sheen, pleasantly. "You know your way out, don't you? Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRUCE EXPLAINS.

MR. SPENCE was a master with a great deal of sympathy and a highly developed sense of duty. It was the combination of these two qualities which made it so difficult for him to determine on a suitable course of action in relation to Sheen's out-of-bounds exploits. As a private individual he had nothing but admiration for the sporting way in which Sheen had fought his up-hill fight. He felt that he himself in similar circumstances would have broken any number of school rules. But, as a master, it was his duty, he considered, to report him. If a master ignored a breach of rules in one case, with which he happened to sympathise, he would in common fairness be compelled to overlook a similar breach of rules in other cases, even if he did not sympathise with them. In which event he would be of small use as a master.

On the other hand, Sheen's case was so exceptional that he might very well compromise to a certain extent between the claims of sympathy and those of duty. If he were to go to the headmaster and state baldly that Sheen had been in the habit for the last half-term of visiting an up-river public-house, the headmaster would get an entirely wrong idea of the matter, and suspect all sorts of things which had no existence in fact. When a boy is accused of frequenting a public-house the head-magisterial mind leaps naturally to Stale Fumes and the Drunken Stagger.

So Mr. Spence decided on a compromise. He sent for Sheen, and, having congratulated him warmly on his victory in the light-weights, proceeded as follows:

"You have given me to understand, Sheen, that you were taught boxing by Bevan?"

"Yes, sir."

"At the 'Blue Boar'?"

"Yes, sir."

"This puts me in a rather difficult position, Sheen. Much as I dislike doing it, I am afraid I shall have to report this matter to the headmaster."

Sheen said he supposed so. He saw Mr. Spence's point.

"But I shall not mention the 'Blue Boar.' If I did, the headmaster might get quite a wrong impression. He would not understand all the circumstances. So I shall simply mention that you broke bounds by going up the

"TELL ME, DO I LOOK VERY OLD?"

river. I shall tell him the whole story, you understand, and it's quite possible that you will hear no more of the affair. I'm sure I hope so. But you understand my position?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all, then, Sheen. Oh, by the way, you wouldn't care for a game of fives before breakfast to-morrow, I suppose?"

"I should like it, sir."

"Not too stiff?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then. I'll be there by a quarter-past seven."

Jack Bruce was waiting to see the headmaster in his study at the end of afternoon school.

"Well, Bruce," said the headmaster, coming into the room and laying down some books on the table, "do you want to speak to me? Will you give your father my congratulations on his victory. I shall be writing to him to-night. I see from the paper that the polling was very even. Apparently one or two voters arrived at the last moment and turned the scale."

"Yes, sir."

"It is a most gratifying result. I am sure that, apart from our political views, we should all have been disappointed if your father had not won. Please congratulate him sincerely."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Bruce, and what was it that you wished to see me about?"

Bruce was about to reply when the door opened, and Mr. Spence came in.

"One moment, Bruce," said the headmaster. "Yes, Spence?"

Mr. Spence made his report clearly and concisely. Bruce listened with interest. He thought it hardly playing the game for the gymnasium master to hand Sheen over to be executed at the very moment when the school was shaking hands with itself over the one decent thing that had been done for it in the course of the athletic year; but he told himself philosophically that he supposed masters had to do these things. Then he noticed with some surprise that Mr. Spence was putting the matter in a very favourable light for the accused. He was avoiding with some care any mention of the "Blue Boar." When he had occasion to refer to the scene of Sheen's training he mentioned it vaguely as a house.

"This man Bevan, who is an excellent fellow and a personal friend of my own, has a house some way up the river."

Of course, a public-house *is* a house.

"Up the river," said the headmaster meditatively.

It seemed that that was all that was wrong. The prosecution centred round that point, and no other. Jack Bruce, as he

listened, saw his way of coping with this situation.

"Thank you, Spence," said the headmaster at the conclusion of the narrative. "I quite understand that Sheen's conduct was very excusable. But— I distinctly said— I placed the upper river out of bounds. . . . Well, I will see Sheen, and speak to him. I will speak to him."

Mr. Spence left the room.

"Please, sir—" said Jack Bruce.

"Ah, Bruce. I am afraid I have kept you some little time. Yes?"

"I couldn't help hearing what Mr. Spence was saying to you about Sheen, sir. I don't think he knows quite what really happened."

"You mean——?"

"Sheen went there by road. I used to take him there in my motor."

"Your—! What did you say, Bruce?"

"My motor-car, sir. That's to say, my father's. We used to go together every day."

"I am glad to hear it. I am glad. Then I need say nothing to Sheen after all. I am glad. . . . But—er—Bruce," proceeded the headmaster after a pause.

"Yes, sir?"

"Do you—are you in the habit of driving a motor-car frequently?"

"Every day, sir. You see, I am going to take up motors when I leave school, so it's all education."

The headmaster was silent. To him the word "Education" meant Classics. There was a Modern side at Wrykyn, and an Engineering side, and also a Science side; but in his heart he recognised but one Education—the Classics. Nothing that he had heard, nothing that he had read in the papers and the monthly reviews had brought home to him the spirit of the age and the fact that Things were not as they used to be so clearly as this one remark of Jack Bruce's. For here was Bruce admitting that in his spare time he drove motors. And, stranger still, that he did it not as a wild frolic but seriously, with a view to his future career.

"The old order changeth," thought the headmaster a little sadly.

Then he brought himself back from his mental plunge into the future.

"Well, well, Bruce," he said, "we need not discuss the merits and demerits of driving motor-cars, need we? What did you wish to see me about?"

"I came to ask if I might get off morning school to-morrow, sir. Those voters who got to the poll just in time and settled the election—I brought them down in the car. And the policeman—he's a Radical, and voted for Pedder—Mr. Pedder—has sworn—says I was exceeding the speed-limit."

The headmaster pressed a hand to his forehead, and his mind swam into the future.

"Well, Bruce?" he said at length, in the voice of one whom nothing can surprise now.

"He says I was going twenty-eight miles an hour. And if I can get to the Court to-morrow morning I can prove that I wasn't. I brought them to the poll in the little runabout."

"And the—er—little runabout," said the headmaster, "does not travel at twenty-eight miles an hour?"

"No, sir. It can't go more than twelve at the outside."

"Very well, Bruce, you need not come to school to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, sir."

The headmaster stood thinking. . . . The new order . . .

"Bruce," he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Tell me, do I look very old?"

Bruce stared.

"Do I look three hundred years old?"

"No, sir," said Bruce, with the stolid wariness of the boy who fears that a master is subtly chaffing him.

"I feel more, Bruce," said the headmaster, with a smile. "I feel more. You will remember to congratulate your father for me, won't you?"

Outside the door Jack Bruce paused in deep reflection.

"Rum!" he said to himself. "Jolly rum!"

. . . . . .

On the senior gravel he met Sheen.

"Hullo, Sheen," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"Drummond wants me to tea with him in the infirmary."

"It's all right, then?"

"Yes. I got a note from him during afternoon school. You coming?"

"All right. I say, Sheen, the Old Man's rather rum sometimes, isn't he?"

"What's he been doing now?"

"Oh—nothing. How do you feel after Aldershot? Tell us all about it. I've not heard a word yet."

THE END.

March Events.

From the picture by] LANDING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT. [P. J. de Loutherbourg, R.A.

The Battle of Alexandria.

During the autumn of 1800, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, an old and distinguished general, stationed at Minorca in command of an army of 15,000 men, received orders to embark his forces and sail for Egypt; the object of this venture being to strike at the power of the French, whose presence there was a perpetual menace to British interests in India. After many delays the expedition reached Aboukir Bay on March 2, 1801. On the eighth the whole force was landed, under a hot fire from the French, and posted strongly upon the sand-hills which ran parallel to the coast. Then began the advance to Alexandria—an advance which the French, under General Menou, repeatedly yet vainly tried to oppose, but it was not until the twenty-first that the great battle took place which decided the fate of Egypt. The two forces were well matched. Menou's plan was to pierce the English right, the key to which was a redoubt, and, swinging sharply round to the left, attack the remaining positions in the British line on front and rear. The attack on the right wing, begun at four in the morning, utterly failed owing to the stubbornness with which the redoubt was held. The 28th and Royal Welsh regiments made a furious charge on the French left, and the 40th and 42nd, coming up, rendered the victory on the right complete. Favoured by the darkness, a veteran French column, 900 strong, called the "Invincibles," succeeded in getting between the English right and centre, but they were discovered, and so suffered from a cross fire that 650 fell and the remainder surrendered. Menou, finding all his attempts unsuccessful fell suddenly back, after a last desperate cavalry charge which the British repulsed with the bayonet. By nine o'clock the battle was over and the victory ours, but its splendour was clouded by the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who had received a mortal wound about an hour previously. He was carried on board the *Foudroyant*, where he expired on the twenty-seventh. The British losses at Alexandria amounted to 1300—the French to nearly 3000. The moral effect of the battle was immense. It shattered the magic charm of victory which seemed to rest on the French eagles, and showed that what the British soldier was capable of in the days of Creçy and Agincourt he could still achieve nearly 400 years later.

Harold Jones.

The Emancipation of Russian Serfs.

One of the greatest events shedding lustre on the month of March, was the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. Not until March 3, 1861, just forty-five years ago, were they released. They obtained their freedom chiefly through the influence of the late Emperor Alexander II., or Tsar Liberator, as he was called. Before the serfs were released,

their owners had the power to sell or give them away singly, or in families, just as they wished, with the only restriction that they could not be sold by auction. If a serf was found to be disorderly he could be banished to Siberia, or, if the owner wished, he could be sent to work in the mines for life. The Emperor Paul was doubtless the beginner of the good work, as he issued a *Ukase* which directed that the serfs should not be compelled to work for their masters more than three days in the week, which must have been a great boon to them; and at the beginning of last century projects of emancipation were discussed. It was not, however, until after the Crimean War that serious measures were taken.

At the emancipation there were about twenty-two million peasants in Russia engaged as serfs. They were of two kinds—peasant serfs, of whom there were about twenty millions, and domestic serfs, who numbered nearly two millions. According to the decree of emancipation, the domestic serfs, or those who had been attached to the personal service of their masters, were merely set free, and wandered into the towns. The peasant serfs received their houses and orchards, and were granted allotments in the *mir* or commune. For these allotments they had either to pay a fixed rent or give their personal labour, so that for a long time there was still in existence a class of quasi-serfs; but these have gradually disappeared. The present revolutionary doings in Russia will play an important part in the completion of the peasant's freedom.

TEULON LEWIS MILLS.

[Thus, as the Wheel of Time revolves, it is inexorably decreed that all wrongs shall be righted, all slaves set free. Thus do we travel, slowly but surely, towards the Millennium—that time when all who are deserving shall receive everything that they deserve.—ED.]

The Birth of David Livingstone.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre, in Scotland, on March 19, 1813, being the second son of Neil Livingstone, a clerk in a cotton factory. In one of his books he mentions, with some pride, the fact that his great-grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting on the Jacobite side.

David received a meagre education, and at the age of ten was sent to work in a mill as a boy-piecer. He bought a Latin grammar with his first week's earnings, and, after working many hours each day, went home to study.

One cannot fail to recognise in these efforts at self-improvement the early proofs of that indomitable and self-sacrificing spirit which supported Livingstone in after years, when, in the heart of the Dark Continent, he was forced to encounter difficulties which would have overwhelmed a man who had been more luxuriously trained. In 1838 he was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and he subsequently obtained his degree of "Doctor" at Glasgow. In 1840 he sailed for the Cape, and soon afterwards, at Kuruman, met the lady who became his wife.

The life of Dr. Livingstone is well known; but, although his character as an explorer has been established for many years, there are few persons beyond scientific geographers who truly

DAVID LIVINGSTONE:
From an Engraving.

appreciate his enormous labours. When we examine the maps of all his published works we are filled with amazement to think that any one man should have been able to endure the bodily fatigue of travelling over the many thousands of miles traced by that thin, wandering line of red which denotes his route across the African desert.

Livingstone died at Ilala, Central Africa, on May 4, 1873, upon his knees by his bedside, far from home, but in communion with Him who had been his guide amidst many perils. He was one of a noble army of martyrs to the cause of freedom, and laid down his life as a sacrifice in a wild and unknown region, upon which he left the first footprints of civilisation.

GEORGE E. RUSSELL.

The Death of Julius Cæsar.

Like most great men, Cæsar had many bitter enemies who were very jealous of, and exasperated by, his successes. The chief were Marcus Brutus, a former friend, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, and Cinna.

On three occasions Cæsar was offered "the kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse," but it had been decided that as regarded all the territories he had conquered, he should bear the appellation of "king." The Senate were to confer this honour at their meeting on March 15, and this was regarded by the conspirators as a favourable opportunity for the assassination.

From the picture by] CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN. [Edward Armitage.

It had been arranged that Metellus Cimber should ask Cæsar for his brother's pardon, and, if this were refused, that he should tear the mantle from Cæsar's shoulders, thus giving the signal for his fellow-conspirators to surround and stab their victim. Everything occurred as planned. The first to strike was Casca, upon whom Cæsar turned with the exclamation, "Accursed Casca, what doest thou?" All the conspirators now rushed upon and stabbed him, notwithstanding his noble but futile attempts to defend himself. When he espied the ungrateful Brutus, with dagger drawn, he gasped, "And thou, too, Brutus!" and, covering his face with his mantle, fell, pierced by twenty-three wounds, at the foot of Pompey's statue. This scene is splendidly described in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act III., Scene I., in which play is also contained that masterpiece of oratory—Mark Antony's eulogy of Cæsar.

Thus, on "the Ides of March," 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of his age, died the foremost man of his day.

This date was afterwards a black day in the Roman calendar known as "parricidium," and the Senate did not sit.

Harold Scholfield.

[It is only fair to add that we have good grounds for attributing Marcus Brutus's share in this tragedy to patriotic, rather than to jealous, motives.—Ed.]

The Slave Trade Abolition Bill.

It is strange to consider how we remember and celebrate the anniversaries of great victories in war, and how obscure and unthought-of we allow the dates of great "victories" of peace to become.

We remember the anniversaries of great battles, by sea or by land, in our national history, but how many of us recognise the anniversaries of events which have brought us a step nearer our ideals as a nation?

Such an event was the passing, in March, 1807, of the Bill abolishing slavery in the British Colonies.

Slavery is the oldest and most barbarous social condition of which we know. The great class distinction of the ancients was that which existed between the freeman and the slave; and with other nations, in succeeding centuries, the system of slavery was considered a perfectly rational factor in the social organisation. In England, up till the time of the Magna Charta, slavery was existent in the modified form of feudalism. Under such a system, indeed, the serf was fairly well treated, and, from what we know, he appears to have been happy.

But it was the discovery of the New World which gave rise to the atrocious slave-trade in negroes which was not absolutely suppressed till the middle of the nineteenth century.

The first part of the New World in which slaves were extensively used was Hayti, St. Domingo; and this as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
From the bust in the British Museum.

This was the commencement of what developed into the most horrible and cruel trade that has ever been known. Many writers, especially Kingston and Marryat, have drawn the most vivid and harrowing pictures of the conditions under which this trade was carried on. The fearful heat of the tropics, and the absolute callousness with which these unfortunate human beings were crowded together, caused them to die in thousands during the voyages from Africa to America.

Yet, astonishing as it seems now, some of the best Christian men in England considered the slave trade perfectly justifiable. Boswell, in his "Life of Samuel Johnson," refers to this inhuman traffic as, ". . . so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest . . . which in all ages God has sanctioned and man has continued . . ." It is no wonder that it was only after twenty years of national controversy that the Bill which started the suppression of trade in human beings, was passed on March 25, 1807.

ERIC MOORE RITCHIE.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.
The Pioneer of the Slave Trade Abolition Bill.

THE battle of Ivry—a village on the left bank of the river Eure, situated about six leagues from Evreux and twenty from Paris—was fought on March 14, 1590, between Henry of Navarre, the brother-in-law and successor of the French monarch, Henry III., at the head of a Huguenot army, and the League, under the Duke of Mayenne, whose brother, the Duke of Guise, had established it for the maintenance of Catholicism. The Leaguers were aided by a Spanish army sent by Philip II., by the Duke of Lorraine, and by Count

King and Hero.

HENRY IV., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.
From an Engraving.

Egmont of Flanders. Before the commencement of the battle, Henry, in the presence of his troops, prayed to God to give him the victory only if it was for the good of his people, and then, having exhorted his soldiers to keep their ranks, and if their standards were lost to follow the white plume that he had bound to his helmet, he led them on against the army of the League. Thereupon, a fierce struggle ensued. Henry's impetuous courage led him so far in advance of his men that for a time he was lost to their sight; and a report, too readily credited, spreading to the effect that he was slain, seemed likely to cause a panic and a disgraceful flight when, reappearing, he scornfully asked them to turn their heads, at least, to see him die, if they were so cowardly as to abandon him. These words had the instantaneous effect that he expected. His troops, eager to redeem their momentary weakness, redoubled their efforts, and the army of the League at length gave way before the fierce onslaught of the Huguenots, who, encouraged by their success, pursued the disheartened Leaguers with the utmost zeal and ardour, capturing many of them, amongst whom was the Count D'Aumale. Egmont was slain, but

Mayenne, one of the first to flee, had found refuge far beyond the field of battle. After the conflict Henry showed a compassion and tender care for the wounded and captured which excite our admiration even more than his extraordinary valour, and which contributed more than anything, perhaps to gain the affection and, finally, the loyalty of his subjects.

CYRIL A. WHEELER.

[Readers should acquaint themselves with further details of Henry of Navarre's career. He was the right sort of king—devout, brave, and compassionate.—ED.]

The First Issue of Bank Notes.

IN the beginning of the year 1797, the British Government was confronted by a difficult and important financial problem. The enormous expenditure caused by the terrible wars in which Britain had been, and was then, engaged had drained the country of its wealth; the Government became involved in monetary difficulties; and, finally, in the month of February, the Bank of England ran short of gold. To tide over this crisis the Government authorised the Bank to meet all demands upon it in £1 bank-notes, and this power was confirmed by Parliament on March 12.

The result of this experiment was a financial panic. People lost confidence in the ability of the Bank to meet its obligations, and so regarded the notes with disfavour. Such being the case, they preferred coin to notes: for example, a merchant would rather sell his goods for cash than for notes. This led to two prices for everything—a price in gold and a price in notes, and, at one time, the purchasing power of three £1 notes was no greater than that of two golden guineas. The wages of employees were paid in notes, and, as their remuneration was only slightly increased by the change, the working classes became considerably poorer. Pauperism, especially in the Midlands, increased alarmingly, and as the paupers had to be kept, the rates increased correspondingly, and in some parishes actually exceeded the rental of the land. This disastrous state of affairs was only remedied by the Poor Laws of 1834.

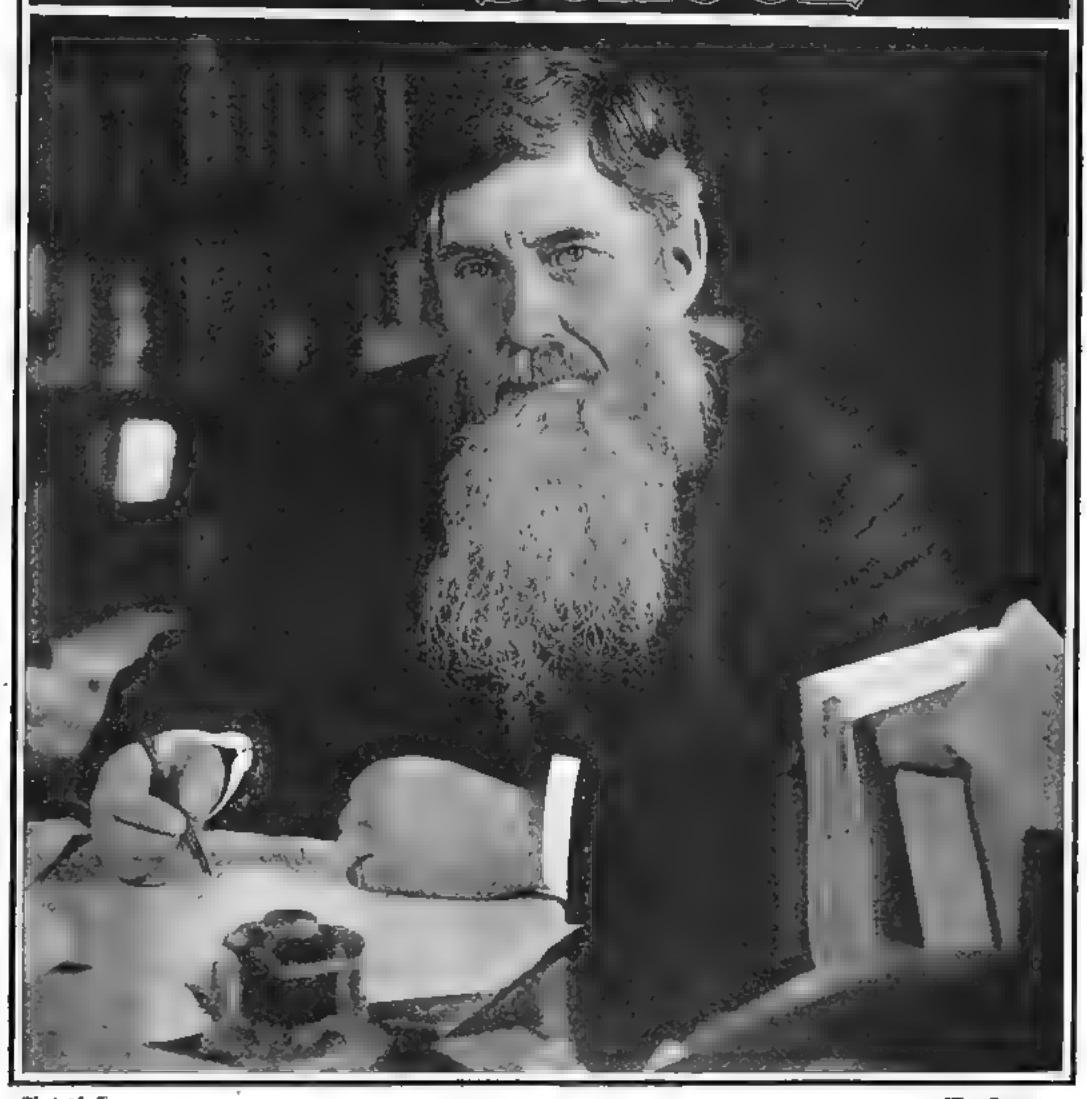
Turning now to the present day, a little thought shows us that, but for the almost universal use of bank-notes and cheques, payments would have to be made in money; huge vans of gold would have to travel from one commercial house to another; steamers loaded with the precious metal would have to cross the ocean in every direction; the amount of gold in existence would probably be insufficient for the needs of commerce; and business would be, to a large extent, reduced to the primitive form of barter. In short, what we owe to the financial crisis which led to the introduction of paper-money can scarcely be imagined, and certainly cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy.

C. E. P. BROOKS.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, MARCH 1906.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	Thurs.	General Sir Donald Stewart *b.*, 1824.	6.37.
2.	Fri.	Pope Leo XIII. *b.*, 1810.	6.38.
3.	Sat.	The Rev. A. J. Galpin, Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury, *b.*, 1861.	6.39.
4.	Sun.	First in Lent.	6.41.
5.	Mon.	Sir Hiram S. Maxim *b.*, 1840.	6.43.
6.	Tues.	George du Maurier *b.*, 1834.	6.45.
7.	Wed.	Earl of Onslow *b.*, 1853.	6.46.
8.	Thurs.	Sir John Herschell *b.*, 1792.	6.48.
9.	Fri.	William Cobbett *b.*, 1762	6.51.
10.	Sat.	King Edward VII., married, 1863.	6.53.
11.	Sun.	Second in Lent	6.54.
12.	Mon.	John L. Toole, actor, *b.*, 1830	6.58.
13.	Tues.	Sir George Newnes, Bart., M.P., *b.*, 1851.	7.0.
14.	Wed.	King Humbert of Italy *b.*, 1844.	7.1
15.	Thurs.	Mrs. Kendal, actress, *b.*, 1849.	7.3.
16.	Fri.	A. Eccles, cricketer, *b.*, 1876.	7.5.
17.	Sat.	Princess Victoria of Connaught *b.*, 1886.	7.6.
18.	Sun.	Third in Lent	7.8.
19.	Mon.	Thomas Hayward, cricketer, *b.*, 1871.	7.10.
20.	Tues.	Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., *b.*, 1836.	7.11.
21.	Wed.	Robert Bruce *b.*, 1274	7.12.
22.	Thurs.	April "Captain" published.	7.13.
23.	Fri.	Viscount Milner *b.*, 1854.	7.15.
24.	Sat.	William Morris *b.*, 1834.	7.17.
25.	Sun.	Fourth in Lent.	7.18.
26.	Mon.	Duke of Cambridge *b.*, 1819	7.20.
27.	Tues.	Bishop of Llandaff *b.*, 1821	7.22.
28.	Wed.	Clement Hill, cricketer, *b.*, 1877.	7.23.
29.	Thurs.	Royal Albert Hall opened, 1871	7.25.
30	Fri	Don Carlos, Spanish Pretender, *b.*, 1848.	7.27
31.	Sat.	Andrew Lang, novelist, *b.*, 1844.	7.28.

RUGBY SCHOOL

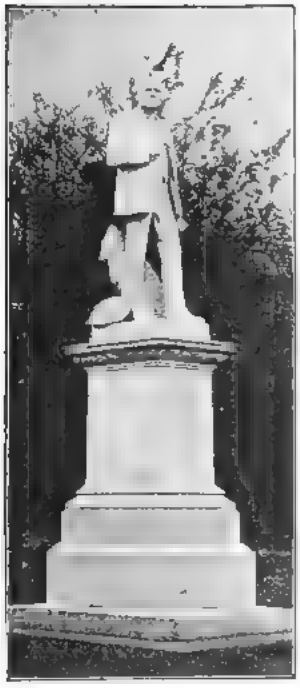


Photos by] THE REV. H. A. JAMES, D.D. [The Captain.

HEADMASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL.

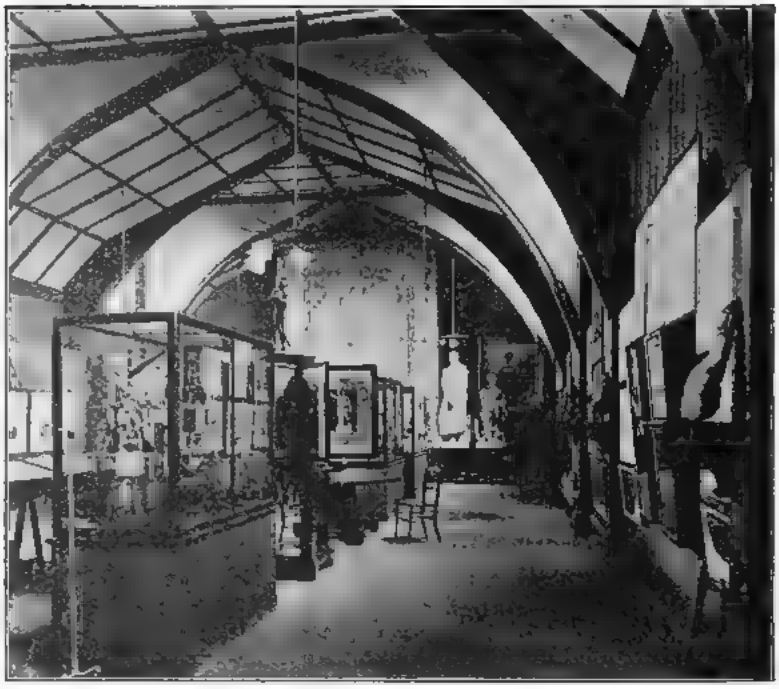
RUGBY SCHOOL was founded in the year 1567. Thanks to the immortal "Tom Brown's Schooldays" the fame of Rugby is world-wide. Even those whose interest in matters academic is of the slightest, know the school as the birthplace of Rugby Football! In the following pages are depicted many characteristic scenes from the daily life of the School.

Our portrait of the present headmaster, taken at a special sitting kindly given to The Captain, shows Dr. James seated at his table in the study of the great Dr. Arnold—the most commanding figure in all the history of our public schools. The high position which Rugby holds to-day is worthy testimony to the fidelity with which the lofty traditions of the School have been maintained by its present chief.



TOM HUGHES.

Memorial statue of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—"the incarnation of the highest form of the British schoolboy, the best type of the character of the school which moulded him."



THE ART MUSEUM.

This beautiful gallery was instituted by Dr. Jex-Blake, "in the hope that leisure hours would then be given by many boys to a delightful form of culture, often only too little thought of at home or school, and with the conviction that some few boys would draw great enjoyment, life-long interest, and a new faculty from it."

THE ART CLASS AT WORK: AND THE BUST OF THOMAS ARNOLD, RUGBY'S FAMOUS HEADMASTER.

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

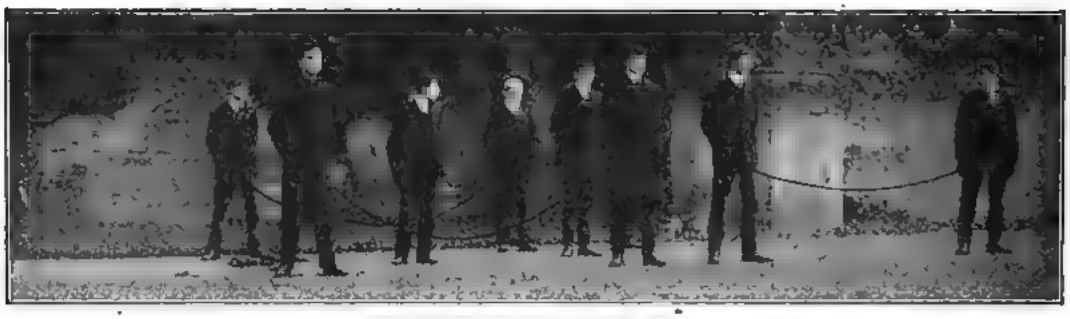
At Rugby those boys who do not belong to the Classical Side join the Modern Side, the Army Class, or the "Specialists." Boys intended for a scientific career are thus particularly provided for, but no boy may "specialise" until he reaches the Upper School. The picture shows some of the boys at practice work in the Chemical Laboratory.

THE SCHOOL MARSHAL.

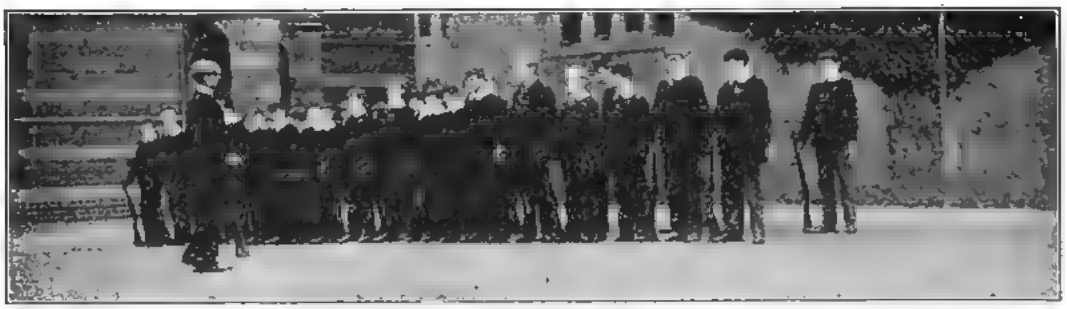
The portrait of an official well known to all Rugbeians. The picture was taken at a corner of the old quadrangle.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

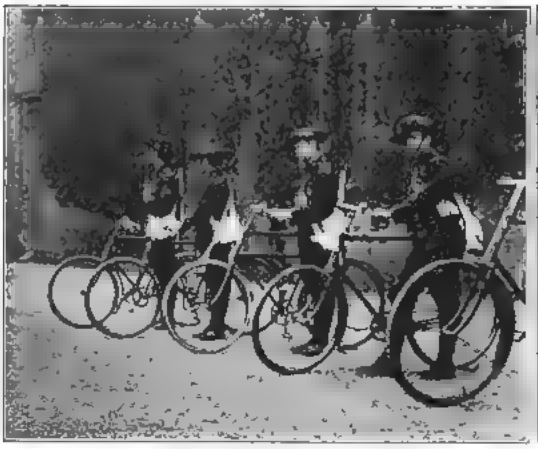
The present chapel has been evolved from the original building finished in 1821, but it bears no resemblance to its not very beautiful precursor. The interior is decorated with coloured bricks and painting, and the fine proportions give an air of much space and dignity.



DRILLING THE RAW RECRUIT.
Preliminary drills for boys entering the Rifle Corps are carried out with the use of tapes, which ensure proper distances being kept.



EARLY MORNING DRILL.



CYCLISTS OF THE RIFLE CORPS.

SIGNALLERS OF THE CORPS AT PRACTICE.

PARADE OF THE RIFLE CORPS.
The scene is the edge of the Close, with "civilians" in the foreground watching a parade of the rifle corps preparatory to marching out for field operations.

ON THE MARCH TO A FIELD DAY.

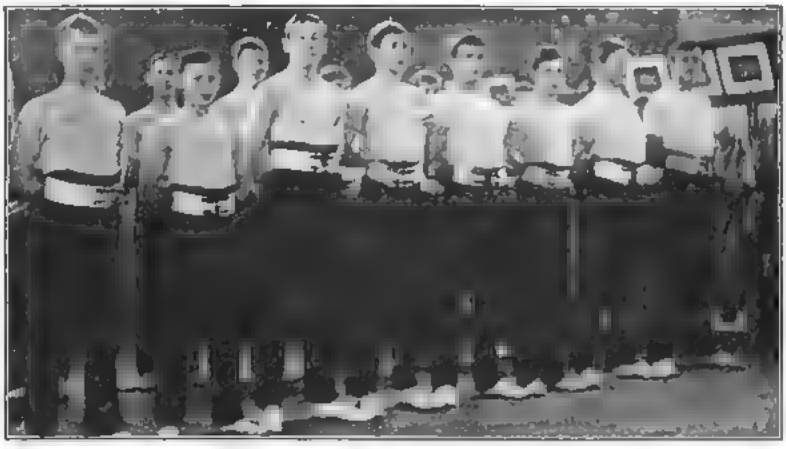
The Rugby Corps was formed in 1860, the date of the birth of the Volunteer movement. At an earlier date, however, during the Napoleonic scare of 1803, the School provided a force armed with wooden broadswords. The present Corps is attached to the 2nd V.B. Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

TO SERVE THE KING.

The Army Class at Rugby undergoes a special training, including a stiff course of physical exercise. This picture shows the good physique which results.

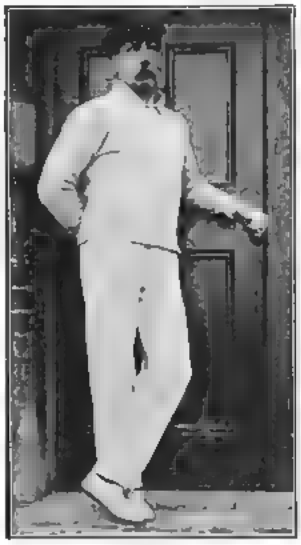
THEN AND

Mr. J. Hough, as he was twenty-seven years ago when—



THE ARMY CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Efficiency both bodily and mental is the aim of the training which is given to the Army Class. This picture, taken in the Gymnasium, illustrates the type which is turned out.



—NOW.

—he came to Rugby as Gymnastic Instructor. The earlier photo. is by Speight, Rugby.

ODD MOMENTS.

Rugby boys occupied in punting a ball about in a corner of the Close. The building is that specially devoted to day-boys.

A FRIENDLY SPAR IN THE OPEN.

Boxing forms an important feature of work in the Gymnasium, and Rugby is usually well represented in all weights at the Public Schools meeting at Aldershot.

THE ENTRANCE TO RUGBY SCHOOL.

This picture shows the view of the School from the High Street. The gateway gives upon the old quadrangle. The window is that of the old Sixth Form room.

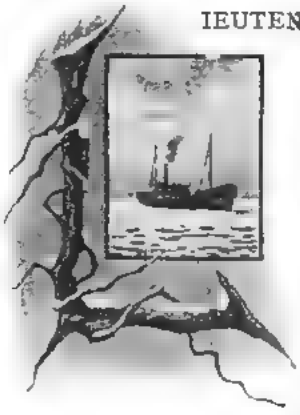
FOOTBALL AT RUGBY: A SCRUM.

This picture was taken in the course of a recent match between the School and an Oxford team of Old Rugbeians.

A Line-Out in the same match.

THE GREEN SAIL.

By W. B. HOME-GALL. Illustrated by H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



LIEUTENANT GASCOIGNE, as he paced the deck of his Majesty's gunboat *Boreas*, was cherishing bitter thoughts against many people — and most of all against Ben Saleh, the notorious Arab trader. Ben Saleh was known to be a slave-dealer, believed to be a wrecker, and strongly suspected of doing a little piracy—when opportunity offered.

For three months the *Boreas* had been chasing the elusive rascal's dhows north and south. Now and again, a few small vessels rewarded her vigilance, but the bright green sail of the robber-chief, although sighted more than once, could never be brought to close quarters. The sacred colour had been adopted by Ben Saleh, not out of reverence to the prophet, but as a special favour to Gascoigne. Witness a letter—delivered by a nose-slit captive—to the effect that, ever willing to encourage youth, Ben Saleh would, in future, flaunt a green sail upon his dhow, for the guidance of the young commander.

As though this were not enough, a despatch-boat from Zanzibar had lately spoken the *Boreas*, bearing an intimation from the admiral that unless the redoubtable slave-dealer were brought to book within the next few weeks, the *Boreas* would be superseded by a boat with a more energetic commander.

The threat rankled. Ralph Gascoigne had been indefatigable, but amongst the lagoons, shallow waters, and sandbars of the East African coast the slavers could laugh at him—except now and again when a shell at long range brought a dhow's mast down with a run, and the boats were able to row in and make a capture.

Even that was not always satisfactory, for Ben Saleh's men had a nasty way of scuttling their ships and making for the shore, so that when the British reached the dhow they might halt to rescue a hundred or so half-drowned negroes, instead of following in pursuit of their foes.

Bismillah! Great is the folly of the Infidels!

But every cloud has a silver lining: and Ralph Gascoigne looked lovingly at a small, flat-bottomed, stern-wheel boat, with a maxim in the bows, and room, with careful packing, for six bluejackets, besides the stoker and an officer. Not a very formidable craft, perhaps; but seven British tars and a maxim can do a great deal in a boat which draws barely enough water to float a stranded jelly-fish, and its possession was as precious balm to Gascoigne's wounded feelings.

"Two sail creeping along shore over the starboard bow, sir," cried the look-out.

Gascoigne ceased his perambulations.

"Two points to starboard," he ordered.

"Two points to starboard it is, sir," echoed the quarter-master.

"Full speed ahead," was the next order, and the gunboat, from a lazy crawl, jumped to her top speed of sixteen knots an hour. In a moment the deck was bustling with life, the watch below tumbling up as the increased pulsations of the screw warned them that a dhow was in sight.

"Clear the *Midget* for lowering," ordered Gascoigne. He referred to his recent acquisition, although she was officially known as *Stern-wheel River-boat, No. 4*.

As the gunboat flew over the waves, Gascoigne surveyed the vessels through his glasses. They were heavily laden dhows, and sailing on a course which would bring them into the gunboat's very mouth if they continued. But when only half a mile separated them from the avenging British boat, they yawed, and made for a bar over which the waves were lazily breaking.

"Fire!" cried the young commander.

Loud boomed the forward quick-firer across the calm sea, and a grunt of satisfaction arose from the gunner's lips as a mass of flying splinters from the hindmost vessel's stern told that the shot had struck her hull. For a

THE "MIDGET," WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF THE ORDER BEING GIVEN, WAS STEAMING TOWARDS THE RIVER BAR.

moment the vessel fell off a point or so, then continued on her course.

"Well done, lads, try again," cried Gascoigne from the bridge.

Barely had he spoken ere a second brass cartridge was thrust into the breech, and again the gun spoke. This time the results were even more satisfactory. A loud shriek of rage and fear arose from the dhow's deck, as the mast went by the board.

"Lower the *Midget* and the galley! Smartly, lads!"

The engines stopped, the boats, with their full complement of men, were lowered into the water, and the *Midget*, within five minutes of the order being given, was steaming towards the river bar, towing a boat which, to the disgust of the midshipman in command, was ordered to take possession of the disabled dhow.

Small engines, like small men, make a great deal of noise. Puffing and grunting as though she were an ironclad at the very least, the little *Midget* scraped over the bar in fine style, and a few minutes later was dodging between the thick, jungle-covered banks of the little river, to the terror and rage of the Arabs in the dhow, who were leisurely poling their light craft shorewards, deeming themselves quite safe. So astounded were they that they surrendered without striking a blow, a condescension on their part which the gallant tars did not appreciate, for Jack dearly loves a fight.

The capture was an important one. Not only were the dhows packed as full of slaves as a barrel with herrings, but the commander was one of Ben Saleh's principal lieutenants, and a gentleman for whom a gallows was waiting at Zanzibar.

This day's work seemed the turning-point in Lieutenant Gascoigne's career. Thanks to the *Midget*, scarcely a week passed without his sending one or more captured dhows to Zanzibar, until he had been obliged to furnish so many prize crews that he was somewhat short-handed.

As for Ben Saleh, he was being slowly ruined by this unwarrantable interference with his legitimate trade as a respectable kidnapper and slave-dealer. More than one threatening message reached Gascoigne to the effect that one day the British officer would find himself caught like an elephant in a hopo, or native trap.

So far, however, although sighted more than

once, the green sail of Ben Saleh had evaded capture.

But there came a morning when the look-out saw, as day broke with the suddenness usual in tropical countries, the prime object of their search hovering at the entrance to a lagoon, at the mouth of a large river.

Round swung the boat's head, down dropped the *Midget* into the water, and away went Lieutenant Gascoigne as quickly as the engines of his little stern-wheeler could force her through the water.

The dhow with the green sail did not seem very anxious to escape until she saw the peculiar little craft, which had proved fatal to her consorts, puffing towards her. Then she turned and entered the lagoon, closely followed by the *Midget*.

So far no shot had been fired at the slaver, for Gascoigne had no wish to see the Arabs abandon their ship, and escape in the almost impenetrable jungle which lined the river banks.

Winding in and out the treacherous channel before a fairly stiff breeze, the dhow managed to keep well in advance of her pursuer.

"Beg pardon, sir, but a few rounds from the maxim would cut her running rigging beautifully." The fingers of the master-gunner were itching to get at his weapon.

But Gascoigne shook his head. He had set his heart upon the destruction of Ben Saleh, and, living or dead, he meant to have him.

Slowly the *Midget* overhauled her quarry, until but twenty yards lay between them. His hand on the clumsy tiller of the dhow, clad only in a kind of white worsted shirt, girt round the middle by a belt containing swords and pistols, Ben Saleh himself steered the dhow with practised hand.

"Heave to, you black scoundrel, or I'll sink you!" roared Gascoigne.

"Bah, white fool, you think you can capture Ben Saleh!" laughed the slaver contemptuously. "Mind he does not capture you!"

"Train the maxim on the rigging, gunner. Stand by with your rifles, my lads," ordered the commander, fearful lest the slaver had some unknown means of escape. Surely he would not otherwise offer such bold defiance at a time when his capture seemed certain.

Ben Saleh heard the order and waved his hand to a score or so of evil-looking scoundrels, who promptly disappeared behind the bulwarks.

The next moment the stern and both sides of the dhow were fringed with a living shield of bound and helpless slaves—a more effectual barrier against the English sailors' rifles than wood or steel.

"A neat trick, if an old one, Master Ben, but it will not avail you when we run alongside," was Gascoigne's comment. "Cut his running rigging, gunner," he added, turning to the ready sailor.

"Zip-zip-zir-r-r-rip!" rang out the spitting fire of the maxim, and a howl of terror burst from both the slaves and their masters, who had never before been under the devastating fire of the most deadly small arm yet invented.

Down came the flaunting green sail of the slaver, and the next moment, to the astonishment of the British, the mast followed, not over the side, but descending slowly as though carefully lowered, till it lay over the stern.

At the same time the dhow's head swung round, and Gascoigne perceived that a stout hawser was hitched to her bows, by which she was being drawn into a narrow channel or creek, running directly inland, and covered, about ten feet from the surface of the water, by a thick green curtain of vines and other creeping plants.

So sudden and unexpected was the manœuvre that the *Midget* shot past the entrance before she could be stopped. Craft of her build cannot back water very easily, and several minutes were lost ere she could find an entrance into the dark, cave-like creek.

So thick was the mass of vegetation beneath which the boat plunged, that her crew, coming from the bright light of day, could not see a yard in front of them.

With a shock which threw half the bluejackets off their feet, the boat ran into some obstruction, whilst a huge object fell with a loud splash into the water close behind them.

"What's wrong ahead, Smithson?" asked Gascoigne, peering forward.

"Hanged if I know, sir. It looks like a kind of fence." The gunner's tone was puzzled.

"There's another behind us, sir!" cried a bluejacket, pointing over the stern.

It was true. An arrangement something like a portcullis, had been lowered between the boat and the river, cutting off their retreat.

For a moment the sailors looked at each other in dismay.

"We're caught, lads, but British bluejackets have fought their way out of as tight a fix as this before now," cried Gascoigne cheerily, although, truth to tell he could see but little likelihood of their ever leaving that place alive.

"Ha, ha, white fool, did not I, Ben Saleh say that I would catch you like an elephant in a hopo?" cried a voice from the thicket by the side of the narrow creek.

THOUSANDS OF LEECHES WERE FALLING FROM THE VEGETATION.

Quick as thought, Gascoigne snatched a rifle from a sailor's hand, and fired in the direction from which the voice had come. The shot was followed by a shriek of mortal agony, and the next moment there was another shout from the same voice:

"They have killed my Terah, they have shot my son! Let the blood-suckers feast upon them, my children!"

"Fire into the thicket, lads! There may be a crowd of 'em there. Let 'em have it!" As he spoke, Gascoigne set the example with his revolver.

The excitement of the firing prevented the sailors from noticing that the canopy of sodden leaves overhead was shaking as though prodded by several poles. With one exception, no cry told that their wildly fired bullets had gone home.

But presently Gascoigne felt something, cold and clammy as a dead man's hand, touch his cheek. The next moment a sharp pain, as of a red-hot needle piercing his flesh, made him put up his hand to brush away the unpleasant intruder. But the thing seemed glued to his cheek, and another, falling on his hand, also stuck fast, pricking him as its fellow had done.

He raised his hand and gazed at the loathsome parasite. It was a leech, some four inches in length. Thousands were falling in a shower from the vegetation, fastening on the sailors wherever a bare piece of flesh presented itself.

At first Gascoigne and his men felt only repugnance for the foul things, but as the latter continued to descend, covering the deck of the little craft with their slimy bodies, it became evident that unless a speedy escape were made, a terrible death awaited them. The creatures soon crept beneath the men's clothes, and were rapidly draining their life-blood.

It was indeed a gruesome fate to which Ben Saleh had doomed his foes, and Gascoigne's anger rose to frenzy as he beheld the agony endured by the gallant fellows he was powerless to assist or avenge.

"Out with your cutlasses, lads, and cut a way through that fence. We'll teach this nigger-driver to play tricks on British sailors!"

But the next moment he bade them be still; then, sheathing his sword, he knelt down by the maxim.

"Keep where you are, lads," he cried eagerly. "I have a buzz-saw here that will soon cut our way to freedom! Stand by with the belts; we'll need all we've got, gunner."

He pressed the trigger of the maxim, and a stream of bullets cut through the stout wooden fence as though with a knife—a feat by no means so extraordinary as it seems, for a tree fourteen inches in circumference has been felled in less than half a minute by a skilfully used machine gun.

"Full speed ahead!" shouted Gascoigne, as the last bar splashed into the water. A minute later the little *Midget* passed through the opening the maxim had made, turned a corner, and came into full view of the Arabs' dhow moored to a rough wooden wharf.

On a plot of lawn-like grass the Arabs, headed by the towering form of Ben Saleh, had assembled, dumbfounded at the escape of those they had doomed to an awful death.

"Throw down your arms and surrender!" ordered Gascoigne, eager to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

The answer was a bullet, which whizzed past the young officer's head and struck a blue-jacket behind him.

Forgotten in a moment were the hideous leeches, still clinging in numbers to their bodies, forgotten the fact that the foe outnumbered them by ten to one. With a stirring British cheer, the tars dashed at the enemy.

Cutting down a brawny Arab who sprang to meet him, Gascoigne dashed at the redoubtable Ben Saleh. The slaver chief, waving a huge battle-axe above his head, advanced, nothing loth, to meet his foe.

Round swept the terrible weapon. It was impossible to guard that heavy swinging blow, but Gascoigne, dropping on one knee, allowed the glittering steel to whiz over his head. Then, lunging forward, he drove his sword into the slaver's breast.

Seeing their chief fall, the Arabs flung down their arms and surrendered. They had set a trap for the British sailors, only to be caught in it themselves. So well-hidden was the place which the dead chief had chosen for his lair that the surrounding jungle was impassable, and not a single slaver escaped.

Within some huts abutting on the wharf, Gascoigne found two hundred wretched beings of all ages, and a large amount of miscellaneous plunder, including several hundred ounces of gold dust.

Sending the *Midget* for boats to remove the slaves and plunder, Gascoigne remained in the creek until the last bale of goods had been removed. Then, after burning the huts, that they might never be used for so evil a purpose again, he returned to the gunboat and set sail for Zanzibar—well content.

THE ENGLISH CUP.

THE English Cup was instituted in 1872, and the same cup was competed for till 1895, when it was stolen at Birmingham, and had to be replaced by a new one. Five times in the first seven years of its existence did the Wanderers—a club resembling the Corinthians, whose playing members were enlisted from the ranks of old public school and university footballers—carry off the prize, and in 1878 the club, having won the Cup three years in succession, became absolutely entitled to it; but they gave the trophy back to the Football Association upon the condition that it should never be won outright. Until 1883 the Old Boy element monopolised the final ties almost entirely, but in that year the Blackburn Olympic defeated the Old Etonians, after playing an extra half-hour. Superior training won the Olympic the match. The Etonians had a very powerful team, and were every whit as clever as the Lancastrians, but their heavy forwards tired sooner than the light and nimble Northerners, and when the referee ordered an extra half-hour the fate of the Etonians was sealed. The remark was made in Blackburn when the Cup reached that town that it would never go back to London, and this was not half such a bad prophecy as it then seemed. The Cup did not go back for close upon twenty years. The next three years the Cup went to Blackburn Rovers. Their two famous games in 1884 and 1885 with Queen's Park will always rank as historic. The Glasgow club was splendidly represented—indeed, only one of its team was not an international. But the Rovers fairly and squarely beat them each time. The Rovers' third successive win was over West Bromwich Albion. Nothing was scored in the first game at Kennington Oval, but in the re-play at Derby they proved too

strong for the "Throstles," and for winning for the third consecutive year were awarded a special trophy in the shape of a mammoth silver shield. In the next season the Albion again occupied the position of runners-up for the Cup, when they met their masters in the final in Aston Villa. Both of these clubs were destined to play a very prominent part in subsequent finals. The final in 1888 at the Oval between West Bromwich and Preston North End produced one of the finest games ever contested. It was the Albion's third

THE ENGLISH CUP.

successive appearance in the final tie, and although Preston made so sure of the result as to express a wish to have the Cup photographed with them before the match, they had to be content with the casual view they obtained of it in the early part of the afternoon. Bassett played as fine a game as has ever been witnessed on the football field, and Preston were beaten by 2 goals to 1. Preston came on the scene again in 1889, and made no mistake about winning the Cup, for they went through the whole of the competition without having a goal scored against them. The two following years Blackburn Rovers annexed the honours, but in the season 1892 the Albion again came to the fore and administered a sound drubbing to Aston Villa to the extent of 3 goals to *nil* in the final. It was said that the Villa had arranged which of the officials were to hold the trophy during certain months of the ensuing year, so certain were they of winning. Something, however, went wrong, and their impetuous supporters, without seeking to analyse the play, cast about for a victim, and threw all the blame upon their goalkeeper, Warner, who was very badly treated by members of the lower orders in Birmingham. The two Midland clubs came together for the third time in nine years in 1895. It was a stoutly contested final tie this, and the Albion had to acknowledge defeat, although the margin was only a goal to nothing. It was in this season that the Cup was stolen. It was suggested that the modest trophy should be replaced by a gorgeous one of gold, but the Football Association wisely decided to have a replica of the old trophy made. Lord Rosebery saw the final of 1897, between Aston Villa and Everton, and described it as an "Olympian struggle" which he should never forget. Five goals were scored in the first thirty-five minutes, of which the Villa claimed three. Splendidly as the Everton team played in the second half, they could never pierce the Aston defence, and 3—2 was the result. Southern teams began to take part in the later rounds in the next few years, and in 1901 the Cup came back South. Sheffield United represented the North and Tottenham Hotspurs the South. All previous gate records were eclipsed, no less than 114,887 people watching the game. It was a stiff battle, and the result was a draw of 2 goals each. There was a great dispute about Sheffield's second goal. Clawley, the Hotspurs' goalkeeper, alleged that he stopped the ball a foot outside the line, but the referee gave a goal. The cinematograph was subsequently supposed to show that the goalkeeper's contention was correct. In the re play at Bolton, Tottenham demonstrated their superiority and deserved their victory of 3 goals to 1. How Sheffield United took the trophy back to the North in the following season will be fresh in the memory. Bury, in defeating Derby County by 6 goals to 0, last season, gained the most hollow victory on record in the series of final ties. They also equalled Preston's record of 1889 by going through the competition without having a goal scored against them. Collating the various opponents in the final ties, we find that ten matches were between Southern opponents, ten between teams of the North and Midlands respectively, five between opponents from the North and the South, and four between Midland opponents, while the remaining three were between opposing Northern teams.

ALBERT ALBROW.

Photo. by] [Mayne Reid.

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of disappointment is caused to the beginner by ignorance and lack of proper caution. The dry plate, to take an instance, has a very sensitive film, liable to chemical stains of all sorts if a finger be laid upon it. The "old hand" is very careful to pick up an unused plate, or even an unvarnished negative, by the *sides*, between thumb and first or second finger. He doesn't handle it as if it were a thin sheet of wood. Though the thumb *may* be applied without "making its mark," there is always the danger that it will; so cultivate the habit of correct handling. The same warning applies in an even greater degree to untoned prints.

Washing Negatives.

Don't let water fall from a height into the vessel holding the plate, as it may carry with it air which will form bubbles on the surface of the film. Fig. 1 shows the correct method, which is to let the water flow in at or below the top of the vessel. If a dish is used, as in the illustration, it should be emptied now and then, to get rid of any chemicals that may have collected at the lower end, and the plate should be reversed.

The Application of Developing Solutions.

Never put a plate into a dish of solution, but lay the plate in the empty dish and suddenly flood it from one end (Fig. 3). It is incorrect to pour the developer gradually on the centre from a height (Fig. 2), as this course is sure to cause marking of the plate. I always hold the dish in the left hand, depressed a little towards the right, and pour in the solution with a "swish," simultaneously raising the right end. This sweeps away any air-bells which may try to form. Bubble-holes never bother me.

Examining a Negative During Development.

Don't pick the negative out of the solution, but pour the solution off the negative. The first course means serious staining of the fingers, if pyro be used, and, in any case, impregnates the tips with chemical.

Examining a Print.

Stand with your back to the window, so as to interpose your body between the light and the frame. On no account carry the print into a strong light "to see how it is getting on." The paper should

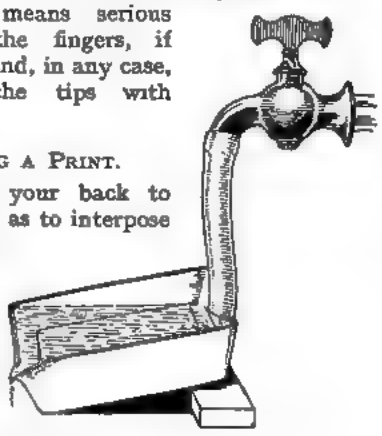


Fig. 1.—The right way to lead water into a vessel for washing plates or prints. Never let it fall in with a splash.

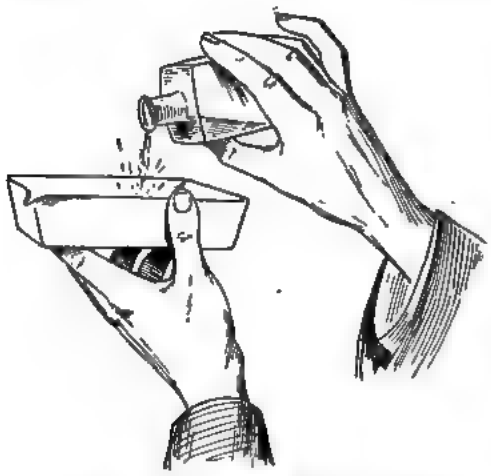


FIG. 2.—Don't pour the developing solution on the plate like this;

have been arranged so that one end slightly overhangs the edge of the plate and can easily be lifted by the finger. *Blowing* on the print to separate it from the negative is apt to deposit small spots of saliva on both, with disastrous results.

HANGING UP PRINTS TO DRY.

Don't suspend them over a string, like towels on a towel-horse (Fig. 4); as they dry they will straighten and probably fall off; but either pin them by one corner to the string or, what is better, use wooden clips such as are shown in Fig. 5. These can be purchased at three-halfpence each. A print should always be *hung up* to dry, as both sides are then exposed to the air, and the process is greatly shortened.

STACKING NEGATIVES.

After an orgy of printing or developing, negatives have a knack of accumulating. Fig. 6 *a* and *b* shows the right and wrong way of stacking them. If *piled* on one another the risk of scratching is increased; if stood on end, each supports its own weight, and any one may be removed without picking up the rest.

THE STORAGE OF DRY PLATES.

In a room where gas is used, unused plates should be kept at a low level. Near the ceiling the hot gases of combustion from the burners accumulate and may do harm to plates. Printing papers are even more sensitive. A thoroughly *dry* spot must be selected, since damp

FIG. 4.—A bad way to hang up prints to dry—bent over a string—and

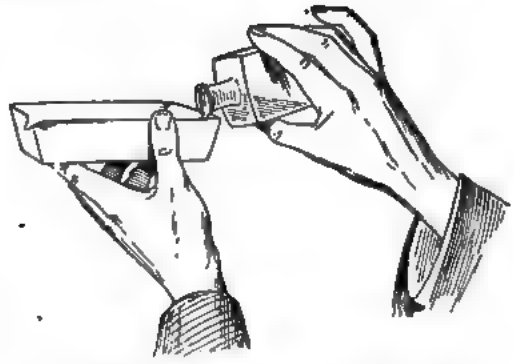


FIG. 3.—But swish it on like this—from one end. (The artist should have shown a measure-glass, not a bottle, as the flow must be very rapid.)

is very destructive. I believe that "ordinary" plates will keep almost indefinitely in a dry, cool, and unvitiated atmosphere. Some time ago I inadvertently used plates that had been in my possession for five years. I did not discover the fact through any failure on their part. But for reading the date on the box, I should not have suspected their age.

PACKING A STAND CAMERA IN ITS CASE.

You must be very careful to have the screen side of the camera turned towards the *insides* of the case; and the dark slides should be placed next it to protect it from blows. I have seen several screens smashed through careless packing. Lenses are laid on the slides, and the cloth is placed over all to act as a buffer against any blow from above.

DRYING PLATES.

Stand them up diagonally, so that all the water runs down to *one corner*: most plate-racks ensure this. If stood on an *edge*, a ridge of water forms along it and takes a long while to evaporate. Where speed is necessary, the rack should be placed on the top of an oil- or gas-stove, a piece of sheet-iron being interposed. Take care that the flame is not turned up too high, as undue heat will melt the film. It is somewhat risky to stand plates before the fire, since the strong air-current carries dust, while a coal falling out may stir up the ashes. If the plates are first

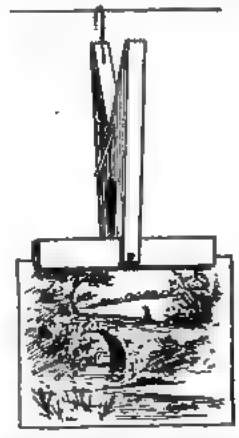


FIG. 5.—A good way—in wooden clips suspended from the string.

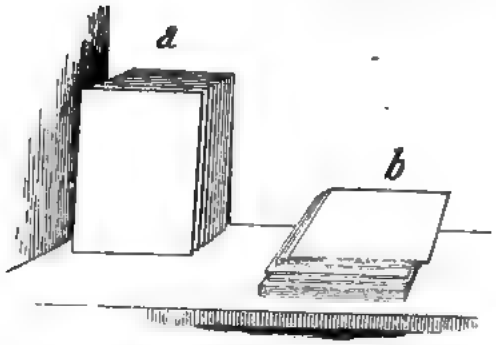


FIG. 6.—The right way (*a*)—and the wrong (*b*) of stacking negatives during printing operations.

soaked in methylated spirit, the process is shortened to a few minutes.

MIXING SOLUTIONS.

Don't measure "by eye," like the cook. Use scales for everything; and cultivate the habit of taking extreme care. All chemicals must be kept in well-stoppered *glass* or earthenware receptacles. Tins are dangerous, owing to the readiness with which iron combines with many chemicals, if they are the least damp.

CARE OF DISHES, &c.

Dishes, measure glasses, &c. should be turned upside down when not in use, and always rinsed out before and after use. Never leave solutions standing in dishes, as they are apt to throw down deposits hard to remove.

Filter papers should be in more general use than appears to be the fashion. Toning and intensifying solutions should be returned to their bottles through a filter paper—care being taken, of course, that a separate paper is allotted to each solution. If you make a practice of doing this, you will save yourself a good deal of the trouble arising from mysterious specks or "pinholes."

REMOVING THE BACKING FROM BACKED PLATES.

Don't bother to do this before development. The washing-off then may bring water into contact with the film, and cause streaky development. I always partly develop, then take the negative out of the dish, rinse it well under the tap, and rub off the backing, which is now quite soft. If you use a developer of a "permanent" nature, such as rodinal, the filter-paper will rid the solution of any backing that may have got loose during development.

A TONING-BATH FOR BROMIDE OR GAS-LIGHT PAPERS.

Messrs. Houghton's have sent me two prints on "Wellington" Bromide, the one toned with their new sulphide toning formula to a very pleasing sepia colour. The chemical is made up in glass tubes in quantities sufficient to make five ounces of solution. The mode of using is very simple. Dissolve the contents of two tubes each in five ounces of water. Place the print, dry or wet, in one bath until evenly bleached. This takes about a minute. Rinse it in a few changes of water, and lay it in the other bath, after which it should be well washed and dried. The two baths can be used over and over again. The toned print submitted to me had been treated in a bath that had done one hundred quarter-plate prints without showing signs of exhaustion. These tubes of "Ensign Sulphide Toner" are sold at fourpence each. I advise readers to try their hands at this process.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Donald Davies.—The plate-holder you enclose is about 3¼ in. by 5 in. It is quite an odd size, and, on looking through the makers' lists, I cannot find any plates quoted to fit, not even in the centimetral foreign makes. So I should advise you to abandon this camera, if it is not a particularly good one, and to go in for a 3¼ in. by 4¼ in. or 5 in. by 4 in., unless you are willing to face the expense of having the plates specially cut, which would be considerable. Your letter was addressed but not stamped.

Velox.—It is practically impossible to get exposures with a lens shutter as short as those which are permitted by a focal-plane shutter. With the latter the time may be made almost infinitely small; in fact, the only limitation is the sensitiveness of the plate. I have got very good negative with exposures of only $\frac{1}{1000}$ second. Of course, this required the strong light of the summer months, and also a lens working at a very large aperture.

F. Jamson.—I am afraid that the only advice I can give you is that which I have dealt out to others in the same position as yourself, *viz.*, to give up experimenting with your old crock and spend a couple of guineas on a good camera. It is a sheer waste of money, time, and patience to mess about with a machine which has, as far as I can judge from your description, no redeeming quality. Sorry that I cannot give you more hope.

A CANDIDATE FOR LAURELS.

By
STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by
ALFRED PEARSE.

I.

BY most men humour and imagination are counted among the greatest gifts of nature. To a certain extent they are; but, even as every rose has its proper equipment of thorns, so the gifts of imagination and humour are accompanied by dangers from which the ordinary person is free. In other words, the ordinary person has a duller—but safer—time.

Now, Charles Meadows was never dull, and rarely safe. He was an ingenious youth of fifteen in the Lower Fifth at St. Edmund's School. He had the two gifts abovementioned; and, in addition to these, the fatal knack of stringing together rhymes—a gift which occasionally got him into trouble. Masters are so inquisitive in school-hours. His chief ambition was to appear in print, but up to the time of this story his efforts had met with no success. The school organ, the *Edmundian*, was of a stolid, unenterprising nature, and refused to admit the joyous lyrics and light-hearted lampoons of the young poetaster. Perhaps, as the author fondly believed, the editors were jealous of his ability. More probably, they had some respect for the powers that be, and incidentally for the law of libel.

"Suds," said Charles one day to a personal friend in the shelter of his study, "I've written a splendid ballad—the best thing I've done yet. Just listen to it."

"Oh, hang your poetry," replied his friend—a boy who bore the name of a well-known soap-maker. "I don't want to listen to your efforts just now. Much more sensible if you make some tea."

"No; you make the tea, and I'll read my ballad to you. You must hear it, because I want your opinion. Besides, I've got no end of a scheme on. The ballad is part of the scheme. You'll find the cake in a tin—and the tea is in my hat-box."

The other grunted, but obeyed orders; and, while he was busy with the tea-things, Charles read aloud the following work of art:

"BALLAD OF THE COOK'S DEATH.

"Now Topsy was a hungry man
Who fed in Edmund's Hall;
He swore the food it was no good—
It was no good at all.

"'The roast,' said he—'the boiled—the fried—
May suit a Goth or Hun:
Myself, I swear I cannot bear
To eat it underdone.

"'The cook is but a sorry knave
To serve us such a feast.
Why should I gnaw this almost raw,
Half-tepid bit of beast?'

"He called the cook before his eyes,
And looked him in the face;
'Come, sir!' he cried, 'you may not hide
The proofs of your disgrace.'

"In anger just he flung the joint
With flight both true and fast:
As the cook fled it struck his head,
And so his spirit passed.

"But Topsy did the generous thing,
And raised a stone on high—
'Here lies a cook I brought to book;
So may all bad cooks die!'"

"There, what do you think of it?" asked the reader, flushed with anxiety and pride.

"Not bad at all for you," replied "Suds," appreciatively, cutting huge segments of the cake. "I like all your verses about the masters. Only wish they could read them and get touched up a bit. I bet those lines would make Topsy squirm."

"They're going to read this one," said Charles, with an air of mystery. "That's where my scheme comes in."

"No! How are you going to manage it? Send copies to each of them?"

"Rather not; it's coming out in the *Edmundian*."

"I say—that's a score for you. I thought they wouldn't look at anything of yours. What was it they called your last poem—'scurrilous and personal,' wasn't it?"

"M'yes," said Charles, pouring out the tea.

"They don't know good poetry when they see it. But I'm not going to be beaten by them—I'm not going to waste the 'Ballad of the Cook's Death' on the editors: they wouldn't pass it. This is the tip—quite simple. I take a copy down myself in an envelope to the printing-office—label it 'For the *Edmundian*'—and they'll think it's been sent down in the usual way. It will come out in the old rag without a soul being any the wiser."

"Jove! that's not half a bad notion; bit of a score off the editors when the paper appears. Score off Topsy, too—I'm sure I heard him growling about the beef yesterday. But—I say!" he broke off sharply with a long-drawn whistle of dismay.

"What's the matter?"

"They're bound to spot it."

"I don't care if they do; I can only get a lamming, and I'd take that cheerfully to get my poetry into the school mag. Besides, it will be a rare good lark."

"But, you old ox," remonstrated Suds, "you've forgotten one thing. These printer-chaps send a copy up first—'proof,' I believe they call it—to be inspected. I saw Simmons pawing them over and correcting one day when I took an impot. up to his rooms. The ballad will never get past him."

"Hang it!" said Charles uneasily. "Simmons is a good sort on the whole. I don't think he would put his foot down on the ballad; he's looked over some of my works already and said they weren't half bad—promising stuff for a youngster, and so on."

"H'm. . . . Which did you show him?"

"The one on spring—and the description of a cricket match—and twenty lines of the Æneid I turned into English."

"Ye-es. Those are all deadly serious. I suppose you didn't show him the 'Torture of the Head' or the 'Impot.-setter's Fate'?"

"No," admitted the poet. "I didn't think it worth while."

"There you are, you see. If I were you I shouldn't take those verses down to the office. Simmons will only jump on you."

"Unluckily, it's too late. Did I say I was *going* to take them down? As a matter of fact I've *taken* them down already, and I expect they are printed in black and white by this time. Still, it's no use crying over spilt milk; perhaps Simmons won't go through the whole lot of proofs. He may not notice the ballad, either; I don't suppose it will take up very much room—do you?"

"BALLAD OF THE COOK'S DEATH."

"I daresay not," said Suds cheerfully. After all, *his* skin was not in danger. "If it's done, it's done—and there's no use worrying about it. Cheer up, old chap—there's yards of cake still left. 'The condemned man made a hearty meal of bacon and eggs,' as the newspapers say. Besides, if Simmons does notice it, he won't know who wrote the thing. You didn't sign your name, did you?"

"Rather not," said Master Meadows. "But I shall be jolly sick if the ballad doesn't get printed, after all the trouble I've taken over it."

II.

A WEEK later the poet was astonished by a summons to the rooms of the press-censor, Mr. Simmons. Much had happened during the past seven days: Charles had assisted

his house in defeating Lanford's to the tune of twenty points, and had received his colours; a chum's birthday had been celebrated with due hilarity and feasting; an obnoxious enemy from a neighbouring dormitory had had his courage cooled by repeated and compulsory visits to the bath-room. Other events of minor importance had combined to efface from Charles' mind the memory of his ballad and the possible consequences thereof. And so, with a conscience clear and a guileless face, he made his way to Mr. Simmons' room and knocked upon the door.

A voice said, "Come in!" Charles obeyed the command, and found the house-master—a cheerful and wise young man of thirty-two—standing easily before the fire.

"You sent for me, sir," began the poet.

"Ah, yes," murmured Mr. Simmons, filling a pipe as he spoke. "Just sit down for a moment—you'll find the armchair comfortable. Yes—I wanted to speak to you about a little matter that has cropped up lately. You know that I look over the *Edmundian* before it goes to press?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charles, with a blush that would have attracted the attention of a bull. He remembered the ballad now, and hoped—vainly—that "Old Sim" had not noticed his increased colour.

"It is generally a matter of routine only," said the censor, glancing at Charles as he shifted in his chair, "but in this number I find a spirited account in verse—of a servant's death at the hands of one Topsy. The editors cannot enlighten me on the subject. Can you?"

The author remained silent and depressed. He was unprepared for such an attack.

"I supposed at first," pursued the master, after a short but painful pause, "that it was a legend of bygone days, treated in modern fashion by some modern writer. It was not till a certain master told me that he believed he was known by the name of Topsy that I thought there might be some connection. With regard to the unfortunate cook's demise, I can find no details; and as to the imperfect dressing of meat in any of the houses, there appear to be no grounds for complaint at all. Therefore, I am driven to the conclusion that the whole poem is a mere flight of fancy—an airy trifle thrown off in a frivolous moment—not to be taken seriously. Do you agree?"

"It sounds possible, sir," said Charles, who was gradually regaining his nerve.

"I think my view is probably right. Now, such trifles are all very well in their way, and undoubtedly cause great amusement—among a certain class. *But*, they are only fit for private circulation. When they aspire to the dignity of print—when they try to creep into the august columns of the *Edmundian*—then they must be crushed with the blue pencil, and the author must be prepared to face the consequences. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," said the culprit.

Mr. Simmons went on more seriously.

"As soon as I saw this, Meadows, I recognised your fine Roman hand. I was sure that you had written it. Am I not right?"

Charles repeated his assent. He felt that his answers were monotonously similar, but what was he to do?

"I am willing to believe," said the inquisitor, "that you did not mean it for wilful impertinence; therefore, I shall not cane you. Of course, it is quite out of the question for the *Edmundian* to publish the 'Cook's Ballad'—though there are some good points about it. (The style, for instance, is simple and direct.) The type has been set up, and you must pay the expense of that; go down town to-morrow and do so. And now retire to the library next door and write a poem—a dignified poem—of not less than twenty lines on *me*."

"On you, sir!" gasped the astonished youth.

"Yes; a dignified poem, please. No introduction of cooks, footmen, or scavengers. Shut the door behind you."

The budding laureate groped his way out in a state of complete bewilderment. Old Sim had spotted him, and yet did not seem to be very angry. That was the amazing thing. If only he could have seen his late interrogator drop into a chair, read the ballad again, and chuckle quietly over the literary gem, he would have understood. But a door effectually screened the master from the boy, and he sat down at the nearest table to work out a dignified ode of not less than twenty lines.

He sat still for a few minutes, and then determined to have a little fun at old Sim's expense. Sim was probably reading and would hate to be disturbed. *Ergo*, disturbance was the very card to play. Charles got up, knocked at the door, and peered inside.

"Done it yet?" asked the master comfortably. Charles choked down his emotion with difficulty—how the dickens could a fellow produce a dignified ode in four minutes!

—and meekly asked for the loan of a pen. Simmons pointed dumbly to the table, and the boy selected one after a careful search. Then he retired; but re-appeared in less than two minutes.

"Please, sir," he remarked, with an injured air, "I can't find any ink in the library. I've looked round every table, sir, and there doesn't seem——"

"Take mine," murmured the other

"MEADOWS," SAID OLD SIM, "ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE HARROWING GROANS?"

gravely. Charles complied, with a word of thanks—he had engaging manners—and made his second exit.

"Drawn him twice," he reflected. "I'll let him rest for a while before I pull his leg again. Badger-baiting is good sport. . . . Let's have a go at this rotten poem."

Screwing his fingers into his hair and meditating deeply, he wrote down after a short time the title: "A Dignified Ode to Mr. Simmons." He wrote this in his best copper-plate, drew two neat lines underneath, and as an after-thought added "By C. Meadows." It looked very imposing, and he admired the effect for several seconds. Then he turned his attention to the composition, and after five minutes' mental wrestling, produced the following line:

"Majestic Being, in a Scholar's Robe——"

"That's dignified enough, in all conscience," he mused. "Nothing to complain of there. I wish he'd let me write some comic stuff about him—I'd get it done twice as quickly. . . . Well, I think it's time to pay another visit to the lion's den. I wonder how much he'll stand!"

As he entered, Mr. Simmons looked up with an irritated air. He was reading an interesting novel, and had no use for intruders.

"You again, Meadows!" he said sharply. "What's the matter now? Has the nib got crossed, or the ink-well dried up?"

"Please, sir," said the suppliant humbly, "I've got stuck at the second line. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but I can't think of a rhyme to 'robe.' Would you mind helping me a little, sir, by suggesting one?"

Mr. Simmons looked very earnestly at him, and if Charles had given the ghost of a smile there would certainly have been an explosion. Luckily, Master Meadows kept a straight face, and his mentor recognised a fellow-humourist. He enjoyed the joke too keenly to execute his victim, but he felt that these visits must be stopped.

"'Globe' seems to be the obvious rhyme," he returned. "I believe there is also a place in Japan named Kobe—but I am not sure whether that is the correct pronunciation. On the whole, I should stick to 'globe.' But I cannot have you bothering me any

more. Kindly remember that your next visit to this room will mean a caning."

"Yes, sir; thank you," said Charles, and backed out into the library. When the door was safely shut, old Sim—he was only thirty-two, remember—laughed silently once more, re-lit his pipe, and settled down to the enjoyment of his novel. He read quickly and with zest, for the book was an exciting tale of adventure in Burma. Mr. Simmons loved a stirring story as keenly as any boy; indeed,

"IT LOOKS RIPPING IN PRINT, DOESN'T IT?"

his sympathy with the boy-spirit was largely responsible for his popularity throughout the school. And yet he was noted for being a strict disciplinarian.

He read on, devouring page after page with the speed of a machine, his eyes glued to the book. He was lost in a world of imaginary people, who were infinitely more real than any inhabitant of St. Edmund's. Time seemed to fly; and yet it was only fifteen minutes after Charles' last entrance that he was roused from his reading by a deep groan. Mr. Simmons started—the spell was broken—and listened intently. No, there had been no mistake; another groan boomed forth through the stillness of the library and pierced the intervening door. It sounded as if some stricken creature were in physical pain.

Mr. Simmons shook his shoulders impatiently, and lay back in his chair. Picking up his book once more, he tried to concentrate his attention on it, and it alone—and to ignore the distressing sounds which were proceeding from the library. It was of no use; the groans were too sonorous to allow any rivalry. The reader found his eyes wandering from the printed page, and caught himself waiting instinctively for the next eruption. He began to count the seconds that elapsed between the groans, and even to make a wager with himself as to the probable aggregate within a given time. He was but human, and in the end curiosity triumphed. He left his abode, and discovered Master Meadows with his head on his arms, the picture of despair. The schoolboy is not seldom a first-rate actor.

"Meadows," said Old Sim, "are you responsible for those harrowing groans?"

"Yes, sir," the impressionist whined, looking up wearily.

"Is anything the matter? Have you over-eaten yourself this afternoon, or are you smitten with remorse for any particular crime?"

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, sir," said Charles. "I thought the door might keep in the sound."

"It hasn't," observed Mr. Simmons. "What is the matter?"

"I've got into a fresh tangle with these verses, sir, and I don't seem to have a rhyme left in my head."

"How much have you written?"

"Only twelve lines, sir—and I can't get along at all. Will——"

"Read out what you've done," interrupted the master, whose mouth was twitching convulsively. "If they're any good—and dignified—perhaps I'll remit the rest."

"They're the best I can do, sir," murmured Charles. "But I think I can write—well, lighter things—much more easily. I *think* these are dignified—I tried hard to keep them so."

"Start away," commanded Old Sim, sitting down on the table with his back to the gas. And Master Meadows read the following precious effusion:

"Majestic Being in a Scholar's Robe,
The wisest being of our earthly globe—
I would thy brains were added unto mine,
Then I in scholarship should shortly shine.

(Alliteration, you see, sir.)

"But not in learning only art thou versed,
In Rugby football thou art not the worst.

(I meant that as a copy of Vergil's *litotes*, sir—putting it mildly, so to speak.)

"At half-back or three-quarter thou canst play,
And rub thy foemen's noses in the clay."

"What about dignity there?" queried Mr. Simmons.

"Well, sir," explained Charles "I wanted to say 'level them in the dust,' but I couldn't get it to scan. Besides, 'dust' won't rhyme with 'play.'"

"N-no," said the other. "We'll pass that. Go on."

"Vanquished they fall, the short, the stout, the slim 'uns—
And own the mighty strength of Mr. Simmons.
And when at last there sounds the piercing whistle——"

"That's all, sir. I couldn't think of a good word to go with 'whistle.'"

"'Gristle' is the only one I know," said his judge gravely, though he longed for a good laugh. "However, I think you may stop now. The dignity of the poem is hardly enough in evidence, but I have no doubt you have done your best. I should advise you to stick to the—er—lighter style—but not to publish anything as yet. Good night. By the way—don't forget to see the printer about the bill for the type."

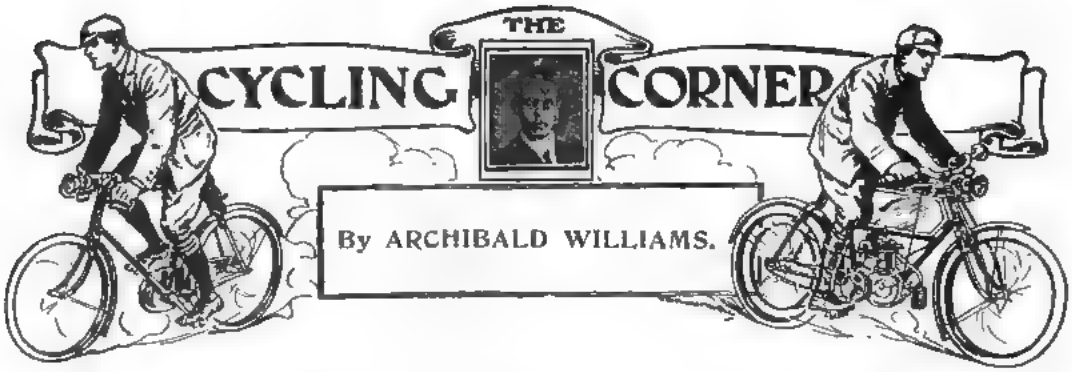
"No, sir, thank you. Good night, sir."

* * * * *

Charles was in no danger of forgetting the printer, for during the period of groaning composition he had hit on a really brilliant plan. He saw the printer next morning, ordered him to separate the type of the offending passage from the *Edmundian's* columns, and—print him a hundred copies of the ballad! These he sold under a pledge of secrecy at the ridiculous price of threepence each. He and his chum, after paying the bill, shared the profits of the nefarious transaction, and feasted royally for a week. As the literary youngster remarked to the companion of his joys and sorrows: "Poetry-making, Suds, isn't all jam; but I think we've come out of this jolly well. I'm going to have the ballad framed next vac. It looks ripping in print, doesn't it?"

ON STYLE.

A STYLE which expresses more or less than a man's personality must be bad; it is either affected or inadequate. This is the real quarrel with "preciosity," with the vices of those writers held up as eminently "stylists." It is not that they use fantastic or out-of-the-way words, or sequences of words, but that they use words and phrases which do not belong to them nor sincerely express the movements of their mind. Their finery distracts the mind of the reader from the nervelessness of the expression as the bits of tinsel stuck on a stage dragon distract the eye from the inferiority of the modelling. Strip them off, and you find a dull, dead shape underneath. The truth is you cannot separate style from matter. If you say that the style is good, you already imply that the matter is good because, style admitted, it is necessarily one man's personal and precise expression in words of the thought that is in him. . . . It is, therefore, necessary for every writer to cultivate a wise egoism; to pay no attention to what is said about "good" or "bad" styles. His own style is the best possible for him.—CHARLES MARRIOTT in *The Author*.



THE DANGERS OF CYCLING.

CYCLING has its pleasures—lots of them, thank goodness! It has its dangers also. On these I will expatiate for a page or so.

In the first place, young riders are too apt to forget that they *are* young, and that, according to the laws of Nature, young limbs are growing limbs. A boy of twelve years old can't take the liberties with his arms and legs, I might say with his body generally, that might not harm a person who has reached years of discretion.

Of course, we all know that a boy can rise from a hearty lunch and play a strenuous game of football forthwith without any apparent bad results. The digestion of the young *is* tough. But bones which are still in a comparatively soft condition demand consideration.

That is why sensible folk dislike to see a boy crouching low on a cycle, like a monkey on a stick, in the endeavour to ape the "speed merchant" of the racing-path. A boy should endeavour to keep his back straight, and not to train it into the shape of a bow.

That also is the reason why one shudders at the sight of boys or girls pedalling painfully along on cycles which are at least a couple of inches too high for their reach, and consequently pounds too heavy for their strength. They simply *should not be allowed to do it*; as the accumulated injury of a series of such rides may be really serious. If you don't believe this, ask the doctor.

Overstraining.

Then, there is the temptation to overdo distances. A youngster may make a very good show beside his elders, and finish up as fresh as the proverbial paint. Let him not boast himself too much, however. He may have strained his machinery a bit without knowing it. And here I must warn boys not to make the pace too hot for their sisters; and sisters not to emulate their brothers too much. Skirts are a decided handicap to the gentler sex, and should be duly allowed for.

As I believe I have said before, when a correspondent writes to this effect, "I am thirteen years old, and covered the distance from London to Brighton in three and three-quarter hours," I must write him down as a very foolish person, even if he asserts on the same page that THE CAPTAIN is just ripping—which, of course, is quite true. Boys of thirteen have no business with record-breaking, which puts a terrible strain on the heart.

Moral Dangers.

What? a sermon? No, sir! But I should just like to point out this—that the fact that a cyclist can cover the distance from X to Y much quicker than a pedestrian has its dangers. It is apt to breed a habit of leaving things to the last minute. Our friend John Jones, to take an instance, lives a mile from the school he attends. Well, he knows that under good conditions he can cover that mile in five minutes. How easy to slide into the way of allowing five minutes, and not a minute more! But alas! one morning the back tyre is found in a state of collapse. On another there is a strong head wind. On another a rain squall brings delay; and so on. J. J. is late, and vows he was a fool to put things off so. He was. Of course, it is only the old story in another form, that the person who lives near the church will probably be late oftener than people who dwell afar off. When J. J. leaves school, and has to go to business daily, he may stick to his old habit, and run things fine for the train, at the

cost of his reputation and digestion. The cycle is a good servant but a bad master.

Cycling v. Walking.

If cycling eventually leads to a general aversion to walking, the invention of the cycle will not be regarded as an unmixed blessing. Fond as I am of this pastime, and useful as I find the cycle, I boldly proclaim that, so far as exercise of the muscles is concerned, walking is the finer means of progression. On the cycle one practically uses only the leg and hip muscles, and not all of them; while in walking the arms and all leg muscles come into action, and the chest is thrown out to give full play to the lungs. Thinking the matter over seriously, I fancy that there is a danger lest the boys and girls of the rising generation may neglect to make proper use of their legs whenever any but the shortest distance has to be negotiated. Even for trips of a few hundred yards we are tempted to fly to our cycles. Games, of course, teach us how to run; but marching requires something that running or cycling does not give, viz., the proper "swing." The general disinclination to walk, where a cycle can be used—and one must admit that it is an increasing disinclination—is not for the good of the community, especially for the younger part thereof. In many cases this aversion to walking may be spelt l-a-z-i-n-e-s-s.

Neglect of the Cycle.

If you regard your cycle as a useful friend you should take some care of it. Tom Smith, another of our acquaintance, never cleans his cycle. When he comes in from a ride he flings it in a corner to nurse its wrongs. Its parts rattle like chains in a sack; the toolbag has long been innocent of any contents; the tyres are on the verge of an indignant explosion at so much neglect. There's Sloven written large over that machine, which, had it received proper care, would still be quite a smart mount. Now, every time that T. S. takes his cycle on the road he is advertising his failings. One of the finest developments of mechanical art—for such the cycle is—deserves a better fate than the neglect it often receives.

Neglect of Proper Precaution.

This is the most pronounced danger of all; since the risks are now not confined to the rider. Folk who dash out of gates and round corners, without warning, or sprint between carts and under horses' noses, are a great nuisance. I have touched on this topic before, so I will here say only that one cannot be too careful of one's own neck and of other folks' well-being. A bad-mannered cyclist almost invariably has to go into dock sooner or later; and the cycle-neglecter of our last paragraph will also find himself in Queer Street through the failure of a brake or some other mechanical detail.

Map Oil-Cans.

Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E., are nothing if not ingenious. I find waiting in my pigeon-hole in the O. F.'s sanctum a tin

of oil, its exterior beautified by a map (in colours) of the country between London and Cambridge, including all Essex, Herts, and parts of Bucks. The map is printed on the tin itself, and is on a sufficiently large scale to show towns, roads, railways, and villages clearly. The "Brito"—that is their name—oil flasks comprise a series of sixteen maps, covering the most populous districts of Great Britain. Sixpence purchases a tin of either lubricating or burning oil. One cannot be expected to carry about, when touring, a complete set of these vessels; but it has occurred to me that, were the tins, when empty, carefully cut to pieces, they might be flattened out and nailed on the wall of the cycle house for reference. The reader will gather from the subjoined key-map which numbers are most useful to him.

MR. TOM BROWNE, ARTIST AND VOLUNTEER.

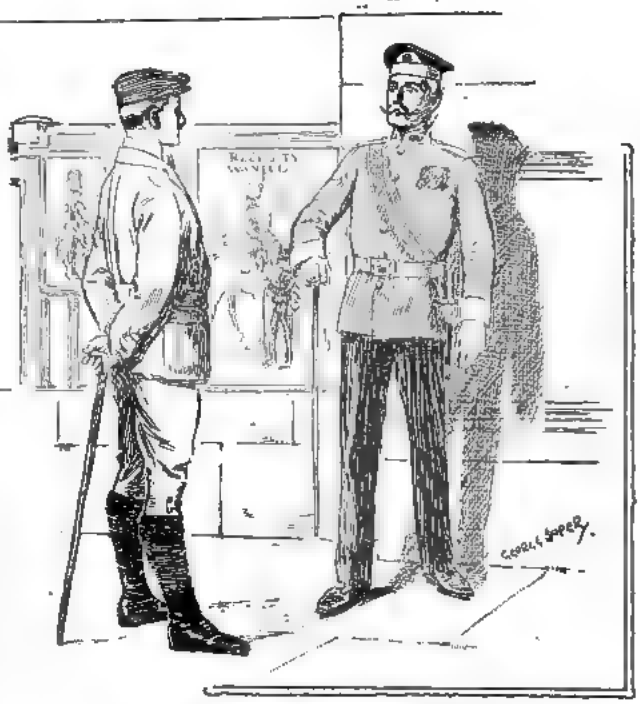
THE FAMOUS ARTIST IN UNIFORM AS A MEMBER OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS"—
3RD COUNTY OF LONDON I.Y.

Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Seven Weeks as a Soldier.

By "NEVERMORE."

Illustrated by George Soper.



HE SEEMED SURPRISED BY MY REQUEST.

THERE is an old saying that "Fortune favours the brave," but it certainly seemed as if the fickle dame had not thought much of my bravery; although, in my own estimation at least, I had been struggling hard against fate for some months. Thus, at least, I mused, as I loitered in the vicinity of a well-known recruiting depôt—to be precise, Trafalgar Square—on Monday the —th day of August, 190–. Although of good parentage, possessed of an excellent education, and not "out of work" in the strict sense of the words (for I had just entered upon an enforced holiday of seven weeks), I had only the sum of tenpence in my pocket My independent mind (or foolish one, perhaps) shuddered more at the idea of resorting to my one living parent—my mother—or other relatives and friends for help, than at the unpleasant thought that after the solitary tenpence had been spent Heaven alone knew how I should obtain more.

I was able, however, by entering the free National Gallery, for a time to release myself entirely from the problem of existence which was confronting me; devouring with eager eyes those beautiful works of art of all ages which hang in the Gallery's spacious precincts. That visit to the Gallery seems to me now a dream, a mere chimera of the past, in comparison with the stern reality of the life of the following seven weeks.

The Westminster clock was chiming the hour of 5 P.M. when at last I found myself on the outside steps leading to the square. "What shall I do," thought I, "to gain a night's lodging?" Optimistic as I was, this thought, much as I tried to banish it, would persist in thrusting itself upon me, every time with renewed force.

Suddenly I caught sight of the military placards upon the iron railings surrounding the National Gallery. Sauntering across to them, I stood still to read. My eyes lighted upon "Militia Recruits Wanted." I was as ignorant then as a new-born babe of the difference between a regular soldier and a militiaman; I am wiser now. What principally attracted me was this: that recruits of the Militia were required to train for seven weeks upon enlistment, and for four weeks each year after for six years. But (and a big "but" to me it was) it was possible to escape from its bondage, after the first training, by the payment of twenty shillings.

I argued (think of my position—night drawing on and nowhere to go), perhaps unreasonably, "Others have gone through it; why not I? Is it fate that has made this seven weeks' training correspond with my seven weeks' holiday? It cannot be so very terrible, and it will probably improve me physically. At any rate I shall be fed until September 11, on which date I take up my new duties. A cheap way of spending a holiday for a man without any money." Backed up by these logical,

or otherwise, conclusions, and the awful fear of spending "a night out," I walked straight into the arms of a recruiting sergeant standing by, and asked him point blank to enlist me as a private in the Militia.

He seemed surprised by my request, for I was well-dressed in a tourist's suit, but quickly came to the conclusion that my reasons for the step I was taking were no affair of his. But he persisted, as we made our way to the barracks situated near at hand, in pointing out to me the advantages of the Army proper, compared with the disadvantages of the Militia, and concluded his remarks by advising me to join the Regular Force. Excellent advice: for, if I had taken it, he would have gained more compensation in £ s. d. than he did. But I was determined not to be deterred from my original intention, and when he saw that his efforts were futile he ceased to press me.

He conducted me, upon entering the Barrack gates, to the guard room (as I have since learned to know it), where were seated the off-duty members of the guard—some five or six private soldiers and a non-commissioned officer.

When I saw the nods and grins which these men exchanged at sight of me, my heart sank, and I began to feel in doubt whether, after all, I had done a wise thing. However, I determined to go through with my venture.

The next thing to occur was a dialogue between myself and the recruiting sergeant.

"Come on," was his opening remark, "let's 'ave a look at yer teeth." I forthwith opened my mouth, with which, after a close scrutiny, he seemed very satisfied.

I ventured to remark, "May I ask if there is any form to be filled in?"

"Yes, you can fill this in," said the sergeant, thrusting a formidable-looking blue paper before me; "if you can't, I will for you."

I there and then filled in the following particulars: Name, present address, past address, occupation, last employer, age, and references. (It is not every one who can get into the Militia, you see!) I need hardly add that as a referee I gave a very confidential friend of mine, upon whom I could rely, thus averting the calamity of allowing my relatives to know how I intended spending my holidays. I handed back the form, duly signed, to the sergeant.

"What! you're a —, are you? What d'yer mean by coming here?" said he.

"I desire to do so. Is there any reason why I should not?" replied I.

"No, no," was the reply, in a more kindly tone, "not as I knows on, only I should 'a thought you'd 'a been better off outside It's a bit rough, you know."

"Oh, well, I must put up with that. Others have gone through it, have they not?"

"Oh, yes, others 'a done it," he remarked with a grim smile, and special stress on the "others." "Do you want to stay here the night? You'll be sworn in to-morrow."

"If you don't mind."

"All right; you can go where you like now, but mind an' be here by 9.30 sharp."

I did not feel like going out, for I was weary and sick with the day's tramping about. Heavens! what must it be like for those poor starving wretches, willing to work if they could only find employment, who are on the tramp day after day, for weeks and perhaps months!

I made my way to the barrack library, which, I ascertained, might be used by recruits.

The sight that met my eyes, on entering, staggered me. Seated at the tables, engaged in all manner of parlour games, were some twenty or thirty recruits like myself. "Like myself" say I. Yes, so far as being human and recruits are concerned; but I pray Heaven I may never be like any of them in other particulars. Their ages appeared to vary from 17 to 30 years, but they all had this in common: they were all shockingly ragged, some almost to nudity, and without exception were all dirty; their hair was unkempt, and their faces were stamped with the misery of starvation and perhaps crime.

Can you imagine the feelings of one who had come, whether willingly or not, from a refined drawing-room the night before, and now found himself in such surroundings as are here depicted?

In the absence of the sergeant, who was for the most part in attendance, the language of these men was fearful. Oaths of the most vile description mingled with the reeking breath of some more or less intoxicated (most of them had received a day's pay, having been there since the previous night, and had spent the money in the canteen near by). I shuddered involuntarily. Was I to spend a night with these companions, I asked myself? Would it not have been better to bottle my pride and beg the hospitality of my own people? But, it was too late now to think of going elsewhere, so I made the best of the situation.

With some of the more respectable I entered into conservation, hoping thus to avoid their disfavour. Woeful were the tales (more or less true) I was told. For instance, one spoke of how, unable to find work (he was a bricklayer by trade), he had tramped from Man-

chester to London in search of occupation, sleeping where and how best he could, until at last on his arrival in London he was so fatigued that, as he said, but two alternatives remained to him—"Suicide or the Army." Life is sweet; so he chose the latter. There were several parallel cases in the room. Their cry was, "No work, no work; what can we do?"

I should think were very cold in winter. Each contained about twenty beds, of a kind which could be closed up or opened at will, arranged on both sides like seats in a church with a centre space, traversing the whole length of the room, some 6 feet wide. Each bed was supplied with four good blankets, two sheets, a straw mattress in three parts (nicknamed by Tommy "biscuits," because in shape and colour

SEATED AT THE TABLES, ENGAGED IN ALL MANNER OF PARLOUR GAMES, WERE SOME TWENTY OR THIRTY RECRUITS.

From my appearance these men took me to be "some one," as they expressed it; and I must confess, except in one instance, I was treated with the greatest respect of which these poor vagrants were capable. When addressing me, their language was more restrained, for they found in me a spmpathetic listener. It is the utter lack of sympathy which causes the hearts of many to grow cold, and paves the way to crime.

At 9.30 to the minute, the porter of the barracks (permit me to call him so for want of a better name) entered and gave the order to follow him. He conducted us up two flights of stone stairs to the "bedrooms." These rooms were spacious, about 63 feet by 25 feet; and they are not unlike Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuits), and a pillow.

I lingered behind the rest a bit, thinking that there might be one or two of us left over to occupy one room by ourselves; and that thus I might secure purer air. My fears, however, were allayed by the porter ordering me to go further with him. He told me very kindly that he did not intend me to sleep in the same room with those "dogs," as he called them, and he therefore put me in a room by myself. I thanked him, and gave him the last fourpence I had, after having paid for a meagre tea which I had managed to get in the meantime.

I was awakened in the morning at 5.30 by

I STRUCK OUT WITH CLENCHED FIST.

the porter shaking me, none too gently, with the sally, "Out of it, old toss."

I needed no second bidding, but arose and dressed myself—without washing, for the washing-house was below. Making my toilette as best I could under the circumstances, I went downstairs. I was the first down, and busied myself in promenading the courtyard.

While thus occupied some of my "brothers in distress" sauntered, or rather shambled, out into the yard, and I was greeted with cries of "Wot O, cocky?" "'Ow are yer, mate?" 'Ow d'yer like it?" &c. &c.

I will not recount in detail what further passed during my four days' stay at these barracks before I was sent to a well-known depôt to commence my training. Suffice it to say, I was duly examined by the doctor and passed; was sworn in; and was made to do anything from cleaning windows to scrubbing floors. But I had the afternoons and evenings free. These afternoons I spent in reading and writing, for my own amusement. On the Friday morning, when the roll was called (I had not had, incidentally, a change of linen the whole week; the 1*s.* 6*d.* pay I received daily went in food), I was informed by the sergeant that I was to be ready for journeying to the depôt for training at 2 P.M.

I was not sorry when the time came for my departure from the recruiting barracks. Two of us, a disreputable-*looking* individual, whom I found afterwards to possess a good heart, and myself, were escorted to the railway station (Charing Cross), our tickets were given us, and we were despatched to the depôt forthwith. On arriving at our destination we were met by a sergeant (for now that we were soldiers we had to be well looked after) who took us to the barracks, where my home was to be (as I reflected privately) for the next seven weeks. Here I was to mix with men whose education was, in the majority of cases, practically *nil*; whose life consisted of drill, work, canteen or public-house, sports and sleep. Every day the same.

But to resume. I was given a bed for the night in what is called the "Receiving Hut," a place especially kept for recruits, "dirty or otherwise." One or two of my companions for the night, to whom (abject enough when they were brought in by the Recruiting Sergeant, hungry, ill-clad, and footsore) a good square meal had restored considerable arrogance, perceiving that I seemed to be respectable, made me the object of their none too complimentary remarks. I took little notice, however, so long as they kept their hands off me. At length one leering, rawboned ruffian of about twenty-five years, finding his oaths of no effect, sidled up to me and struck me a blow on the shoulder.

It was then I thanked my stars that my education had included the art of self-defence. Usually slow to anger, the disgust I felt, coupled with the blow I had received, decided me. Quick as thought, I struck out with clenched fist, and, catching the villain under the chin, laid him full length on the floor. He rose with vengeance gleaming in his cowardly eyes, but I was ready for him. Without more ado, he rushed headlong at me. I quickly

stepped on one side, tripped him up, and landed hard behind his ear. He did not return to the attack. Much as I regretted the incident, it had one good effect. The other men got wind of the occurrence, and I was unmolested for the rest of my stay there.

The next day I was served with my uniform, as follows: one tunic (red); one serge (red); two pairs trousers, blue with red stripe; one pair braces; one field service cap; one sun hat; one pair hob-nailed boots; one pair slippers; two pairs socks; two shirts; two towels; razor; soap; sponge; button stick; great coat; belt; bayonet; and (a week later) a rifle. I was also supplied with a canvas suit to wear when at dirty work. I was responsible for these things and any damage or loss, other than fair wear and tear, would be deducted from the bounty of 10s. given to every recruit on completion of the training

Fortunately for me, I happened to be transferred to a bed in a barrack-room mostly occupied by "old soldiers," *i.e.*, men of some years service. I must confess that I was treated very considerately and kindly by them. They assisted me in every possible way. Perhaps, as they said, the fact that they thought I was some one (for they had seen me before I changed my garments) masquerading there as a spy in the pay of some authority, made them very careful how they treated me. I kept them up to this notion, neither acquiescing in it nor denying it.

At 10 A.M. on the Saturday morning I underwent a most cruel method of vaccination. A corporal of the R.A.M.C. operated on me, as he did upon several others. With the aid of an instrument like a small silver fork, about a quarter inch wide, with several prongs, minute, but none too sharp, he tore in three places the flesh surrounding the upper humerus of the left arm, making the blood run in streamlets down my arm. These gashes (for they were nothing else) were about one inch long and a half inch wide. I saw with my own eyes three strong-looking men faint when undergoing a similar operation. The contents of a tube of lymph were blown into the wounds, which were then hastily bandaged up.

My next duty was to see that my "kit" was cleaned and arranged in a pattern peculiar to a barrack room. To every bed there was a strong box, in which articles not required by rule to be on a rack affixed to the wall above the bed, were placed. The "old soldiers" solicitously warned me to obtain a lock and key for this box. It was not only possible but very probable that some recruit, whose own articles of kit were missing, would help himself to mine during my absence.

I was given a number, and ordered to have my hair cut short. This seemed to me to savour of convict life as I had read of it.

One day detailed gives practically a true account of every day of a soldier's life in time of peace. Daily routine was as follows:

5.30 A.M.—Réveille; 5.45, cocoa (if one were quick enough to get any); 6.30, sweep up room, clean tins, &c. &c., and prepare for first parade.

6.45 A.M.—First parade (physical drill or bathing parade).

7.45 A.M.—Peeling potatoes at cook-house.

8.0 A.M.—Breakfast, consisting of bread, with butter or jam, and tea.

8.30 A.M.—Clean, and prepare room and everything for inspection.

9 30 A.M.—Second parade (marching drill).

10.30 A.M.—Own time (if not ordered to do anything extra).

11.30 A.M.—Third parade.

12.40 P.M.—Prepare for dinner.

12.45 P.M.—Dinner (plain food of excellent quality).

1.15 P.M.—The usual routine of cleaning up room.

2.30 P.M.—Last parade.

3.30 P.M.—Own time, unless detailed for fatigue duty.

4.30 P.M.—Tea (what is left of breakfast).

After tea, the evenings may be spent at leisure. By the end of a week I managed to tolerate this humdrum kind of life, but I am sure I could never have accustomed myself to it.

At this time the arm which had been vaccinated began to cause me trouble—so much so that I determined to report myself "to go sick." However, I was laughed out of it by the sergeant, and tried to go on as usual.

On physical drill parade the next morning the pain caused by the vaccination was so great that I requested leave to rest my arm. The sergeant cursed me for my pains, and I had to continue as best I could. I determined, therefore, at all costs to go sick, and the next morning found me attending hospital.

To prove that my cause of complaint was no laughing matter, I may say that I was a regular attendant at the hospital for three weeks, and was excused all duty and parades. Even now I feel occasional pains, especially during cold weather. Mine was not, moreover, an isolated case, for no less than seven others were afflicted as badly, if not worse.

I have no doubt that in recounting these, my

HERE THE "SING-SONGS" TOMMY SO DELIGHTS IN WERE NIGHTLY HELD.

experiences in the Militia, I am not giving due justice to the Regular Army, which I believe, on the whole, is a fine profession for hardy young men. But I do think that many improvements might still be done to improve the lot of those brave men who practically give up their freedom and become little atoms in the great military machine.

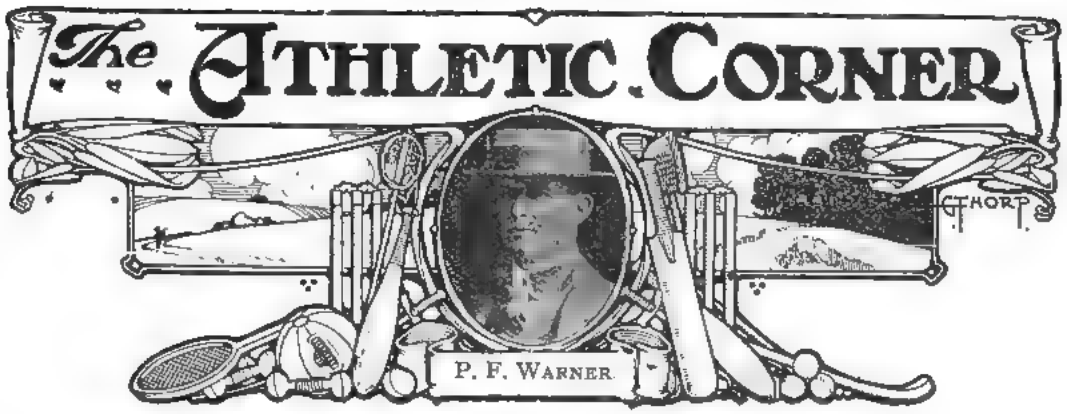
I found my time pass most pleasantly in the Library, for here might be read any paper, daily or weekly, and numerous books. But in the same block of buildings, unfortunately, was the canteen, or barrack beer-house. In it could be obtained the usual intoxicating liquors. A small hall with a stage adjoined the canteen, and here the "sing-songs" Tommy so delights in were nightly held. From 8 P.M. could be heard a medley of voices roaring, with lusty gusto, the popular songs and ditties of the day, and converting the place into a veritable Bedlam.

But the best and worst of things come to an end, and at length my seven weeks were finished. They had seemed like seven years to me.

Oh, the joy with which I dressed once more in my own civilian clothes (more or less damp from being stored away so long), and, putting on my now mouldy boots, left the gates of that place, with a devout hope that I should never return! I went away a sadder but wiser man.

I need not comment further on the details of a soldier's life. It offers many attractions, doubtless, and opens up a fine career for the right sort of man. But let me advise all who intend to become soldiers to enlist, if at all, not in the Militia, but in our splendid Regular Army.

[I cannot see that our "seven weeks' soldier" had any great cause for complaint. The life of a barracks is necessarily rough, and recruits can't be treated like young ladies. Furthermore, I think that it was hardly honourable of him to allow the "old soldiers" to remain under the belief that he was a spy.—ED.]



FOOTBALL LUCK.

THERE are some—indeed, many—persons who do not hold with luck, and who would have us believe that the best men must always come to the front and the best team win, irrespective of all fortuitous circumstances such as accidents, weather conditions, environment, opportunity, and a hundred other things which go to make up what is variously described as luck, fortune, or chance. "Man is man and master of his fate," and it would undoubtedly require an immense amount of ill-luck to prevent a man like Arthur Gould or John Daniel from coming to the front, but the former had the good fortune to be born in Wales, where football is part of the national life, whilst the latter was educated at a school where Rugby football is played. Similarly, it would have required an immense amount of ill-luck to prevent Swansea from winning all along the line in 1904-5, but their unbroken record owed something to the kindness of fortune, and they might have suffered one of those incomprehensible, uncalled-for defeats which even the best of teams so often experience. No one will deny that the football career of many a man has been influenced one way or another by the caprice of fortune, whilst the result of many a match has turned upon some grotesque piece of luck. There are, therefore, two aspects under which this subject may be considered—luck as affecting the individual, and luck as affecting the team.

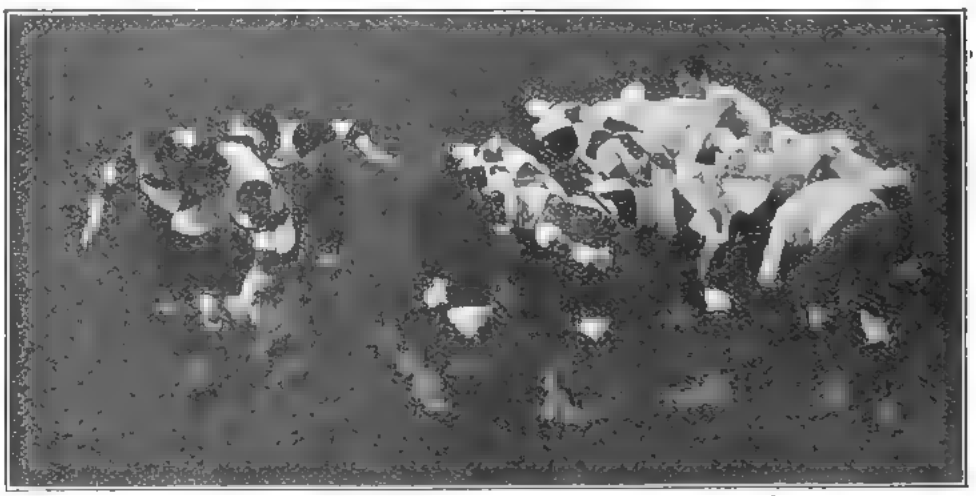
ARTHUR J. GOULD

In speaking of individual luck, one is liable to be misunderstood. The charm of football is to many minds the subordination of the personal to the collective idea, the merging of the individual in the team; the pleasure of a match depends upon the performance of the team rather than upon any personal prowess; the individual derives benefit from the exercise, and enjoyment from the game, whilst he obtains a kind of reflected glory when the team wins some big match or maintains an unbroken record. At no game, perhaps, does a right-minded person play for his side more than he does at football, yet he keeps his individuality to a far greater extent than he does at rowing, for example. The whole training of a crew is an attempt to eradicate the individual element, and establish an uniformity of style; No. 5 may have a better beginning than No. 6, and stroke may have a harder finish than bow, whereas No. 7 may have the longest swing in the boat, but the object of the coach is to get a good beginning, long swing and hard finish all through the boat. The greatest enjoyment in rowing is the feeling of being absolutely together. Here, then, we have uniformity at the expense of the individual.

At cricket, on the other hand, this collective idea is frequently lacking. When a

match is conclusively won, the fielders often have to chase around while some one makes his century. Surely the collective is subordinated to the individual idea when "Armstrong beats Trumper's record" by making 303, or Marsh beats Foster's record in the 'Varsity match, and Cambridge throw the game away. But at football it is possible to keep one's individuality without prejudice to any one. The pleasure of pulling down the wing three-quarter just before he scores is two-fold; to the satisfaction of having saved one's lines from being crossed is added the thrilling delight of the tackle itself. The intense pleasure

"Fortune," said Charles V., "is a bad wench, who reserves her favours for the young," and whilst those of us who have had our day may speculate as to what we might have done with a little more luck, it is those with a career before them who are chiefly concerned with the vicissitudes of fortune, who must establish a firm belief in their luck and go through with it. The first difficulty which presents itself to the mind is that, given all the physical and mental qualities (a piece of luck to begin with) which help to make a footballer, a man may still lack the opportunity of developing those qualities or of showing his abilities. Many



A TYPICAL RUGBY SCRUM—THE BREAK AWAY.

The scrum has been worked round, thereby enabling the back-row men to break away clear of the men in front.
Photo. by "Fry's."

which the cricketer feels when batting to save his side, and the splendid "lift" which all oarsmen love to feel, these are sensations which the footballer may experience in every match that he plays, without losing his individuality.

But, as the old adage says, "First catch your hare." Before a man can play for his side, he must first get into it, and in these days of competition even the village captain can make a selection. Assuming, therefore, that every keen footballer wishes to get into as good a team as he can—the 1st XV. at school in preference to the 2nd, a first-class club in preference to one composed of village lads—not so much for his own kudos as for the improved football in which he will participate, we may, perhaps, be forgiven if we consider the luck of the individual.

a real football genius has had his light hidden under the bushel of some third-rate team. Doubtless, in the wilds of Cornwall or the "hinterland" of Ireland many a brawny giant has spent his strength in hurling insignificant opponents into touch, whereas with good opportunities and proper coaching his prowess as a footballer might have been great, and his name have become famous.

But, granted that one is fortunate enough to be in a position to develop one's football qualities and thus rise above the ruck of mankind, it is not every one who is willing to stop there; it does not require much ambition to prefer excellence to mediocrity, but there is no denying the fact that the aspirant for high honours—unless he is something very exceptional—must have

luck. A big school reputation often does a man more harm than good when he first goes up to the 'Varsity, for he sometimes gets tried before the team has shaken together, perhaps before he himself is in form, and fails to do himself justice. H. Walton, who subsequently played so brilliantly for England, is a case in point. He was captain of Yorkshire when he went up to Oxford, but he never played for the University till his third year; whilst W. Cobby played for England the year before he got into the Cambridge team. His case, however, was difficult, for every forward in the Cambridge side of 1899 represented England or Scotland before that season or has represented one of those countries since. This suggests another point, namely, the competition one has to face. In some years it is quite impossible for really good players, who, in other years, would get their caps easily, to find a place. We sometimes see the same side doing duty for England, or one of the other countries, in all three matches; in other years radical changes take place after each match. That is the time when your luck may help you. The cases of men who have played for their country without being able to find places in their University teams are numerous, and this points to one of two things; either there was an uncommonly "hot lot" up at the same time as them, or a mistake was made by one or other of the selection committees. It will be remembered that P. Munro, this season's Oxford captain, was, in his first year, passed over in favour of A. M. P. Lyle, whilst E. W. Dillon did not get into the team at all. Surely this was bad luck. On the other hand, we have the case of R. O. Hutchison, who got his Blue quite unexpectedly the morning of the 'Varsity match through the sudden illness of A. M. Robertson. No one will deny that this was good luck for Hutchison, although he was a sound player, far better, in fact, than many who get their Blue; neither can it be denied that this was very bad luck for Robertson, who, fortunately, was up for another year. His case is, however, an example of the caprice of fortune, and serves to show how near one may go and yet fail in the end. The case of J. Hammond, who was twice reserve for England without ever representing his country, is another example of bad luck whereas C. J. Newbold was only chosen as reserve for each match in 1904, and played in all three of them.

P. MUNRO.
Oxford Captain.

E. W. DILLON.
Photo. by "Fry's."

Having once got into his team, the footballer need no longer concern himself with his own luck—save the good fortune to escape broken limbs—his first and foremost thought must be the luck of the team. If a side begins the season well and starts a record, its success has a wonderful effect upon the individuals who compose it; they begin to believe in their luck, and always play like a winning team. But how many a defeat is put down, and rightly so, to bad luck! There is, however, nothing so fatal to a side — as, indeed, to an individual also — as the belief that they are out of luck; one or two unfortunate losses and the whole *morale* of the team is affected; they begin to get accustomed to

I. M. McLEOD
Cambridge Captain.

defeat. Another fatal thing is the tendency to minimise a defeat, to explain it away.

"The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to that which might have been,"

and the fact that Middlesex were beaten at West Hartlepool last Easter, on a ground which was nearly under water, by *one* point, makes no difference to the result; Durham are county champions for the sixth time, whilst Middlesex have never achieved that distinction. How many a match is won by the narrowest margin! The fact that the best side lost or the wrong man got into the team makes little difference to the chronicler who notes down that in 1900 Oxford beat Cambridge by ten points to eight, and appends a list of the rival teams. The world's verdict was neatly expressed at the time by the *Granta*:

"Cambridge were probably stronger, you state;
No doubt you have reason, but then
We would rather be weaker by ten points to eight
Than stronger by eight points to ten."

Palliation and excuse are no good; a defeat is a defeat, and it is better, if your side is even one point behind, to have the ball out at all costs—to run every risk—in the endeavour to get ahead. Trust to your luck, but do not complain of your bad luck afterwards. The successful team, like the successful individual, must always have its share of luck, but nothing succeeds like success. Undoubtedly, winning the toss often has a great deal to do with the result of a match, but some teams are apt to throw up the sponge as soon as fortune seems to be deserting them.

"'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by the event;
But to turn tail and run away
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender to the assault,
That's no man's *fortune*, but his fault."

A match is not lost till the whistle blows, and nothing calls for admiration like the winning of an uphill fight against great odds. No one is ever really beaten unless he is discouraged.

Two "Captain" Types.

I know a manly little chap
Whose hair is always tidy,
He's straight of limb and full of grit,
But not the least bit "sidy";
His collar's innocent of ink,
His "Etons" always fit well—
A creature of the facile brush
Of clever Mr. Whitwell!

Of course, I like the "Gibson Girl,"
And hope one day to meet one,
Yet do not sing thy "stately grace,"
O Transatlantic sweet one!
For me the fresh, unconscious charm
Of some dear lass of my land;
Twin sister of the perfect rose
That gems her native island!

Not less than fifteen summers old,
Not more than twenty-two, say;
With sweet grave eyes of brown, and nose
The weeniest bit *retroussé*.
Her glance as straight and true as steel,
Despite her roguish dimple;
A mode of dress that's "simply sweet"
Because so sweetly simple!

Dear dainty maid, thy knight am I,
Aflame with love eternal—
Although I've only seen you in
An illustrated journal!
I know not, care not, if you be
A country lass or town miss,
But—blessings on thy "tammied" head,
Most winsome "Gordon Browne Miss!"

L'Envoi

My dear Old Fag, I only wish
All maids were just like this one!
Imagine meeting them at balls
Where they—ye Gods!—might . . . *salute* one!
And oh! that English boys were all,
As Whitwell's, straight and manly!
I know you'll share these wishes with
Yours truly,
ARTHUR STANLEY.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

No. 6.—THE EPISODE OF THE TWO CHIEFS.

THE camp of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police at the Kangala lay wrapped in the stillness of profound slumber.

It was the darkest hour of night—that before the dawn. Even that would not have been dark, for the moon had not yet set, but a thick mist lay upon the land, blotting out everything in its confusing, bewildering folds; damp, too, so that the shivering men, sleeping on their arms, disposed at their posts instead of within the comparative snugness of their kennel-like patrol tents, needed but little rousing in the event of the expected happening. But strict orders for silence had been issued, also that no light was to be struck on any pretext whatever; wherefore these shivering ones were perforce denied the solace of the warm and comforting pipe. The troop horses on the picket lines were beginning to bestir themselves, as an occasional snort and stamp would testify.

The Commandant came out of one of the huts which had been erected for the use of the officers; he had not slept in it, any more than that night had any man under his command, officer or private trooper. He glanced upward, as the lightening of the mist showed a pale, wrack-swept moon, then held up against the latter something that looked uncommonly like an ordinary large-sized pickle bottle. No newly invented projectile was this, however, it being in fact just what it looked, and it contained something nondescript in the lizard tribe, reposing motionless on the harmless-looking chemical which constituted the jar a miniature lethal chamber. For the cool, self-possessed officer in command of the frontier force was known to science as an enthusiastic naturalist.

He did not start in the least at the sound of an almost imperceptible tread behind him.

"That you, Greenoak?" was all he said, without taking his attention off the jar. "My specimen's dead by now. I think, though, I'll put him inside the hut in case of accidents." Then, reappearing, "Well? I suppose we shall be hard at it in an hour?"

"Less than that," replied Harley Greenoak. "Listen!"

Out in the mist the shrill, long-drawn, laughing bay of a jackal rang out, then again. It was answered by another, on the opposite side of the camp, and about at the same distance from it.

"That doesn't seem to ring quite true, does it?" said Greenoak.

"No, it doesn't. And there's a mathematical precision about it unusual among the beasts of the field," was the answer.

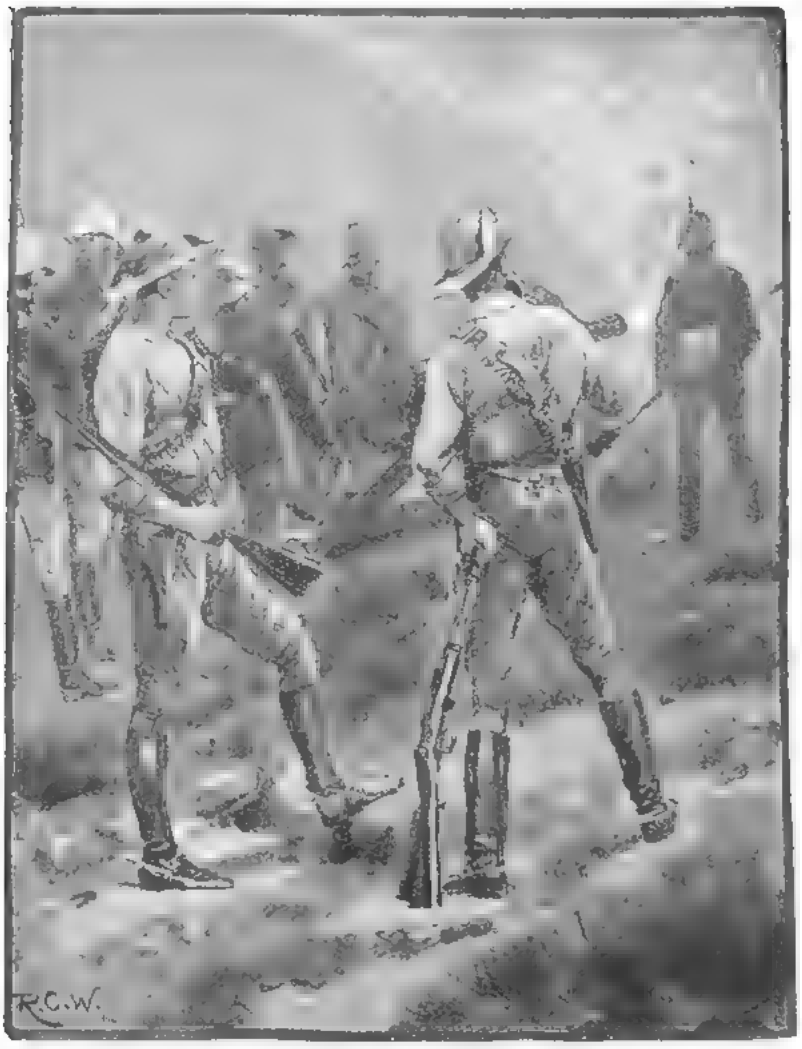
Greenoak nodded.

"Right you are, Commandant," he said. "Listen. The mathematical calculation keeps up."

For on the other front came the same sound at exactly the same distance in that direction. It was answered by the two who had first given tongue, but now all three voices seemed to be receding. This ordinary nocturnal sound would have attracted the attention—we dare say—of no other there present, but to the keen, experienced ears of the Commandant and the up-country hunter, the note, as the latter had said, did not ring true.

The camp was situated upon an open plateau, with a sparse mimosa growth beginning about a hundred yards from the defences, and stretching away to much thicker bush half a mile further on the south front and the two corresponding sides. Here the ground sloped away to a low range of hills, distant enough, however, not to command the position. On the north, or rear, the ground was almost entirely open. A

low sod wall and a shallow trench surrounded the camp on all sides, and had been constructed in a square formation. The ammunition supply, now abundant, thanks to Harley Greenoak and the bravery of the express riders, was securely disposed, and, at the same time, readily get-at-able. Only one



A RED FLASH BURST FORTH DULLY THROUGH THE MIST.

of the two seven-pounders constituting the police artillery battery was present—the other being away on service elsewhere—and this was trained so as to protect the south front.

In obedience to orders, quickly and noiselessly issued, every man was now at his post. The excitement was tense, painful. Most of those present had never been in action, many had never even witnessed the taking of human life in any form. But they were well officered, and by none better than by their Commandant. He, utterly calm and self-contained, his helmet towering nearly a head above the group of officers surrounding him stood stroking his long beard as he uttered a dry witticism or two in an undertone in response to their remarks, his thoughts running about equally on the work in front, and the latest "specimen" he had captured. He was as a very pillar of strength to some of the untried younger men there present.

"By George, the Chief's splendid," exclaimed Dick Selmes, who, in his eagerness, was right in among the front rank of the fighters.

"Silence there," came the whispered but sharp mandate of the sergeant. "Oh, it's Mr. Selmes? Well, if you're not in the ranks you are for the present," he added, meaningly.

Dick apologised and shut up. He was in such a state of suppressed excitement that it was all he could do to keep silence.

Now the dawn was lightening, and with it the mist. Harley Greenoak whispered a word or two to the Commandant. Both stood listening intently, and, in a moment, the officer in charge of the seven-pounder moved swiftly from the group. A red flash belched forth dully through the mist, together with a resonant roar, and through the bursting of the shrapnel some six hundred yards away on the front face of

the position, came sharp, startled yells of dismay and of agony. Harley Greenoak's fine, well-nigh supernatural sense of hearing had told him that at this front were massed a considerable body of the savage enemy.

Grimly, justifiably elate, the gunners in a trice had rammed home the next charge. And then, with the widening dawn, the mist rolled back like a curtain, and this is what it revealed.

The thicker bush line, barely half a mile distant, was pouring forth dense masses of Kafirs. They seemed to swarm like disturbed red ants; and now, with a tremendous and vibrating roar, the whole of this formidable array swept forward upon the police camp.

"Seems to me we're taking on all the Kafirs in Africa," said Inspector Chambers, lowering his glasses. "Thousands and thousands, anyhow."

The Commandant issued some orders, characteristically laconic and few. He and Harley Greenoak were the only two men present who betrayed absolutely no sign of any excitement.

The swarming assailants had halved the distance now, and their front ranks, dropping into cover, began opening a furious fire upon the camp. Two troopers were hit, but not fatally. Then the seven-pounder spoke, and with the reverberating boom the bursting shrapnel fell beautifully over a point where the savages were massed thickest. But so far from dismaying them it had the effect of urging them on to the attack, so that they might get it over as quickly as possible, which was just what the Commandant intended should happen.

Those in the enemy's firing line leaped up and charged forward in skirmishing order, dropping into cover every now and then to deliver a rapid volley. So far, from the Police camp not a rifle shot had been fired. Only the seven-pounder boomed as quickly as it could be loaded, every time dropping its shrapnel where likely to prove most effective.

In crescent formation the front line of the savages had now reached within three hundred yards of the camp. They had ceased all shouting, and were coming on in silence; grim, naked figures, save for their fantastic war-adornments. Then the Police carbines barked. The men had been especially enjoined to fire low, and in the result, at such close range, the blow to the on-rushing enemy was felt, and as the first discharge was quickly followed by another and another, his ranks staggered, swayed this way and that, then dropped down into cover again.

This was the opportunity of the assailed and, incidentally, of Harley Greenoak. For cover was very scant so near the camp, and when two men got behind a stone or ant-heap that would not have sheltered one, why, the bullets had a pitiless knack of finding them out. Utterly demoralised, the skirmishers crawled away to a remoter point where the bush grew thicker, and for upwards of an hour kept up a straggling fire. But they never repeated their first rush. The back of the fight seemed to have been broken by the terrible execution done during that same rush. At last, utterly panic-stricken, they fled.

Now A Troop was ordered to complete the blow by a pursuit; under so experienced an officer as Inspector Chambers there was no chance of it being drawn too far. And we may be sure that Dick Selmes did not remain behind.

For the first time now he realised the sights and horrors of a battlefield. Wherever he looked it was to behold some stark and gory corpse, even piles of them where the deadly shrapnel had done its work. Wounded Kafirs, too, groaning and twisting in their pain—ugh! it was horrible! But as the Police came up with the rear masses of the flying enemy the fierce excitement revived. The horrors were forgotten.

"Hallo. Here's a chap we've overlooked," sang out Dick, turning his horse. Four troopers followed him. A little to the right of the pursuit a solitary Kafir was standing, peering over a bush. As the five charged up to him, revolver in hand, he sank to the ground.

"No kill. I hit," he said in English. "Hit bad—in leg."

There was no mistake about that. From a neat bullet hole in the calf blood was oozing. However, dismounting, the men kicked his assegais out of his reach.

"No kill," repeated the fellow, spreading out his hands. "I tell you someting—someting you like hear."

Dick Selmes, who, of course, had not the remotest intention of killing a wounded man, here assumed an aspect of the most merciless ferocity. He pointed his revolver at the Kafir's head.

"Tell away," he said. "If it's not worth hearing, I'll scatter your brains, by Cæsar's ghost I will!"

"It worth hearing," answered the other. "How you like take chief, eh?"

"Chief? Which chief?"

"Vunisa. Pahlandhle. Two chief."

"Go on. Only remember if you humbug us, then—good night." And Dick just touched the helpless man's head with the muzzle of his pistol, as an earnest of what was to come.

"You go on up dere," went on the Kafir. "Two tree—Kafir-beon—over rock. Rock hang over hole—same as place where we take you. Vunisa—Pahlandhle—they hide there—wait till *Amapolise* done killing Kafir—then they get away. You take them same as we take you—easily."

Now Dick Selmes remembered. The voice, the face, came back to him. Why, this was the English-speaking Kafir who had ordered them to read the despatches, and had directed the torture of Sandgate because they refused. Had the fellow been armed, and fighting, he would have shot him with infinite satisfaction, as the recollection of that ghastly experience came back. But it was manifestly out of the question to shoot an unarmed and helpless man; besides, this one was giving him information which set all his blood tingling with the prospect of a glorious adventure—if it were true. If so, and it were carried out successfully, such a feat was bound to procure the four young Police troopers with him sure and rapid promotion.

"I know the spot he means, Selmes," said one of these, a colonial-born man who understood veldt craft and spoke the Xosa language fluently, "and I think he's very likely telling the truth."

"Oh, I tell truth," said the wounded man. "Dey not my chiefs—and Pahlandhle eat up my cattle. I like to see him shot."

"If you've told us a lie that's what you'll be," said Dick, "you may take your oath upon it. We'll come back for you, never fear."

"Oh, I not fear," said the other, easily. "If you grab chiefs I like to join Police as 'tective. How that?"

"That's for the Commandant. But I expect he'll take you on," answered Dick, airily. "Come along, you chaps. We'll bag these two, or not go back at all."

"Rather," was the unanimous answer. Dick Selmes was exceedingly popular in the Force since he had been its guest. He put on no "side" whatever, and had shown rare pluck whenever opportunity for such had occurred. These four would have followed him anywhere; the more mad and dare-devil the adventure, the better.

"Now, Sketchley, you must be guide," he said to the Colonial man. "If this fellow's lying of course we'll come back and shoot him. Here—what's your name?"

"Tolangubo. English—where I work before—call me John Seapoint."

The mist, which had lightened on the plain, still hung heavy on the higher ridges. This was all in their favour.

Under the guidance of Sketchley, the Colonial-born trooper, they were not long in reaching their objective.

"We'll leave the horses here," said this man. "Now—silence is the word, I need hardly say. You, Simpson, you're a clumsy beast, you know, but for Heaven's sake don't kick so much as a little stone this time."

The reply was a growling promise to punch the speaker's head when all was over, and they started their stealthy climb. Not long did it take, and then, at a word from Sketchley, all halted for a hurried breather.

Above was the lip of the hollow the Kafir had described. There were the two trees overhanging—all corresponded exactly. But what if the said hollow were bristling with armed savages? What if they had walked into a palpable trap?—was the thought that occurred to them now. Tolangubo had not said that the two chiefs were alone, they now remembered; immediately consoling themselves with the thought that it would not have made much difference if he had.

With beating hearts the five peered over the ridge. There, not a hundred yards distant, squatted four Kafirs. Four. Which of the two were the chiefs?

"That's Vunisa," whispered Dick Selmes, excitedly. "I'd swear to him anywhere."

But the whisper, faint though it was, reached the ears of the keen-witted savages. These sat bolt upright, listening. All four, with a subtle movement, reached for their arms; two for their rifles, the others for their assegais.

"That settles it," breathed the Colonial man. "The ones with the guns are the chiefs. Now, we mustn't give away the smallness of our force. Let 'em think there's a crowd behind. Come on."

The five advanced, covering the group with their revolvers.

"Yield, chiefs," cried Sketchley, in the Xosa tongue. "If a man moves, he is shot."

A man did move, making a sudden spring

to get away. Him Sketchley promptly and unerringly shot dead. This told. The remaining three stood sullenly awaiting events.

"Drop your weapons, or you are all shot," he went on.

The Kafirs stared, and, believing him, sulkily obeyed.

"Don't quit covering them for a moment," cried Dick Selmes. "I'll go in and tie them up."

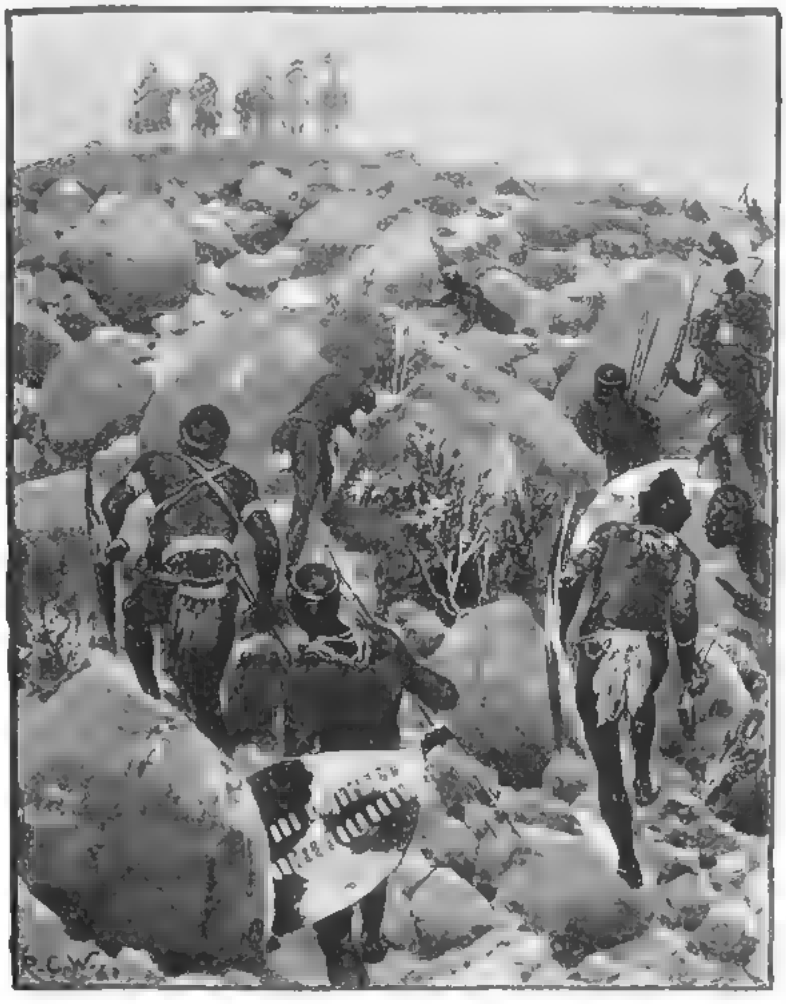
They had brought reins from their horses' head stalls. With these Dick now approached the chiefs, whom there was no mistaking. Vunisa and Pahlandhle were both elderly men of powerful build, the other was a mere boy. Both seemed to treat the affair as entirely beneath their notice, and, making a virtue of necessity, submitted in sullen silence to having their arms bound behind them, the while the Police troopers were covering them effectually and at close quarters with their revolvers. But hardly had this operation been completed than the third Kafir, whom they had left to the last, with a spring and a rush disappeared into the mist, leaping and zig-zagging to dodge the bullets which were fired after him.

"Here's a howling joke," said Trooper Sketchley. "He isn't touched and now he's gone to raise a rescue. Those chaps'll rally like the deuce to get back their chiefs."

"Will they?" said Dick Selmes, smart, alert, with the tingling sense of adventure. "Come along, then. We'll wheel them back to camp before there's time for any bother of that sort. The old Commandant'll look mighty surprised, I'll bet."

So these five hair-brained youngsters started off; shoving their august prisoners along at a pace which sorely tried the dignity of the latter. When they gained the lip of the hollow, Sketchley gave a sign to halt.

The mist was all driving back, leaving one side of the hill bare. But this was by no means as it had been when they came up it. The stones and bushes, glistening with dew, were now alive with human life, red-ochred forms, swift-moving, lithe, stealing upward; assegais and guns held ready in sinewy, eager grip. Then, as the helmets of two careless troopers showed above the ridge, there was a sudden roaring discharge of fire-arms, and the vicious "whigge" overhead



THE STONES AND BUSHES, GLISTENING WITH DEW, WERE NOW ALIVE WITH HUMAN LIFE.

showed that the "pot legs" and bullets were beginning to fly.

Now these five were in a tight hole. The Kafirs, rallying to the rescue of their chiefs, numbered some hundreds, and were coming on to storm that hill with a fixity of purpose which left nothing to be desired or to be hoped for. They reckoned on finding at least fifty men up there, and these were only five.

"A few more steps and both chiefs will be shot," sang out Sketchley, in their own language.

But it seemed to stay the assault not at all. Swarming through the bushes, they still kept on. In a minute or two they would rush the position.

"Give them a volley," yelled Dick Selmes.

This was done, but with scant effect. One man limped back wounded. But just then the mist parted all round. Down on the plain a strong body of Police, attracted by the firing, was making at full gallop for the hill. It was a race which force should gain it first.

Another volley was delivered, this time with effect. All four shots told—one man had been left in charge of the captive chiefs, with revolver ready to shoot both dead in the event of their countrymen gaining a foothold on the ridge. Then another volley, with like effect. These young Englishmen, you see, were now in that most dangerous position of all to their enemies—they were "cornered"—and they shot deadly, and cool. Instinctively their assailants paused, and began to drop behind cover.

"Give 'em another," yelled Dick.

"No. Wait till they show," corrected Sketchley. "No good lessening the wholesome scare they've got of us by blazing at stones."

Even as he spoke the Police at the foot of the ridge were seen to dismount, and, leaving their horses with those told off to hold them, begin to swarm the hill with an alacrity worthy of the savages themselves. These, reckoning they would soon be caught between two fires, were commencing to glide away. But between the two fires a good few were consumed before they managed to; for the shots from above were now coolly and carefully timed, and those from below, especially where Harley Greenoak got his foresight on to a brown red body, told with terror-striking effect. In a very few minutes there was not a Kafir left on the hill-side.

"Hi! Here! Hullo! Greenoak, here we are," sung out Dick Selmes. "You're just in time, but we've bagged the two chiefs. Come along."

They started back to camp without delay. Just before reaching it one of the four troopers, who was given to pessimism, remarked:

"Old Chambers'll get all the kudos for to-day's job. We shan't."

But it may be said that in the event the speaker was wrong. The Commandant was far too wise and too just a man to allow a meritorious service to go unrecognised, and all four got promotion as soon as practicable. And the value of this service lay in the fact that while the two chiefs were held in durance the turbulent Gudkluka Reserve became as quiet as a collective lamb.

And then, all unexpectedly, Dick Selmes found that he must write "Finis" to his African experiences and adventures. His father was far from well, and the mail brought instructions for his return. There was no help for it; still, he had had a rattling good time, and, at any rate, had borne his share in more than one exceedingly useful act. He parted with the F.A.M. Police on the most cordial terms, regretted alike by rank and file.

"Well, we haven't made less of a man of you than we found you, have we, Dick?" was Harley Greenoak's final remark on the deck of the liner at Port Elizabeth, as they gripped hands.

"No, by Jove, you haven't. But I should have been made mince-meat of on more than one occasion if it hadn't been for you. Good-bye, old chap, and good luck to you everywhere. And just you bear in mind—as soon as you find time to romp over to the Old Country again, you are to put in a jolly long stay with us and shoot the peaceful pheasant instead of the warring Kafir."

THE END.

STAMPS AS HISTORICAL FINGER-POSTS.

The Kingdom of Italy.

AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire, Italy was split up into many separate States, and those States flourished as separate kingdoms, with more or less stability and success, from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. The use of postage stamps does not, it is true, help us with any finger-posts to the history or progress of those States till the middle of the nineteenth century, but the various postal issues do mark for us the course of the final and successful struggle which ended in the limitation of the temporal authority of the Pope, and the formation and consolidation of the present Kingdom of Italy.

The issue of postage stamps by the separate States, and the duration of their separate use, was as follows:

Sardinia . . .	1851–1862
Tuscany . . .	1851–1861
Modena . . .	1852–1860
Parma	1852–1859
Pontifical States . .	1852–1870
Naples	1858–1861
Romagna . . .	1859–1859
Sicily	1859–1861
Neapolitan Provinces .	1861–1862

Taking them in this order, we find that the stamps of Sardinia were amongst the first postage stamps issued in Italy, and they were also amongst the last of the issues of the separate States, for the reason that Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, was the head and front of the movement for the regeneration and unification of Italy. In the course of the struggle he annexed to the Kingdom of Sardinia, one after another, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Romagna, and the Kingdom of Naples, and, as they were annexed, their stamps were superseded by the stamps of Sardinia, till finally Victor Emmanuel II., of Sardinia, became King of United Italy. Then the postal issues of Sardinia, in their turn, were superseded by the stamps of the Kingdom of Italy.

Tuscany was annexed by Sardinia in 1861, and its postage stamps were in use from 1851 till the year of annexation, when they were superseded by the stamps of Sardinia.

The stamps of Modena, in like manner, were superseded, on annexation in 1860, by the stamps of Sardinia. The quaint postal issues of Modena lasted from 1852 to 1860, and are full of curious errors and misprints.

The separate issues of Parma, started in 1852, were also superseded on annexation by the issues of Sardinia in 1859.

Not the least interesting of the separate postal issues of the Italian States are those of the States of the Church, or the Pontifical States, or, as we stamp collectors now call them for brevity, the Roman States. These issues commenced in 1852, and were superseded by those for the Kingdom of Italy in 1870. The stamps themselves give no clue to the portions of Italy included under the temporal sway of the Pope. Wherever the rule of the Pope reached, there these stamps, emblematic of his earthly power, were in use.

Up to 1859 the

greater part of Central Italy bought, sold, and used the papal postage stamps. The revolutions of 1859–1860 considerably reduced papal territory, and in 1870 the papal issues were finally discontinued. The stamps are easily distinguished by their central design of the Papal tiara above two crossed keys. These historical bits of paper, souvenirs of a power that has been wrested from the once most powerful of rulers, are still fairly common amongst stamp collectors.

The separate stamps for Naples, commenced in 1858, were superseded in 1861 by those for the Neapolitan Provinces which, in their turn, gave way to the stamps for the Kingdom of Italy in 1862.

Romagna, wrested from papal rule in the revolution of 1859, made an issue of stamps in that year, but before the year was ended its issue was superseded by the stamps of Sardinia.

Sicily, ruled by the infamous old tyrant King Ferdinand, familiarly known as King Bomba, also boasts of but one solitary issue, made in 1859 and bearing a finely engraved portrait of the evil one. His barbarities led to an uprising of the people, and his stamps were superseded by those of the Neapolitan Provinces under a change of government.

Garibaldi having driven the Neapolitan troops from Sicily, proceeded to Naples and entered the city on September 7, 1860. In March of the following year a series of stamps was issued for use in the Neapolitan Provinces. These stamps closely resembled the then current stamps of Sardinia with the embossed head of King Victor Emmanuel. They were, in 1862, superseded by those for the Kingdom of Italy.

Then, in 1862, came the first issue of stamps for United Italy bearing the portrait of Victor Emmanuel II. On his death in 1878 he was succeeded by his son Humbert, whose portrait appeared on the stamps of Italy from 1878 till 1900, when, on his assassination, he was succeeded by his son, whose portrait as Victor Emmanuel III. is now familiar on the current stamps of the Kingdom of Italy.

Thus we have written in the separate postal issues of the Italian States the merging of one State into another, their annexation by the conquering King of Sardinia, their final incor-

poration into the Kingdom of Italy, and, last but not least, the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope.

Reviews.

Whitfield King's Catalogue for 1906.

We have received the sixth edition of this excellent simplified catalogue for the beginner.

In the preface we are told that the total number of stamps issued to date as included in this catalogue—that is, excluding all varieties of the normal stamp—is 19,778, of which 6059 are apportioned to the British Empire and 13,719 to the rest of the world. Europe, it is added, has issued 4224, Asia 3755, Africa 4087, America 4685, the West Indies 1581, and Oceania 1446.

A very useful addition has been made to the contents of this edition in the shape of a Pronouncing Vocabulary of the names of stamp-issuing places. It is to be hoped it will correct not a few of the many prevalent mispronunciations, such as Bekuanaland instead of, as now given in this catalogue, "Bĕtch oo ân ă," and I have heard Nătăl amusingly, but seriously, pronounced Naytle by a London stamp dealer.

But the crux of the Catalogue is the single CA watermark. In the previous edition the publishers announced their intention to treat the single and multiple CA watermarks as minor varieties, and not to list them as separate issues, but "since then, however, the changes from the single to the multiple watermarks have been so rapid and numerous that many of the former have risen considerably in value," they now say, "whilst still adhering to our original intention, we have thought it advisable to add a supplement in which the prices are given of all single watermarked stamps which have advanced in price owing to having been superseded by stamps with the new watermark."

If it were desired to preserve the character of the Catalogue for simplification by the exclusion of minor varieties, both CA watermarks should have been catalogued under the comprehensive term of "Crown CA," without any reference to single or multiple. This is done in most cases, but not in all; for instance, it is done in Northern Nigeria, but, in Southern Nigeria, the multiple is listed and the single is ignored. I am inclined to think, as I have thought from the first, that the best way out of a real difficulty in a price-list is to include both, even in a simplified catalogue, as they are clear and distinct.

I am glad to note that the publishers have had the courage to omit such rubbish as Lydenburg, Rustenburg, Schweizer-Renecke, Wolmaranstad, and Pietersburg. The exclusion might wisely have been extended to all but the 1*d.* and 2*d.* values of the New Republic, and so have saved the listing of the worst rubbish in the catalogue.

Handbook to U.S. Stamps.

Mr. Fred. J. Melville has written, and the Junior Philatelic Society has published, an excellent little guide for the beginner and medium collector to the postal issues of the United States. It is a much-needed boiling down of the well-known and exhaustive work of Mr. J. N. Luff. The illustrations are exceptionally clear. For the beginner there is much that might wisely have been omitted, and even for the medium collector it is a question whether he should be treated to specialist varieties, as in the issues of 1851–60, 1861–6, and 1873.

Book for Duplicates.

Messrs. King Bros., Bilston, send us a book for holding duplicates in the shape of a pair of leatherette covers, one of which is provided with linen shelves for stamps, while on the opposite page is a perforation-gauge, with instructions as to how it should be used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 45, Brussels.—Any dealer will supply you with the so-called Servian death-mask issue. There are five of them altogether, and they are priced unused, in our English catalogues, as follows:

1904. Coronation Commemoration Series.

	s.	d.
5p., green	0	1
10p., rose	0	2
15p., purple	0	4
25p., blue	0	6
50p., brown	0	9

These stamps are quite common and are likely to remain so. They certainly never will be rare.

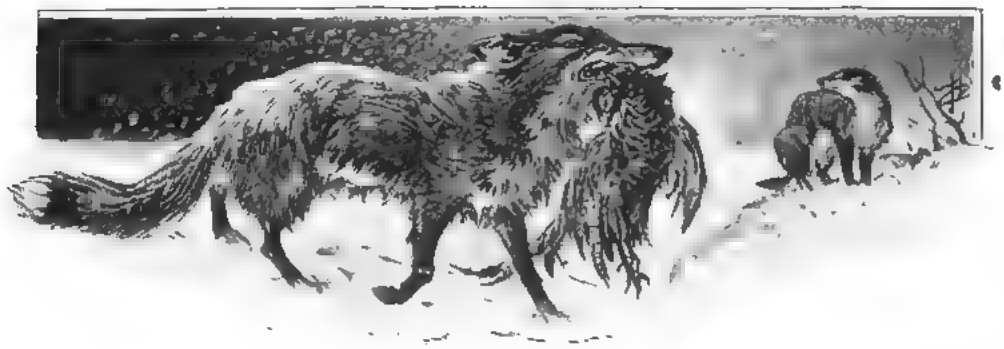
I am sorry to hear that you had your collection stolen, but I am afraid I cannot help you much with a suggestion how to provide against a second loss, some boys being so ingenious in getting at what does not belong to them. Can you not put a patent lock on your box? As to an album in your case, while at school the smaller the better. I should get a small plain leaf book, cover it with ordinary paper, and label it with the name of some book that would not be likely to attract attention—say, "Geography."

Inquisitive (Folkestone).—I have never heard of a "one farthing" English stamp. The old small ½*d.* English is catalogued at 6*d.* unused, and 1*d.* used. Don't know any Barbadoes 1*d.* black. Probably you mean the 1*s.* black, the price of which varies, according to year of issue, from 4*s.* to 12*s.*

Specialist (Carlow).—Yes, certainly, it would be a good idea to specialise in the stamps of India, as you have relatives in India. Get all you can, and then, later on, you will be able to decide for yourself what limitations will be necessary. "India, British and otherwise," is a tall order. If you are going to specialise, use only a plain leaf book, or, better still, Bright and Sons' (164 Strand, London) little Premier movable leaf-collecting albums, which will cost you only a few pence each.

Charlie (Manchester).—St. Vincent is a terrible colony to specialise, even in the mildest way, unless you confine yourself to the more modern issues, or, say, to the King's heads.

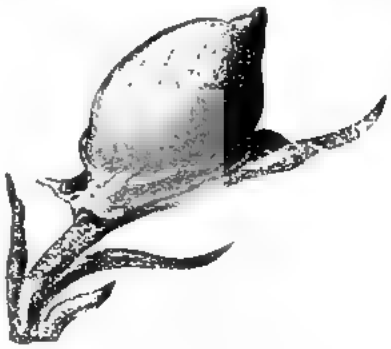
G. F. M. (Plymouth).—Your best plan in selecting a group, or colony, or country, will be to go right through Whitfield King and Co.'s catalogue, examine each country, note the prices, and then decide for yourself which you prefer, and which will suit your pocket. Stick to *unused* only, if you can afford it.



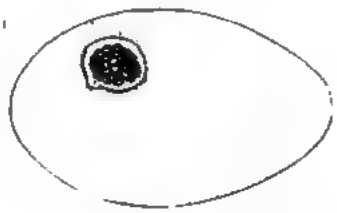
To my Readers.—I had an interview with the Old Fag the other day. The benevolent smile that you all know so well through his portrait, radiated from his genial countenance as he inquired after the pets at home, even down to the snakes, the beetles, the wasps, and not forgetting the flowers. Then, pursing up his lips and assuming the magisterial air that terrifies anybody on his staff who displays slackness, he asked whether it would not be possible for me to conduct this corner without demoralising my correspondents. As you may suppose, I was so taken aback by the suggestion that I had done anything so blameworthy, that I could only assume a look of innocent wonder and wait for details—which came at once. Briefly put, he stated that whilst he was doing his best to make you men—strong, upright, self-reliant and so forth—here was his own Naturalist encouraging you in habits of laziness. Then he gave me a few statistics—so many times I had told you what was the proper food of tortoises and what to do with them in winter; so many times I had given the proper dietary for pet rabbits, and so on. Handling the office ruler as though it were a sceptre, he laid down the law; all reasonable questions were to be answered to the best of my ability—nothing less—but if another reader asked for the same information a month or two later, I must simply request him to look up his back numbers. Space was too valuable to allow of these repetitions; as well expect him to reprint chapters from a past serial story to save a reader the trouble of turning it up.

I acknowledged the reasonableness of the Old Fag's decision, and with befitting meekness promised amendment of my errors, into which I had fallen solely from a weak desire to be useful. As you can well understand, the Old Fag is not a chief to be trifled with, so I ask you to help me in this matter. Before writing to me for advice, just take the trouble to turn over your back numbers and see if I have not already given it in answer to some previous inquirer. By these means we shall maintain the freshness and interesting character of this corner, and by-and-by I may be reinstated in the Old Fag's good opinion.

Name of Snail.—The snail sent by R. Ward (Battersea) is not the bladder snail (*Physa acuta*) as he supposes, but a juvenile specimen of the Wandering Pond-snail (*Limnæa peregra*),



WANDERING POND-SNAIL.



EGG, ENLARGED.

a far more abundant species that may be found in almost every pond, large or small. It owes its name to its habits: it is for ever on the move in the water, and frequently leaving it for a time. It may frequently be found among wet grass and moss, at some distance from water, and so it gets from pond to pond, establishing fresh colonies. I have some at the present

time in an aquarium in my greenhouse, and I am constantly finding young specimens on the flower-pots in distant parts of the house. The small masses of jelly to which R. W. refers are the masses of eggs, which it deposits all through the spring and summer.

Newts.—Reginald Jones (Eltham) will find several answers to Newt queries in last year's CAPTAINS. Small earthworms will satisfy them as provided food, which they will supplement by any living insects that come their way. They should be kept in a fern-case, with a small bowl of water embedded in the soil.

Gold-fish.—John F. Harris (Stafford), who asks me for "some details concerning the management of Gold-fish," will find these in recent answers given in this "corner." As he will have seen from my first paragraph above, I cannot go over the same ground again, though I will endeavour to meet any specific difficulty he experiences.—"Piscis" (Doncaster) keeps several gold-fish in a bowl (capacity two gallons) the water of which is changed twice a week, and therefore he thinks there is no necessity for weeds. I can only repeat what I have often pointed out, that this is a most unnatural, and therefore probably a cruel, method of keeping them. One of the fishes has lain on its side for several weeks, but he does not think it can be for want of oxygen. In the absence of any other explanation suggested by the data he gives me, I should say that the weedless water is the most probable cause. Let him try the method I have always recommended, and I think he will find an improvement in the health of the inmates of his bowl.

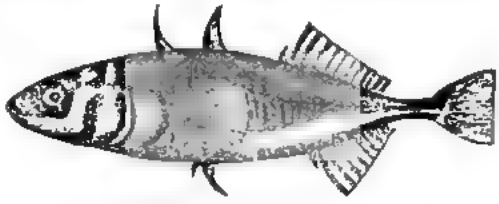
YOUNG TADPOLES.

YOUNG FROG.

Tadpoles.—George Young (Kew) wishes to rear Tadpoles from Frog spawn this spring, that he may observe the changes they pass through. He has failed to keep them hitherto, and asks for hints. First, have your aquarium filled with clean rain-water, and in it place some growing water-weeds from the pond where you propose to get your spawn. Do this *at once*, so that the home will be well established before the tenants arrive. Then be content with a few eggs, remembering that though the Tadpoles are, at first, very small (*see* upper figures), they are much larger when, as young Frogs, they have still got tails and have to remain in the water. Overcrowding and lack of natural food (water-weeds) are the causes of failure.

Airedale Terrier.—To "Airedale Terrier" (Hull), the "points" of this breed are given by "Stonehenge" as "Head, 15; neck and ears, 10; shoulders, chest, and loins, 20; feet and legs, 10; colour and coat, 30; symmetry, 10; tail, 5."

Sticklebacks.—Percy Winter (Wimbledon): Your fish is the Three-spined Stickleback. There is no difficulty in keeping them in aquaria, provided they have plenty of growing weeds,



THREE-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

and the water is not frequently changed. It is not advisable to keep them with other species of fish, on account of their quarrelsome habits and the murderous use to which they put their spines. The Red-throat is not a distinct species, but the male Stickleback in his courting finery. The females will live quietly together, but two Red-throats in a small aquarium will almost certainly fight to the death. Bloodworms and "ants'-eggs" would be a suitable food for them, in addition to what they will find among the weeds.

Goldfinch.—R. Fountain (Lower Clapton) has a Goldfinch fifteen years old, whose upper mandible has grown over the lower, so that it can crack seeds only with difficulty. The beak was cut some months ago, but has grown again, and the bird appeared to suffer so from being held in the former operation that R. F. asks if I can suggest some other method of treatment. I fear that there is no other means of giving relief than repeating the former process. The diet described is all right.

Guinea-pigs.—E. Butler (Sutton Coldfield) intends to keep Guinea-pigs (or Cavies) and asks several preliminary questions. It is a good plan to know something of the proper procedure

before you get your pets, instead of doing as some of my correspondents do—purchasing the animals and then writing to me confessing ignorance of their treatment and begging me to answer their queries in a number of THE CAPTAIN that is already being printed. Goodness knows what happens to the poor creatures in the interval before the appearance of my answers! *That* is a cruel method. Now for E. B's questions: I. The diet should be varied—carrots, corn, oats, hay, juicy green-stuff, and a mash of bread, bran and warm water. II. Six months at least. III. No; but give them the opportunity for drinking fresh water twice a day. IV. Clean straw. V. Three times a day.

Edible Fungi.—S. E. Hazleton (Edinburgh) asks for a book "giving clear information about edible mushrooms and fungi." The subject is a large one, and most of the books on Fungi are technical and expensive. There is no satisfactory popular work that gives any considerable number of species, but you would find Cooke's "British Edible Fungi" (Kegan Paul, 6s.) helpful, though the plates are far from being good.

Reptiles, &c.—E. R. Dutton (Weston-super-Mare); (1) it is the nature of the grass-snake to spend the winter in hibernation, and any attempt to interfere with its doing so would probably be attended with fatal results; (2) keep the cage in a cool room: heating should be avoided as tending to interfere with hibernation; (3) the English name for *Lampra interjecta* is the Least Yellow Underwing. In most of the books you will find it under Doubleday's name of *Tryphæna interjecta*. In recent years it has been separated from the genus *Tryphæna*, and that is probably the reason why you could not find a popular name for it.—R. H. Benson (Newcastle) can keep his Chameleon in an ordinary bird's cage. It should be fed on flies and other insects. In summer, when the house-fly is abundant, it will catch many of these for itself if the cage is hung in a suitable place. Your further question: What kind of animal could be kept in an outdoor enclosure of one inch wire-netting, almost answers itself. I should say any animal not too large for the enclosure (area not stated), nor too small to be kept in by the netting—dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, tortoises, are a few that occur to me. Burrowing animals like hedgehogs and rabbits would probably find a way out underground.—E. Milley (Kettering) is also troubled about hibernation. Her lizards have retired for the winter—"Is it best to leave them undisturbed?"—and her snakes absolutely refuse food—she is sure they must be nearly starving. By all means leave the lizards alone, and do not worry about the snakes. They are probably thinking about the winter sleep. The proverb about the ease with which a horse can be led to the water, and the difficulty of making him drink against his will, applies with at least equal force to snakes. So does the Canterbury epitaph on woman:

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't!"

Respecting the hay—I should give them clean, fresh moss instead. Hay when damp goes mouldy and offensive; moss keeps fresh for many months.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are not insects. They differ from insects in every possible way. For instance, insects have heads, spiders have none. Insects have six legs and wings, whereas spiders always have eight legs and no wings. Insects have generally a great number of eyes, which are always six-sided, like a bee's cell; spiders never have more than eight eyes, and they are round. As they differ externally, so do they differ internally. Spiders have hearts; insects have no hearts, but merely a blood vessel in the shape of a tube which runs along the back. Insects have no lungs, but merely breathing tubes, which run to every part of the body, while spiders have large lungs in which the blood is purified as in our own. Again, insects have no brains, but merely bunches of nerves in different parts of their bodies, but the spider has a brain which is quite large compared to its size. Thus we see that spiders have very little in common with insects, in fact, they are in no way connected with them, but form a distinct class of creatures. In other words, spiders are spiders.—From a lecture given at Hurstpierpoint College by the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., and reported in the *Hurst Johnian*, December 1905.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE VASES.

The Narrative of an Ex-Detective, as told to Mark Flint.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

STRELLINBURG—for reasons which you will appreciate presently, I suppress the proper name—is famous (as you will be aware if your foreign travels can help you to guess to which continental city I refer) for its great museum. Of those priceless treasures of art which it is the custom for a nation to place under glass cases for half a dozen connoisseurs to look at and enjoy, it has more than its share. Amateurs of porcelain, especially, know well that in no other city of the world is there to be seen a collection of pottery which can rival that displayed in the galleries of the Strellinburg museum. And many who could not, perchance, distinguish Crown Derby from Old Chelsea have heard of the Severini Vases, those five small miracles of the potter's art, which are generally pronounced to be the finest specimens of their kind extant. For a sight of them not a few pilgrimages have been made by the enthusiastic to the crooked streets and bad hotels of ancient Strellinburg.

The fame of the Severini pottery is world-wide, but it is by no means generally known that there was an occasion when the precious Strellinburg vases were missing, for a short period, from the custody of the museum officials. Few are aware of the occurrence of the incident, fewer still know the inner history of it. At this distance of time there is no harm in relating, under disguised names, the whole story; and as I may claim to have had some considerable share in unravelling a mystery of singular interest, I can claim to speak with authority. Briefly, the facts were as follows:

An attendant employed at the museum, walking through the Porcelain Gallery early one morning, perceived, as he passed the central case in which the Severini Vases are triumphantly mounted, that a pane of glass had been bodily removed from one side of it. Pausing to investigate more closely the reason of this—for it did not occur to him at the moment that the case had been opened save by authority—he threw a casual glance over the objects upon the shelves within. To his horror and amazement, upon the ledge where should have stood five of the priceless vases he could count only four. For the moment he could scarce believe his eyes. He looked again: four vases and no more were before him. Feverishly he pried into every corner of the glass receptacle. Not a trace could he see of the missing object. It was gone: and upon the floor at his feet lay the plate of glass, neatly *cut*, as a glance at the edges showed, from the framework which held it. He ran hastily to give the alarm.

The matter was quickly proved to be serious. It may be said at once that the most careful search revealed nothing. No vestige of the vanished vase could be found in the building, nor yet any sign of the possible thief in hiding.

Herein lay the mysterious element of the business. Not only was every door, window, or other outlet which could conceivably be used for the purposes of ingress or egress, closely barred, shuttered, and locked, but a watchman patrolled the museum inside throughout the night, while sentries of the Strellinburg Municipal Guard, posted all round the exterior, commanded every approach to the building.

None of these had seen or heard anything untoward during the night. The watchman was closely questioned, but declared stoutly that his duties had been properly performed. According to orders, every half-hour he had made a complete tour of the museum. But nothing had he seen, nothing had he heard. As he was on the premises when the loss was discovered (and could not have left them since he came on duty the previous evening without being seen by the sentries), and not a trace of the stolen treasure could be found, either upon his person, or in any corner of the museum—the galleries being all ransacked carefully—the suspicion of his identity with the thief had to be dismissed.

It was the custom, too, to lock the night watchman in the museum, and the keys

which alone could open the intricate mechanism of the locks reposed in the Director's lodge, between which and the museum telephonic communication existed.

A perplexing feature in the situation was the difficulty of assigning an adequate motive to the theft. It could not be supposed that the abstraction of the vase was a mere vulgar robbery. No thief expert enough to plan and carry out such a skilful job, would be so foolish as to steal, for mere plunder, an object of which, though certainly priceless, it would be utterly impossible to dispose. The Severini Vases are like no other pottery in the world. They are unique. No one but a wealthy connoisseur would wish, or be able, to buy them at the enormous price set upon them, and no connoisseur, recognising them, would dare to purchase stolen property.

Unless the theft were to be regarded as the mad freak of a practical joker with ideas of humour rather bold, it seemed that the culprit could only be some amateur of pottery bitten by the kleptomania which not infrequently overcomes the conscience of an otherwise scrupulous enthusiast. Such an idea, of course, strikes the ordinary man as strange; but cases of the kind are not uncommon.

The thing was a mystery. But the museum officials, though completely baffled, were not despondent. It was felt that so unmistakable an object as a Severini Vase must surely be traced without grave difficulty. Once the news of its loss had been circulated, no dealer would dare to accept it; while if it remained in private hands, it was secure at least from destruction, and its finding and recovery should be merely a matter of time. The police were summoned, and the affair placed in their hands. Meanwhile it was decided that, pending investigations, the loss should not be made public. Notices were posted in the museum announcing that the pottery section had been temporarily closed for re-arrangement, and the Porcelain Gallery was isolated.

Extra precautions were taken when evening came. The officer of the Municipal Guard in charge of the sentries was privately warned to exercise special supervision over his men, and to see that each was alert at his post. The night-watchman, also, though suspicion had been removed from him, was suspended from duty, and his place taken by another man, of proved character and trustworthiness.

So far, so good. Imagine the consternation and dismay when morning came and revealed the loss of a second out of the five Severini

ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE PLUNDERED CABINET LAY STRETCHED THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF THE WATCHMAN.

Vases! Nor was this all. On the floor beside the plundered cabinet lay stretched the unconscious body of the watchman.

A pretty to-do there was, you can guess! The Director of the museum, who had risen early in order that he might himself unlock the building, was the first to discover this alarming spectacle. His cries speedily brought others of the staff to his side, and an amazed group was gathered round the prostrate figure in the Porcelain Gallery, their wits for the moment scattered by the ominous scene.

Ominous, indeed; but of what? They hardly knew. The mystery of the thing baffled them. No sign of violence was visible upon the senseless figure at their feet. The body lay inertly on its back, with the head lolling to one side, as though it had fallen or collapsed, rather than as if it had been struck down. The lantern which the watchman on duty always carried upon his nightly rounds

lay, shattered, a few feet away, but there were no marks or scratches upon the polished floor to suggest a struggle or fight. There was nothing to show that the watchman had been attacked or molested in any way—or that he had himself been the aggressor against a possible intruder. Yet there he lay, unconscious or dead, upon the floor, and a second piece of priceless pottery had gone.

The poor fellow was not dead, however,—merely stunned. When the first moment of awestruck panic had passed, they carried him away and placed him in a doctor's hands. Then began more fruitless searches and inquiries. The sentries of the previous night had nothing to report. They had seen nothing, had heard nothing. Not a trace of any one could be found in the building. The thief, whoever he might be, seemed to have vanished with his booty, as before, into thin air. The mystery was still a mystery.

Nothing could be learned from the one man who might have been able to throw some light upon the mystery. The luckless watchman, under medical care, recovered consciousness in due course, but his mind was too delirious, and his words too incoherent, to be properly intelligible.

I heard about it later from one of the junior curators who visited him. The fellow seemed haunted by devils, he said. His speech was strange, and terror looked out of his eyes. It was evident that the man's mind had been affected by some sudden and terrible shock, though of what nature it was impossible to guess.

At the time when this happened it so chanced that I was staying in Strellinburg on a holiday. Apart from the fact that the chief of police there was a very good friend of mine, I naturally took the keenest interest in the affair of the stolen vases. They say that a 'bus driver spends his holiday in riding upon a fellow driver's vehicle, and what must I, who had sworn to shut Scotland Yard and all its works out of mind, needs do but throw up the idea of a holiday and determine to take a hand in the unravelling of the problem.

Moreover, there were special inducements. The greatest anxiety was manifest amongst the museum officials to withhold all news of the theft from the public, and to restore the missing pottery, if possible, before its loss should be discovered. The Mayor of Strellinburg, himself an amateur and connoisseur of note, whom the chief of police had felt it his duty to consult, seemed especially concerned, and offered privately a large reward for the recovery of the stolen vases.

The absence of any sort of tangible clue certainly baffled me. After careful consideration of the circumstances, as reported to me, I decided that my only possible chance of success lay in obtaining an opportunity for personal observation. To cut a long story short, with some difficulty I induced the chief of police to let me play the part of watchman for the ensuing night. It was by no means inconceivable that a third raid might be attempted by the uncanny robber.

It was only, however, by giving accounts—somewhat exaggerated, I fear—of my reputation at Scotland Yard, that the Director could be persuaded even to listen to this suggestion. His intention was to have the galleries patrolled by a whole posse of watchmen—a course which would obviously frighten the thief away and spoil any chance which there might be of entrapping him. His consent to my plan was not obtained, indeed, until I hit upon the happy expedient of advising the quiet removal of the remaining Severini pieces, and the substitution of three imitation vases in their place. The exchange, if effected so secretly that news of it did not get abroad, would not be detected by the thief in the darkness, and if I were to fail in my task, no harm would be done by the loss of a worthless imitation.

That lonely vigil in the dark and silent museum remains one of my most vivid recollections. Before going on duty, I made a tour of the building with the Director, he indicating the ground plan, as far as possible, and the relative positions of the different galleries and saloons. The Porcelain Gallery, in the middle of which lay the rifled cabinet, was a narrow, oblong apartment, lined in the usual fashion with glass-fronted cases. This gave upon the Anthropological Saloon, a room of twice or three times the size, in which were placed all the exhibits of the kind customarily to be seen in museums relating to the manners and mode of life of aboriginal races.

Here were savage weapons and implements of every sort; grinning idols of painted wood and stone; strange dresses of gaudy beads and bright-hued feathers; dried heads and mouldering skulls; with many another object, curious, grisly, and uncanny. A massive door closed one end of either apartment, but between them there was an open portal with no barrier.

It was the duty of the night-watchman to patrol every part of the building, his especial care being to guard against any possible outbreak of fire. It was agreed, however, between the Director and myself that for this night the museum should be left to take care of itself, in

order that I might concentrate my attention upon the Porcelain Gallery. In the vestibule were an electric bell and telephone communicating with the Director's lodge, as I think I have already mentioned; and it was arranged that in the event of anything untoward happening, I should at once give the alarm. The Director himself expressed his intention of remaining up all night, to superintend the posting and changing of the sentries outside, and to be ready in case of emergency.

With these matters settled, I was left to myself. My equipment consisted of a powerful bull's-eye lantern, fitted with a dark slide, a loaded revolver, and a heavy life-preserver, which I carried slung by a cord over my wrist. Thus armed, I sat down upon the stool which I had placed in the corridor that ran past the door of the Porcelain Gallery, and—waited.

I am not going to pretend that those dark hours were without their effect upon my nerves. I am not naturally an impressionable man, and my previous experience had accustomed me to situations which might prove trying to less hardened natures. But I confess that that lonely vigil worked upon my imagination. By means of the dark slide I had extinguished the light of my lantern, and only the smell of the hot metal betrayed its presence. The corridor was gloomy almost to pitch darkness, illumined only by a fitful gleam from a window at the far end, as the obscuring clouds momentarily unveiled the moon.

The stillness of the place was the stillness of the dead. And with that thought my mind reverted to the grim horrors callously laid out in rows, and neatly ticketed, within the Anthropological Saloon yonder. Hideous, mummified faces, boneless and shrivelled, with tattooed cheeks and cracked lips snarlingly parted; or grisly skulls, eyeless and toothless, crusted with a mouldering growth that seemed to reek of the grave. Involuntarily I shivered. The silence seemed so eerie and ghastly that the least companionable sound—even the chirping of a cricket—would have been a welcome relief. I almost wished I had never meddled with the affair. To put it plainly, I began to get "jumpy."

At intervals I made a pretence of going a round of the building. That is to say, I would walk with measured step along the corridor and as far beyond as I judged my footsteps would be audible in the Porcelain Gallery; pausing then, and returning stealthily to my post of observation outside the door. I should have mentioned that, besides my lantern and arms, I had brought with me a pair of rubber-soled goloshes. These I carried in my hand when setting out upon my ostensible rounds, slipping them over my boots when I paused, and so creeping back without a sound beyond the noise of my own breathing and the beating of my heart—which I don't mind saying now seemed to my quickened senses to be thumping like a drum

I had calculated that the previous thefts must have been carried out while the watchman on duty was in a distant part of the building, and I hoped by this device to delude the thief—if such indeed were really concealed in the museum, or had secret access from without—into the idea that I was going the rounds in orthodox fashion.

How long I maintained that dreadful vigil I do not know. Twice I heard (gladly, I promise you, for it broke the tension of the silence) the heavy tramp of the guards upon the gravel outside, as the sentries were changed. The hour must have been past midnight. I had just started off upon another supposititious tour of the building, and was noiselessly making my way back along the corridor, when a slight sound caught my ear. I stood still on the instant, and my heart, as the phrase goes, leaped into my mouth. I waited breathlessly, but nothing further was audible. Dead stillness was round me. I was persuading myself that an overwrought fancy had played a trick upon me, and was on the point of moving, when again I heard a faint noise.

This time it was unmistakable. And, unless my senses were deceived, it came from within the Porcelain Gallery. With every fibre in my frame a-tingle, I ran swiftly but silently to the great door at the end of the gallery, and stooping my ear to the keyhole, listened intently.

Some one or something was moving within. In the utter stillness I could hear a noise, soft and slow, as of some heavy body treading stealthily upon the floor. Cold beads of sweat stood upon my brow as I listened. Remember that my nerves had been shaken by the eerie circumstances of my long vigil, and my imagination fired by brooding on the mystery of these midnight depredations. I had expected to catch the thief, if he came, in the corridors of the building. Yet here was some person or thing moving within the gallery itself. The doors at either end of the long double chamber were securely locked, and could not have been opened without my knowledge. I was not in those days a superstitious man, but the thing seemed to savour of the supernatural. I am

not ashamed to own that I was—well, afraid.

For a moment I wavered and was minded to turn tail and flee. But the next, I cursed myself for a craven, and plucked up heart. Cautiously I pulled the key from my pocket, and inserted it. The lock turned easily and noiselessly (I had taken care to have it well oiled the previous day), the door rolled smoothly back, and I took a step into the Porcelain Gallery.

One step—no more. For that which I saw before me froze the blood within my veins, and stiffened my limbs with horror. Outside, the sky was momentarily clear, and through the window overhead the moon sent a shaft of cold light, which made a broad white track across the floor. Illumined by these pale, clear beams, I saw advancing towards me a shape the like of which I hope never to meet again.

Squat upon its crouching and misshapen body, the creature had a huge head, of such hideous aspect that words fail me to describe the horror of it. Immense and staring eye-balls, protruding far out, were fixed upon me as the apparition advanced, seeming to hold me spell-bound with their ghastly, mesmeric leer. A monstrous, distorted nose overhung the fanged and grinning mouth, while hairy, tattered ears fringed the head on either side.

I SAW ADVANCING TOWARDS ME A SHAPE.

Fascinated by the glare of those protruding eye balls, the nature of the rest of the creature did not force itself upon my notice, though my terror-struck gaze took in the long talons at the end of one outstretched paw.

The thing was horrible—ghastly; and as it moved across the floor in the track of the moonlight, I stood helpless in its path. I was a good Christian and a God-fearing man who placed no faith in devils or demons. Yet I confess this awful thing unmanned me utterly. You must bear in mind that my nerves were already upset. I could neither stir nor cry out. My legs seemed numb and rooted to the spot; my tongue clave to the parched roof of my mouth. That I did not swoon is a marvel to me yet.

My impression is that, though the creature seemed to be advancing upon me to seize me, my entry into the gallery had been so silent as to be unnoticed. But the moonlight, shining through the open doorway, betrayed my presence. The evil thing paused suddenly in its stealthy movements, and fixed its loathly gaze even more steadily upon me. I longed to shriek, but could not.

For some moments—a few seconds, it may be, though to me they seemed long minutes—we stood thus facing each other. Then suddenly, as I felt my brain reeling and my senses going, the thing—devil, demon, or whatever it was—*coughed!*

The effect which that simple sound had upon me was magical. The Thing was human! As though a douche of cold water had suddenly drenched me, I recovered myself. My nerves were steady again. A demon that coughed! I was within an ace of laughing outright.

At that moment the creature began again to

creep slowly forward. But I had my lantern ready, and, holding it in front of me, quickly pushed back the dark slide. A broad shaft of fierce light was flashed full in the face of the monster, and it paused. It still stared steadily towards me, however, and I noticed that the hideous eye-balls never blinked.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" ASKED THE PAIR OF US.

On it came again. But an idea struck me. Recollecting that behind the powerful rays of the lantern I was invisible, I placed the latter upon the top of a cabinet which stood beside me. Then, slipping to one side, I ran noiselessly round the room (I still had on my rubber-soled goloshes), and came up behind my uncouth enemy. The latter, now between me and the lantern, was still creeping steadily forward to where it fancied, no doubt, I was standing terror-struck and spell-bound. With a sudden rush I sprang upon its back, and bore it to the ground.

Down went the pair of us with a crash. But my spring had been too violent, and the impetus of it shot me over the foul creature's head. In a moment we were up again, and had closed. My opponent, demon or no demon, was certainly possessed of strength little short of demoniacal, and, though a powerful man in those days, I had to fight like a fiend myself in order to hold my own. To and fro we wrestled, swaying this way and that over the floor. Once I had him down, and, freeing my right hand (I could not get at my revolver), raised the life-preserver which dangled from my wrist and dealt him a crack on the head which should have laid him out. But the knob fell harmlessly, the skull seeming to echo hollowly under the blow, and an incautious relaxing of my grasp gave the prostrate foe a chance to leap to his feet and close again. Already my muscles ached, and I began to wonder how the struggle would end.

Luck, however, was with me. As we staggered to and fro, my opponent tripped over the projecting foot of a cabinet, stumbled, and fell with a sharp cry of pain, his leg twisted under him. As I stood over him, he tried to rise from the floor, but with a groan of agony fell back, and lay as if dead.

Battered and bruised, I dragged myself to the vestibule, and sent a breathless message over the telephone wire to the Director's lodge. In a few minutes the Director and his chief assistant were with me, and together we made our way to the Porcelain Gallery—I giving a hurried, and probably somewhat incoherent, account of what had happened.

Stretched upon the floor of the gallery lay the hideous shape with which I had fought so long and desperately. The Director started as his eyes fell upon it.

"The Devil-Dancer!" he exclaimed.

"May be a devil," said I, "but it doesn't look much like dancing now. Pull off the mask and see if he's hurt."

The Director bent over the prostrate figure, and busied himself with pulling off the cumbrous wooden head, while his assistant helped me to staunch the blood from the broken skin of a nasty bruise upon my leg.

A sudden exclamation of astonishment broke from the lips of the Director.

"What's the matter?" asked the pair of us, in one breath.

The Director rose to his feet with a queer look on his face.

"It's the Mayor of Strellinburg," he said.

It was true. I think I told you that the Mayor of Strellinburg was of some note as an amateur of pottery. Bitten by that mania for *possession* which seems to attack the enthusiastic collector, and unable to resist temptation, he had plotted to rob his own city of its priceless treasures.

His plan was certainly an ingenious one. Upon a low pedestal in the Anthropological Saloon, adjoining the Porcelain Gallery, hung the rig-out of a Ceylon devil-dancer. The thing was entire—mask, dress, arm- and leg-coverings — and, being displayed upon a framework, it was easily possible for a man to slip inside. The worshipful thief's practice was to enter the Saloon just before the museum was closed, and to await his opportunity. When no one was by, all he had to do was to hop deftly into the devil-dancer's outfit —quite a simple matter—and stay there. No one, naturally, ever dreamed of suspecting the hideous figure to contain a live man. Once the museum was closed, he had all the night in which to commit his little burglary, taking off the Severini Vases—they are small objects, and could easily be carried singly without notice in the pocket—one by one. When morning came, it was only necessary to wait until the public had been admitted, and then choose a favourable moment to slip from his hiding-place and walk through the galleries as though he had entered with his fellow citizens.

On the second night it is probable that the watchman, hearing some noise, had surprised the thief at work, but had in turn been himself "surprised" into delirium by the sight of what he took, no doubt, to be the foul fiend incarnate. I can sympathise with his feelings.

Of course, the plan was a risky one in many respects, and not least in the repetition of the thefts upon successive nights. But the Mayor doubtless counted much upon the immunity from suspicion which his public position (to say nothing of the reward which he offered) conferred upon him, and it is likely that the success which attended his first two raids fired his cupidity beyond the bounds of discretion. Moreover, a man who could attempt a theft of that kind merely for the sake of hoarding a piece of clay which he could never dare to show, would hardly stop to think of risks which a common thief would hesitate over.

No; there was no scandal. The story never came out. The Mayor went into voluntary exile, and the missing Severini Vases were restored to their proper place. Every one concerned held his tongue, and to this day the good burghers of Strellinburg are ignorant of how near they once were to losing the treasures of which they are so proud.

That's all; unless it may tickle your sense of humour to hear that before I left Strellinburg I received from the Mayor (who was a man of honour in everything save his hobby) a handsome cheque in payment of the reward which he had rashly offered for his own capture.

Photo. by] ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN. [W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Google

Photo. by] PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG, [W. S. Stuart, Richmond

WHOSE BETROTHAL TO THE KING OF SPAIN HAS BEEN RECENTLY ANNOUNCED.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr Skipjack, the senior assistant master, will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, one of his colleagues, to take detention for him, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. Without hesitation he decides on a bold line of action, and announces to Pattie Lomax, a girl of fourteen, that he is a boy called Yarningale who has come to explain his friend Cox's absence. When, a little later in the afternoon, Cox confesses to Pattie that he *is* Cox, Pattie promises faithfully to keep his secret. In order to avoid further encounters with Mr. Skipjack, Cox then returns to the school only to find that Hallam has cut detention short and taken Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) down to the Vicarage with him. Cox thereupon repairs to the village, smuggles himself into the Vicarage grounds, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, changes places with Yarningale. Previously to this, Yarningale's identity has been discovered by Joan Henderson, the Vicar's younger daughter, who, like Pattie, vows not to say anything about the deception. Joan takes Yarningale to see her white rats, and explains that the "father rat" has been put in a cage by himself because he has displayed a tendency to devour the young ones. Joan is called away for a time, and it is at this juncture that Cox effects the exchange. Being ripe for mischief, Cox, who has overheard Joan's remarks, puts the "father rat" back into the cage containing his offspring, and the "mother rat" into her husband's cage. When Joan discovers the "father rat" attacking one of his children, in her fury she denounces "Cox" as an impostor, and declares that he is really a boy called Lord Yarningale. Cox having proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he *is* Cox, Joan is rebuked by her father and sent indoors. It is shown in the course of the story how Cox, besides annoying Joan and placing Yarningale in uncomfortable situations, also contrives, though, of course, unwittingly, to bring about a coolness between (1) Mr. Skipjack and Miss Lomax, and (2) Mr. Hallam and Miss Henderson. Feeling sure that the boy he saw at the Lomaxes' was Cox, Mr. Skipjack, smarting under the treatment dealt out to him by Miss Lomax, proceeds, after the boys have retired to bed that night, to interrogate Cox about his movements during the afternoon. Cox having given a satisfactory explanation of his doings, Mr. Skipjack, baffled for the moment, ascends in Mr. Hallam's company to the next landing with the object of interrogating Yarningale. Cox goes to Yarningale's room by another staircase and impersonates Yarningale, making the latter conceal himself under the bed. The more effectually to disguise his real personality, Cox affects a sore throat, the result being that in the end *Yarningale* is sent to the Infirmary as a diphtheritic suspect. At the mid-term garden-party, Mildred Henderson tells Cox that she wishes to speak to Yarningale. Cox, wishing to oblige her, goes to the Infirmary and changes places with Yarningale for half an hour, and while he is waiting for the latter's return the Marquis of Lapworth, Yarningale's grandfather, is announced.

XI.

THE Marquis of Lapworth had never seen very much of his grandson, for the old gentleman disliked the company of young people and generally arranged for Lord Yarningale to

spend his holidays with a widowed aunt who had a house up the Thames. Occasionally, of course, the boy stayed for a few days at the stately castle in a midland county which the Lapworths had inhabited for more than six hundred years, but even when he went there he saw but little of his grandfather. The Marquis knew enough about the boy, however, to be aware that he was a quiet, shy youngster with nothing particular to say for himself. He was glad that his heir was a well-mannered youth, but he would have been better pleased had Yarningale displayed more spirit and "go." To tell the truth, grandfather and grandson rather grated on one another; they were not companions destined by Nature to "mix" in a satisfactory manner.

Nevertheless, the Marquis owed it to his heir and the future welfare of the house of Lapworth to see that the boy was properly brought up, and to take a certain—if rather forced—interest in his doings.

Finding himself in the neighbourhood of Charlton, therefore, and having received an intimation from the headmaster to the effect that all parents and relatives of boys would be welcome at the mid-term garden-party, the old peer had driven over to the school to see his grandson, and, incidentally, to talk over the lad's future with the headmaster.

Arrived at the school, he had been shown into the drawing-room. On hearing of the arrival of their noble visitor, the headmaster and his good lady had left the chattering throng on the lawn, and hurried through the open French windows into the drawing-room to receive their guest. It was explained to the Marquis that his grandson was in quarantine, and that although he had been in the Infirmary for a week the doctor thought it advisable that he should remain there for a further two days in order that all danger of infection might be avoided in the event of his developing symptoms of diphtheria. These things having been said, the butler was deputed to conduct the Marquis to the cottage which served the school as a hospital, and which was situated at the bottom of the lane by which one reached the school from the high road. Arrived at this institution, the butler handed the caller over to the Infirmary maid, and beat a retreat.

It should be added that Yarningale's transference to the Infirmary was the result of an after-thought on the part of Dr. Winkfield, who had originally intended that the boy should stay in his own room. The medico had arrived at the conclusion that the community would be benefited by Yarningale's removal. The danger of infection from Evans was, after all, slight, if the boys were kept absolutely apart. Cox, on arriving at Yarningale's dormitory and finding it empty, had journeyed on to the Infirmary, where, owing to the fact that Yarningale was occupying a ground-floor room, whose windows were wide open, he found it an easy matter to change places with Yarningale and thus satisfy Mildred Henderson's desire to interview that youth.

"Well, Yarningale," said the Marquis, advancing into the room in his stately fashion, "and how are you, my boy?"

For a moment Cox was dumbfounded by the appearance of the one person in the world whom he least wanted to meet. For he was quick-witted enough to guess that this imperious gentleman could be none other than Yarningale's grandfather. Making up his mind, however, with that alacrity which was one of the distinguishing traits of the Cox breed, he advanced to meet the old man with outstretched hand.

"Thank you, sir, I am very well," he replied.

The old peer smiled grimly as he released the boy's hand.

"Humph! They don't seem to think you are, by all accounts. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Why," said Cox, "I share a room with a chap who's got a bad throat, and as they thought I was bound to catch it as well, they shoved me in here. It's all the fault of that old rotter Winky."

Lord Lapworth screwed his eye-glass tightly into his eye and regarded the boy more fixedly than ever. Never before had he known his grandson to use so much slang in one sentence. If anything, Yarningale had always been nervously careful to express himself in a polite manner when talking to his grandfather. But, of course, Cox could not be expected to know this.

"Ahem!" said the Marquis; "you seem to have added to your vocabulary since we last met, Yarningale. What, may I ask, is a 'rotter?'"

Cox considered the point.

"Oh—er—somebody who's rotten," he replied.

"It is a blunt but comprehensive term," said the Marquis, with a cold smile. "And who may be 'Winky?'"

"Dr. Winkfield," interpreted Cox. "I called him a 'rotter,'" he hastened to explain, "because he's a beast. We all hate him. He gives you gyp."

"I fear that is another expression with which I am not familiar," said the Marquis.

"He always manages to hurt you when he has to do anything to you," was Cox's explanation. "If he has to lug your tooth out he gives you most awful beans."

The Marquis cleared his throat.

"Yes, you have certainly enlarged your vocabulary, Yarningale," he said. "You have never favoured me with these gems of speech when we have had the pleasure of meeting at Lapworth Castle."

"Why, all the chaps talk like that," said Cox offhandedly.

"I trust that all your schoolfellows are gentlemen?" inquired the Marquis, in a doubtful tone.

"Oh, rather," said Cox.

"I did hear a rumour," went on the Marquis, "to the effect that a man called *Cox*, who advertises some sort of quack commodity in papers and by the side of railway lines, had sent his son here. I remember I was travelling to London recently and was much annoyed by seeing this man's advertisements disfiguring the landscape. Is it true that his son is a pupil here?"

Cox struggled with a temptation to make a rude retort, but he gulped down his annoyance and merely replied:

"Yes, there is a fellow called Cox here, sir."

"And what sort of a boy is he? demanded the Marquis.

"Awfully nice chap," replied Cox; and then, as a wicked after-thought, "he's my best pal."

The Marquis looked amazed.

"What! Have you so little regard for your position that you make a friend of a boy of that class?"

"Oh, he's all right. Not half a bad chap," Cox assured his visitor.

The Marquis sat down near the window, crossed his legs, and stared at the boy in a manner that Cox found somewhat embarrassing. As a matter of fact, the old peer was feeling puzzled and annoyed. He had not seen his grandson for nine months, for at the beginning of the winter he had gone abroad for his health's sake, and had only recently ventured to return. During his absence it seemed to him that his grandson had degenerated—in appearance as well as in manners. And he could not understand it. The boy had grown taller and stouter, and that would account partly for the change in his appearance, but he had developed unpleasantly in other ways. Plainly, thought the Marquis, it would be desirable to discuss this matter with the headmaster.

"Well, Yarningale," he said, rising from his chair, "I must leave you for the present. I wish to have a talk with your headmaster. Next term, you know, you go to Eton, and I want to find out what progress you have made with your studies. I will look in again before I go. Meanwhile, as you do not seem to have anything much the matter with you, you may like to buy some sweets. You will be able to send somebody for them, I suppose?"

"I'll send the skivvy," said Cox.

Skivvy! The Marquis could guess the meaning of the term. But never before had he heard such a vulgar word fall from the lips of his grandson.

"Yes, I have no doubt the maid will buy some for you," said the Marquis, producing half a crown and putting it into the boy's hand.

"Thanks awfully," said Cox. "Stingy old beast," he added, when the Marquis had retired. "I don't envy Yarny being bossed about by an old terror like that. My gov.'s much better sport——"

He stopped speaking, his heart beating fast. What if his governor had arrived and was wondering where he was!

He strode up and down the room with impatient steps. The half-hour he had given Yarningale had elapsed some time ago. Why didn't the ass come back?

"Silly goat I was ever to change places with him!" Cox told himself savagely. "Still, the gov. may not turn up. Garden-parties aren't in his line. All the same, it's rotten of Yarny to keep me here like this . . . I'll hack his shins when he *does* come back!"

The Marquis, much perturbed by the striking metamorphosis that had taken place in his grandson, was turning into the lane which led up to the school, when, hearing a buzz and a whirr behind him, he turned round to find that a large motor-car, of the latest and most expensive type, had pulled up within a few yards of him. It was

occupied by a chauffeur and a stout, red-faced man of forty-five or fifty.

"Hi!" called out the red-faced man, who had a rich, deep voice, "can you tell me if th's is the road leadmg up to Charlton Court Schoo', sir? I forget my bearings 'ereabouts."

"This is the road," replied the Marquis, with dignity.

"Straight up," observed the red-faced man to the chauffeur. "Thanks, much obliged to you," he added, nodding to the Marquis, who had withdrawn to one side of the road to allow the car to pass.

The huge vehicle, however, had only proceeded a dozen yards up the lane when it was again pulled up, and the deep-voiced man looked round with:

"Excuse me, do you 'appen to know, sir, if this is the garden-party day? You may be a parent yourself?"

"I believe a garden-party is being held to-day," rep'ied the Marquis coldly.

"Got a boy 'ere?". demanded the motorist.

"I have a grandson here," replied the Marquis, very stiffly.

"Then you and me are in the same boat," replied the owner of the car. "Sad 'andfuls they are, too, eh? May I give you a lift up the 'ill? It's rather steep," added the motorist.

"Thank you, I prefer to walk," replied the Marquis.

"As you please," replied the red-faced man, shrugging his shoulders. "Right a'ead, Edward," he added, waving his motoring cap to the Marquis, whose reply consisted solely of an icy glare.

"One of your 'aughty sort," remarked the motorist to Edward.

"Can't stand 'em," replied the chauffeur, as the motor buzzed up the hil'. "Give you a'cold feelin' down the back."

The motorist broke into a roar of laughter.

"That's just the feeling," he replied. "Ah! 'ere's the gates! Open, too. In you go, Edward."

And the car buzzed along the beautifully kept drive that led up to Charlton Court Schoo'.

Arrived at the front door, the red-faced gentleman alighted from the car and smacked himself vigorously in order to get rid of the dust which had accumulated on his person during his journey. Then he administered a hearty pull to the bell.

The door was opened by the butler.

"Mr. Percival at 'ome?" asked the motorist briskly.

"Yes, sir. Will you step in, sir?" replied the butler, proceeding to usher the caller into the drawing-room. "What name shall I give, sir?"

"Cox," said the newcomer in his hearty way. "Mr. Caleb Cox, of London."

XII.

When the butler informed the headmaster of Mr. Cox's arrival, the chief of Charlton Court School looked at his wife with raised eye-brows. They knew Mr. Cox of old. The expression in the headmaster's face plainly asked the question, "Will you go, my dear, or shall I?"

Mrs. Percival was a dutiful wife, and liked to save her husband as much trouble as possible. She was also, at that moment, particularly anxious to get away from an elderly maiden lady—aunt to Cleaver, already mentioned in this veracious history as a form-mate of Cox's—who, as the way of maiden ladies sometimes is, had been laying down the law in no uncertain language as to the care of young male children.

"I always think," Miss Cleaver was saying, as the headmaster flashed that look across at his wife, "that it is a very bad thing for a boy to eat a heavy meal of bread and cheese before going to bed. It sows the seeds of the dyspepsia which occurs in after life, I am certain."

"The boys here do not have bread and cheese before they go to bed," retorted Mrs. Percival, sending a marconigram back to her husband which ran, "All right, dear, I will go; don't you bother."

"But they have cake—plum cake," declared Miss Cleaver, in a harsh voice; "my nephew has told me so. Think of a delicately nurtured lad going to sleep with a quarter of a pound of cake weighing on his little stomach."

"No boy ever has more than a slice," said Mrs. Percival, "and many of them have biscuits instead." And as she spoke she sent a further wireless message to the headmaster imploring him to come and rescue her from Miss Cleaver.

The headmaster tore himself away from the Rear-Admiral who was telling him a prosy anecdote, and reached his wife and Miss Cleaver just as the latter was saying that she considered a flannel night-gown to be

absolutely necessary night apparel for any young male child.

"Come, come, Miss Cleaver," said the headmaster in his breezy way, "I don't believe in coddling boys."

YARNINGALE WAS INFORMING MILDRED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME THAT HE HAD HAD NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH THE CHANGING OF HER RATS.

"Of course you side with your wife," returned Miss Cleaver in an annoyed tone, as Mrs. Percival made her escape.

"She is a very reliable person to side with," said the headmaster. "But let us go and see the tennis. We have a very good player here—Mr. Hallam. You may have heard of him. He is an Oxford double blue."

"Can he teach double proportion?" demanded Miss Cleaver.

"My dear lady, I can assure you that Mr. Hallam's arithmetic is quite sound."

"Nevertheless," continued Miss Cleaver, "I contend that too many young men are given posts in schools like this because they can leap high and hit the ball hard in cricket matches."

"And accurately," edged in the headmaster.

"What about his character?" asked the lady.

"Excellent, unimpeachable," replied the headmaster. "A most worthy young man."

"Then I should like to know him," said Miss Cleaver, she being possessed of considerable means and in addition of an evergreen hope that she would one day or another be led to the altar by a handsome young man who would choose a wife for sterling worth rather than for baby-like prettiness.

All unconscious of the fearsome introduction which was awaiting him, Mr. Hallam was endeavouring to enjoy a game of tennis in which he had been partnered with a young lady who punctuated her strokes with little screams.

"So that is Mr. Hallam?" said Miss Cleaver. "Yes, he looks a very amiable young fellow. I think I will sit down and watch the tennis a little, Mr. Percival. Come, Osmond," she added to her nephew, who had been dangling about at her

heels all the afternoon in a desperate endeavour to be polite and attentive, "explain this game to me, please. Now, when the ball is struck over the net, which of the white lines must it hit, and how much does it count if the player strikes it beyond the furthest white line? I notice that Mr. Hallam's partner almost invariably does that."

His heart full of sympathy for Cleaver, the headmaster went back to his post near the tea-table.

"Ah, Mr. Cox," he cried, "and how do you do? It is very good of you to come all this way."

Mr. Cox, who had doffed his motor apparel and donned a grey top-hat which he had brought with him, appeared to be going through a series of conjuring tricks in trying to keep an oblong-shaped cake in his saucer the while he stirred his tea. On catching sight of the headmaster he put his spoon hurriedly into the saucer and stretched out his right hand. This action proved fatal to the small oblong cake, which overbalanced itself and fell. In trying to save it Mr. Cox overturned his cup, with the result that it fell to the ground. A footman dashed forward to pick up the *débris*.

"That's the worst of these out-door teas," observed Mr. Cox to the headmaster. "You never know what's going to 'appen. Give *me* a chair and a table to sit at."

"Far more comfortable," agreed the headmaster.

"But not societyish?" returned Mr. Cox. "Thank you, my lad," he added as the footman brought him a fresh cup of tea. "No, I won't have anything to eat, thanks. I haven't seen Bert yet," he continued, addressing the headmaster. "I suppose he's up to some mischief—stealing apples or something?"

"Stafford," said the headmaster to a boy standing near, "run and see if you can find Cox, will you? Tell him his father has come."

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Cox, whose observant eye had been wandering round the various groups on the lawn. "That's Bert talking to the young lady in the black sash, if I'm not mistaken. All right, boy, you needn't go."

And with these words, Mr. Cox, having put down his cup, strode across the lawn towards the cedar-tree near to which Mildred Henderson and Yarningale were engaged in conversation.

So engrossed were these two young people in the matter they were discussing, that they had unconsciously exposed themselves to the view of the people standing near the tea-table. Yarningale was just informing Mildred for the twentieth time that he had had nothing whatever to do with the changing of her rats, when a hand was clapped on his shoulder and he turned to find the burly form of a middle-aged gentleman standing over him in a fatherly and affectionate way.

"Well, Bert, 'ere I am," said the gentleman. "Don't let me disturb you, of course," he added, glancing at Mildred. "Still, you don't see your father often."

Simultaneously it flashed across the two young people that this must be Mr. Cox, and, at the same time it occurred to them that he must on no account get to know that the boy he was accosting as his son was not his son.

"Oh, how do you do, sir?" said Yarningale, awkwardly, as he put out his hand. "This is Miss Henderson," he added very hesitatingly.

"How do, young lady?" replied Mr. Cox. "You must excuse me for interrupting your conversation, but it isn't often a busy man like myself can get away from town to see his son," and, with a nod of dismissal to Mildred, he slipped his hand round Yarningale's arm and walked the boy away.

"Well," said Mr. Cox, after a brief silence, "and how are you getting on?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," replied Yarningale.

Mr. Cox suddenly stopped and wheeled Yarningale round so that they were face to face.

"What is the matter with you, Bert?" he asked. "You're paler than you used to be, and thinner. Not getting enough grub?"

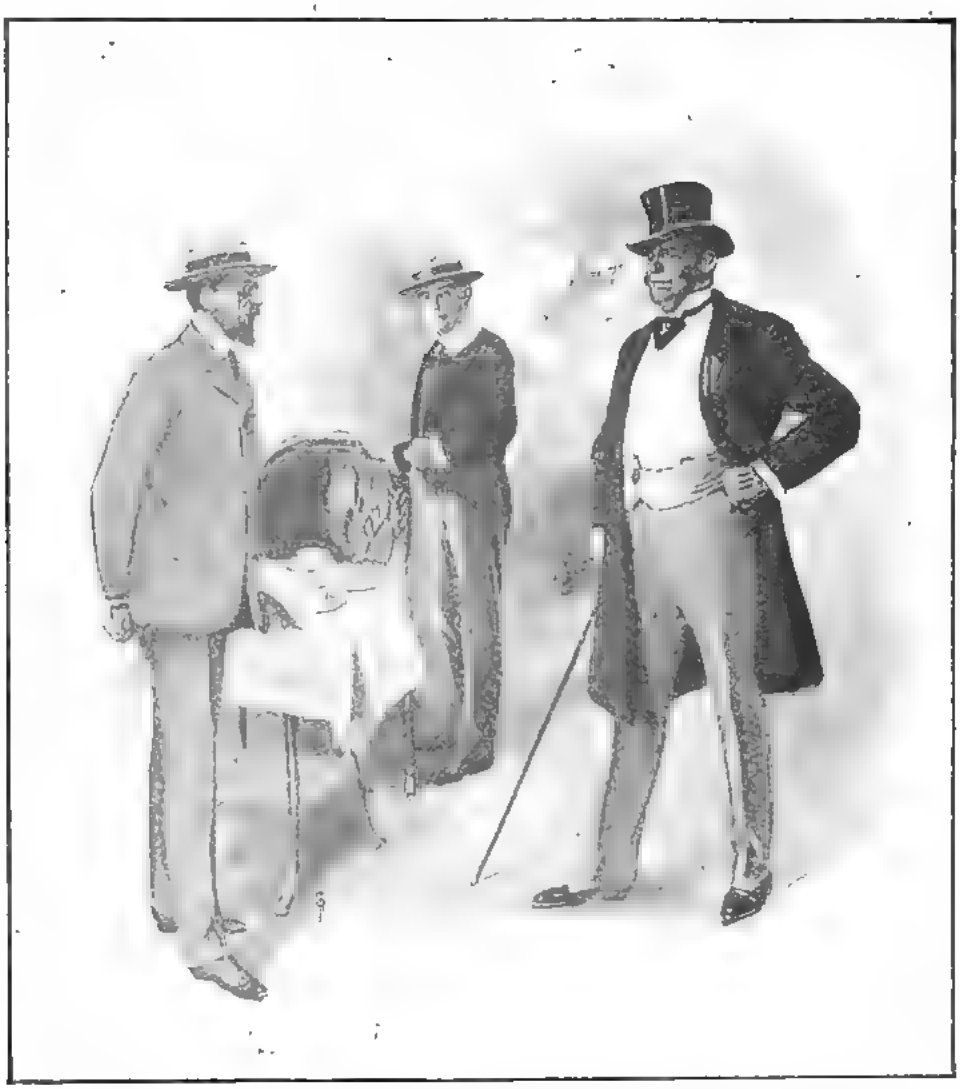
"Oh, I'm all right," laughed Yarningale uneasily.

"Well," said Mr. Cox, gazing earnestly at the boy, "if I was not certain by the cut of your face and figure that you were my son, I should be inclined to say that you were somebody else's."

Yarningale laughed still more uneasily. "Come and watch the tennis, won't you?" he said.

Mr. Cox studied the boy sideways as they walked towards the tennis ground. His face wore a mystified expression. In face and form this was his son, but in manner and speech this was not his son.

Mr. Hallam and his party had just finished



"WELL, MR. SKIPWORTH, IT'S EVIDENT TO ME THAT THE HEDUCATION 'ERE IS OF A NEVELATING CHARACTER," SAID THE COUGH-DROP KING.

playing, and Cleaver was introducing the young master to his aunt.

"That your form-master?" asked Mr. Cox, inclining his head towards Hallam.

"No," said Yarningale, with great presence of mind. "He is standing over there having tea—the one with the beard—Mr. Skipjack."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Cox, sitting down. "Well, I'll go and 'ave a chat with 'im soon. Now tell me 'ow you've been."

"F-first-rate," stammered Yarningale.

"'Ad any whoppings?"

Yarningale couldn't remember whether Cox had been caned that term, so, to be on the safe side, he shook his head.

"No, not this term," he said, in a tone which suggested that if there was a punctual, tidy, hardworking boy at Charlton Court School, that boy was Bert Cox.

Mr. Cox stole a cautious glance at the stripling by his side.

"Not 'ad a single whopping! Come, that's a record for you, Bert. I must tell your mother of that."

Having watched the tennis-players for a little time, Mr. Cox rose to his feet.

"Well, Bert, we'll trot across and interview your Mr. Skipworth now. Come along. Just hang about a bit while I talk to 'im."

So saying, the Cough-Drop King headed off in the direction of the tea-table.

"You are my son's form-master, I believe, sir?" he said, accosting Skipjack. "My name's Cox."

"How do you do, Mr. Cox?" said Mr. Skipjack politely. "Yes, your son is in my form—that is to say, I am the fifth-form master, although I don't take the fifth form in every subject, you understand?"

"Well, Mr. Skipworth, I must thank you for bringing about a great improvement in the lad. It's evident to me that the heducation 'ere is of a revelating character. Bert used to be far too rough, but you've turned him into quite a gentlemanly young article."

Mr. Skipjack stared at his interlocutor. Cox gentlemanly!

"I am glad to hear," said the senior master, "that you find your son so improved, Mr. Cox. Oh er—you will pardon me, but my name is *Skipjack*, not Skipworth."

"I'm always making mistakes about names," apologised Mr. Cox. "'Abit I've got into, I suppose. Any relation to Skipjack of Lime'ouse?"

"It is possible," returned the master. "What is he?"

"Oil trade," was Mr. Cox's laconic reply.

"No, I have no relation in the oil trade," replied Mr. Skipjack, stiffly.

"Money in it," Mr. Cox assured him. "Well, I was talkin' about Bert's improvement. I take it, sir, it's all due to you. After all, you see most of him, being his form-master. And I can see you've given him the stick pretty often."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Skipjack. "The headmaster alone uses the cane here."

"Well, you've seen that he's had plenty of jacketings," insisted Mr. Cox. "I've always told his mother that there's only one thing Bert minds, and that's the stick. He doesn't look quite so well as he ought to, but I expect that's only because you've been keeping him to it pretty hard, eh?"

"I endeavour to see that he does his work properly," allowed Mr. Skipjack.

"That's right, sir. Keep him to it. I want him to be a credit to me. I left school myself when I was thirteen, and didn't get much book-learning, and so I want Bert to make up the difference. Who's that old file?" he concluded, pointing to the aristocratic figure of Lord Lapworth, who was at that moment approaching the tea-table.

"That's the Marquis of Lapworth," explained Mr. Skipjack. "His grandson is a boy here."

"A Marquis, is he?" returned Mr. Cox. "That accounts for 'im being so crusty when I offered 'im a lift up the lane in my car. And he's got a grandson in the school, you say? Well, I'm glad my lad mixes with boys of that class. That's why he's come on in his manners, I expect."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Skipjack. "By the way, there is a singular likeness between your boy and Lord Yarningale, the Marquis' grandson, Mr. Cox."

Mr. Cox looked up sharply.

"There is—is there?"

"Yes, it is not easy to distinguish between them. Of course, there are certain points of difference——"

"Quite so," broke in Mr. Cox. "I should like to 'ave a look at this boy who's so like Bert, if I may."

"I fear that is not possible, as he is in the Infirmary," replied Mr. Skipjack.

"Oh," said the Cough-Drop King, stroking his chin. "Is he like my boy in his ways, too?"

"He is—er—somewhat quieter in his manner," replied Mr. Skipjack.

"Ah. Just so," said the visitor, meditatively. "More of the lord about 'im, hey? Well, Mr. Skipworth, I'm very much obliged to you for looking after my lad. I'll get him to show me over the school now. Any time you're in town don't forget to look me up at 2 Clarence Square."

"Thank you, I hope to have that pleasure," returned the senior master, inwardly determining, however, that he would give 2 Clarence Square a very wide berth indeed.

Lifting his hat to Mr. Skipjack, Mr. Cox looked round for his son, only to perceive that young gentleman disappearing into the shrubbery.

"Hi, Bert," he shouted, hurrying across the lawn. "Come back."

But the retreating form did not turn its head or pay the slightest attention to him, for Yarningale was speeding with his best foot foremost in the direction of the Infirmary, in order that he might change places with Cox before the Cough-Drop King should discover that the boy he had been speaking to was not his son.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired Hallam, turning to the merchant.

"My boy has just run away yonder, and I want him to take me over the school," explained Mr. Cox.

"Which way did he go?" asked Hallam.

"Over there by the shrubbery," replied Mr. Cox.

"Oh, I'll soon fetch him back," replied the Oxonian, who was exceedingly anxious to get away from Miss Cleaver and the examination-paper-like conversation she insisted on holding with him.

"Do, that's a good chap," replied Mr. Cox, sinking down by Miss Cleaver's side. "Hot day, ma'am?" he concluded, as, fanning his face with a silk handkerchief, he turned to the maiden lady. "You got a boy here, too?"

Without replying, Miss Cleaver rose from her seat and walked away in a most stately manner.

Mr. Cox shook his head. "These swells are an unfriendly lot. Well, I'll just wait here for Bert. I suppose he's got some game on."

For several minutes he sat watching the tennis, at the end of which period Hallam reappeared with the fugitive.

"Ah, here you are," cried Mr. Cox. "Now, then, no more running off like this, sonny, or you'll get the strap. Why, I've come down here to take you for a little motor trip, and there you go rushing away as if you didn't want to speak to me. Now, don't you leave my side again—understand?"

"Yes," said the breathless and exhausted Yarningale.

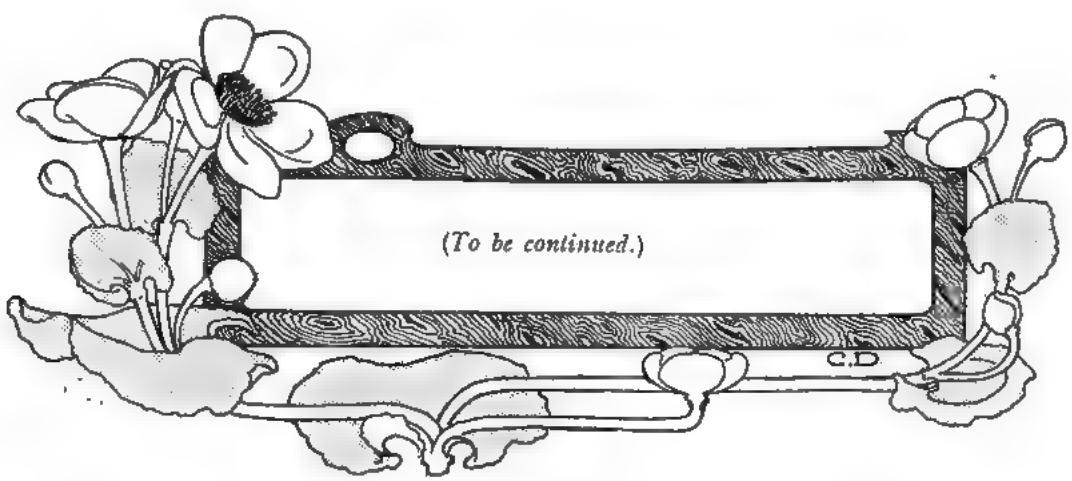
"Very well. Will you kindly, sir," added the Cough-Drop King to Mr. Hallam, "tell the matron that Master Cox is going for a motor tour, and wants enough things to last him for two days? He'll wear 'is cap, not 'is 'at."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hallam, moving off. "You want the things put in your car, I suppose?"

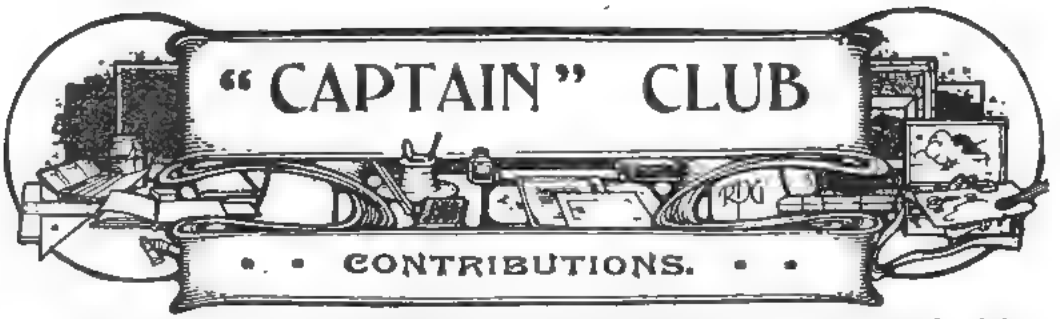
"Yes. My shoffer'll stow 'em away," replied Mr. Cox. "And so you thought you'd run off, young man?" he continued, turning to the unfortunate Yarningale. "No, no, Bert; you're going a motor tour with me, and any game you've got on must wait till you get back. It's all right. The headmaster knows you're going, and so you needn't say good-bye to 'im. Just you stay by me until we're ready to start, or you'll get your jacket warmed, young feller."

And, leaning back, Mr. Cox gave a roar of laughter.

"Yes, any game you've got on must keep till Monday evening, my friend," he said, looking hard at Yarningale and again laughing in a peculiarly boisterous manner.



(To be continued.)



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

A Protest.

IN the November CAPTAIN appeared an article entitled "Volunteer Corps: Which to Join, and Why," by A. E. Johnson.

The article as a whole was very interesting and instructive—in fact, good—with the exception of one passage, viz.:

"Intending recruits with an inclination for mounted work who may elect to join the Imperial Yeomanry rather than an M.I. company of a volunteer battalion are *not* advised to join any of the lately formed London regiments. Such, at least, is our recommendation to those who mean business and do not seek a gaudy uniform of purple and green and scarlet and gold. Join, for preference, the Middlesex or Surrey Yeomanry, with headquarters at Knightsbridge and Clapham Park—both of them old-established regiments, to be classed with the steady provincial county yeomanry, and not with the 'rough-riders,' 'sharpshooters,' 'dragoons,' and other fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations."

Why so hard on the "fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations," as Mr. A. E. Johnson is pleased to call them?

As a member of one of the above-described corps, I must really protest. Of the rough-riders and dragoons I can say nothing, though I have not the slightest doubt that they can show as good a sheet as "ours."

About one-half of the members of the 3rd County of London I.Y. (the Sharpshooters)—I don't think there is anything fanciful about the name—are "service" men, mostly of South African experience. We have two officers possessing the Distinguished Service Order—one, Major J. F. Laycock, D.S.O., having been "galloper" to Gen. Sir John French during the late South African War.

Our signalling section came out *second* in the 1904 examinations of *all* the yeomanry regiments in the United Kingdom, and if Mr. A. E. Johnson cares to examine the "class" firing records of the regiment, he will find that the percentage of First Class shots will quite entitle the corps to the name of "Sharpshooters."

The reports of the cavalry officers inspecting the regiment annually at camp (a good, stiff, service-condition camp, not a camp where the men, supposed to be undergoing a service training, are allowed trestle-beds to sleep on, as I am sorry to say is the case with a number of the "old-established" and "county" corps) have been "excellent."

The horsemanship, considering the class of horse and the amount of practice which the members get (five squadron drills per year and the annual sixteen days' camp), is very good. Our troopers at the last camp, held at Bisley, gained more points at "tent-pegging" than did our Staff-Sergt.-Majors (all old cavalrymen) or the members of the Royal Horse Guards Blue who entered for the competitions—not bad for "fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations."

The uniform, of serviceable "khaki," with green collar and cuffs, slouch hat, gaiters, and spurs, I don't think is particularly "*gaudy*." We have a full-dress hussar uniform, of green

with yellow facings and lines, which is only used for "dress" parades, concerts, balls, &c.

I think Mr. A. E. Johnson must admit that there are very few of his "old-established" corps which can show a *better* record.

This has been achieved in the short space of four years.

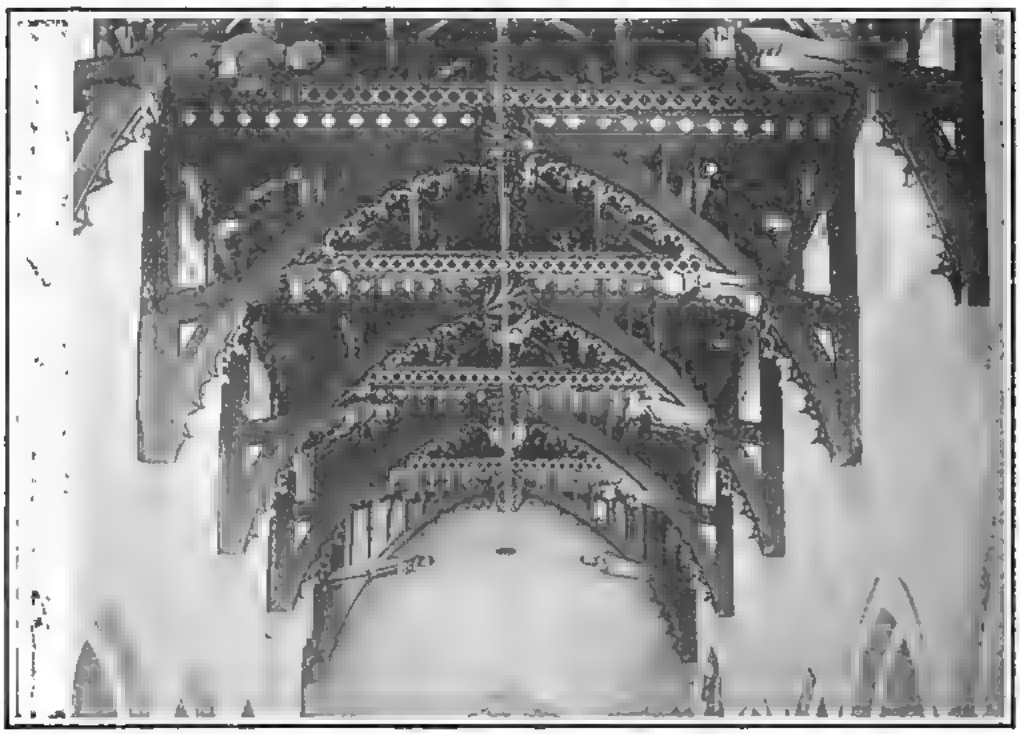
WILL W. LENDON (Trooper, D Squadron, 3rd County of London I.Y.).

[In reply to the letter printed above, and a few others upon the same subject which the Editor has received and shown to me, I am willing to admit that I expressed my opinion on the London Yeomanry rather more strongly, perhaps, than was entirely justifiable; but the opinion remains, with the advice which it prompted. Conceivably, I may be prejudiced against raw regiments which assume, while still untried, such pretentious titles as "rough-riders" and "sharp-shooters," but I was contemptuous (if you like to have it so) not without reason. I call to mind, for instance, a certain exhibition of horsemanship (the performers shall be nameless) which I once witnessed. It provokes a smile even now. I do not see, however, that any profit is to be gained from a lengthy discussion of my offending paragraph. The matter is one of opinion entirely. I have expressed mine, and I hold to it.—A. E. J.]

Peculiar Public School Football.

AS is well known, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester play their own games of football, which are quite unlike the ordinary Rugby or Association games. Eton football is of two kinds—the "Field" game, and the "Wall" game. The Field game, an incident of which is illustrated in one of the three accompanying photographs, bears some resemblance to "Soccer," and is, indeed, the parent of Association football. It has a close affinity also (for the same reason) with the peculiar form of hockey played on the sands at Rossall School. The celebrated Eton "Wall" game is like no other game in the world. It cannot be described explicitly in words, and must be seen to be understood even in the least degree. It has, however, been summed up pithily as the natural outcome of a determination to play football on a very narrow strip of ground bounded on one side by a high wall.

Harrow football, to which the school on the Hill rigidly adheres, despite all efforts on the



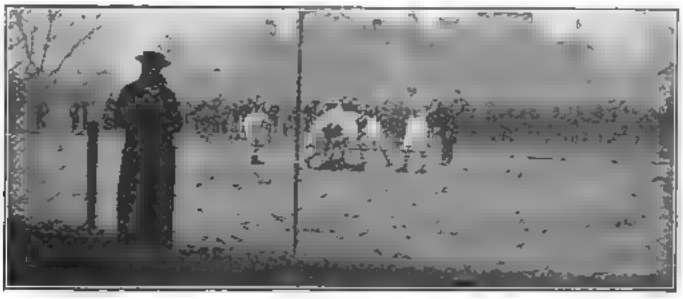
A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH ROOF.

The roof of the church of St. John the Baptist, Bere Regis, Dorset—the "Kingsbere" of Hardy's novel "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—erected by Cardinal Moreton in the reign of Henry VII. It is richly coloured and gilded, and the figures are supposed to represent the twelve apostles or the ancestors of the D'Urberville family.

Photo. by R. W. Copeman.

ETON FIELD FOOTBALL.
The field game at Eton is the parent of Association Football, but produces incidents, as will be seen from the picture, which are reminiscent of "Rugger."

HARROW FOOTBALL.
Combination in a massed body is a feature of the play under the Harrow code, and the off-side rule is strict.



FOOTBALL AT WINCHESTER.
The scene depicted is a "hot," the Winchester equivalent to a scrum.

part of a certain section of Old Boys to replace it by one or other of the ordinary codes, is of a kind that appeals more to the player than to the spectator. It is, however, specially adapted to the heavy, sodden condition of the Harrow playing-fields in winter. The ball is heavy, and shaped like a flattened Dutch cheese, or rounded bassock; and the strict enforcement of the off-side rule gives rise to that "following-up" (celebrated in Harrow song) which is one of the chief characteristics of the game.

Winchester football is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all, being played on a narrow pitch which is bounded on either side by a line of corded posts and high screens of netting, called "canvas." The explanation of the latter is that in former days this space was filled by rows of unhappy juniors, whose duty it was to look on while their elders and betters played, and to stop the ball from going out of play. The boys, in course of time, were replaced by screens of canvas, and the canvas presently by open netting, which did not catch the wind, and permitted an open view of the game. Winchester football is played by teams of six a side, and the "hot," or bully, of which a picture is given, is a salient feature of the game. O. C.

Football in America.

FOOTBALL as played in the U.S.A. is quite different from the English game. It resembles "Rugger" in some respects, but is infinitely more savage and brutal, and it is not surprising that efforts are at last being made to abolish it.

There are eleven players, placed as follows: The centre-rush, right and left guards, the tackles, end-rushers, quarter-back, half-backs, and full-back. The object of the players is to advance the ball (oval, like our Rugby ball, and termed "the pig-skin)" five yards with every three "downs," until it is over the goal line of the opposing team. Should they fail to force the ball this distance with three attempts, it goes to the other side, and they become the attackers.

The duties of the players are as follows. First there is the centre-rush, who is the chief battering ram of the team, and is generally of huge bulk and strength, weighing about two hundred pounds. The guards play one on either side of him, forming a human barrier to "interference." They are also of mighty size. Next come the tackles, whose principal aim is to break the opposing ranks, and collar the man with the ball. The end-rushers are used to skirt the line, and dash for a touch-down. Their chief qualification is, therefore, swift running. The quarter-back's position is

the most important, as he gives the signals for all plays and manages the whole line. The signals are made as simple as possible, and yet difficult for the opposing team to understand. They are spoken very rapidly, and indicate what kind of play is to be used: whether a plunge at the centre, a mass play, or an end run, &c. Then there are the half-backs, and the thick-legged full-back, who bores his way into the enemy's forces, and gives mighty drop-kicks in time of need.

The appearance of a team is extraordinary. They look like so many unwieldy giants in their monstrous clothing. Padded moleskin knickers, shin-guards, ear-guards, nose-guards, chest-, head- and elbow-guards render them hideous to behold. But no doubt they need all this padding. To an outsider, the game resembles nothing so much as a particularly fierce free fight. Every year many youths are killed while indulging in this pastime. At all the colleges the hospital is packed with maimed boys before the season ends. And what wonder, when you hear the "coach" advise football candidates at a university in a manner somewhat like this:

"Don't use your fists where the referee can spot you. And don't hit a man in the face; soak him in the stomach. When you tackle, slam him down hard, so as to spoil his wind."

This is not in the least exaggerated: some youths are said to be adepts at gouging out the eyes of opponents! PERCIVAL LESLIE DACRE.

A Tireless Traveller.

I SAW, before my wond'ring gaze,
The tow'ring mountains rise,
Until it seemed their lofty peaks
Must touch the distant skies;
Around them lay a dazzling cloak
Of everlasting snow;
While tiny hamlets nestled in
The valleys far below.

Still ever on, while marvels rise
Before my startled gaze;
Where never mortal foot had trod,
Through new and virgin ways;
I saw descend with lightning speed
The deadly avalanche;
And watched the awful danger pass,
Nor did my features blanch.

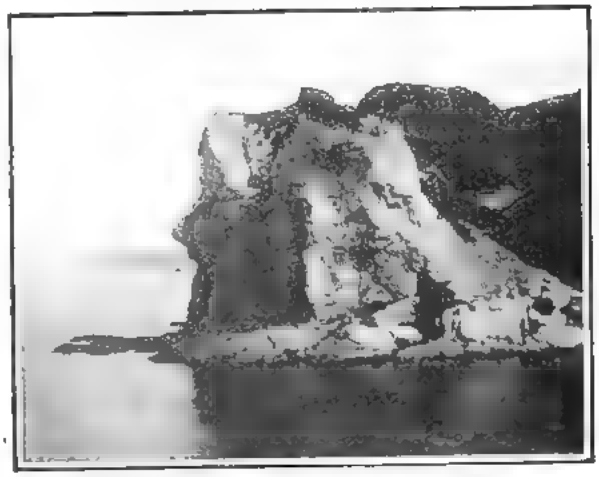
On, ever on; around me lay
A panorama fair;
And all the beauties of the world
Were spread before me there.
"The greatest traveller on earth,"
Be this my epitaph;
Although I saw these wonders in
A cinematograph.

HERBERT J. BRANDON.

MR. CYRIL J. MONK, F.C.V.

A Gold Medallist.

MR. CYRIL J. MONK was born at Sydney in 1882. At the age of ten he expressed a preference for the violin, and now holds, at the early age of twenty-three, the highest diploma which the College of Violinists confers—that of F.C.V. Mr. Monk passed the examination with such distinction that the honour of a Gold Medal was also conferred upon him.



THE "GIANT'S HEAD" ROCK, PORTRUSH.

A striking instance of Nature's handiwork. The effect of the light and shade on the indentations of the rock further enhances the resemblance to a human profile.

Photo. by A. T. Belfrage.

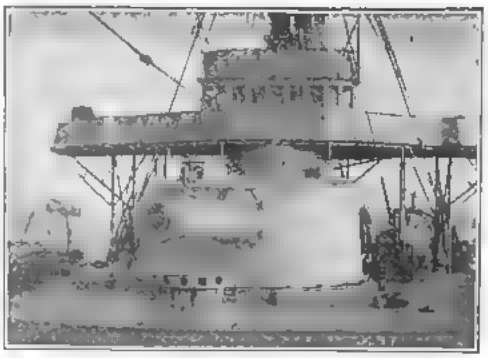
A Day on board a Battleship.

I. A Lieutenant's Day.

WHAT'S that? Oh, go away! What, my morning watch?" "Yes, sir, ten minutes to four, sir," says the corporal, as he dangles a boat's lantern before your face, and you finally turn out with an unpleasant consciousness that another day's work has begun. You go up on deck and find it (in all probability) drizzling with rain. You shout to the corporal to get you some cocoa, light your cigarette, and begin to think the service is not so very bad after all, especially when you have the infinite pleasure of sending down for the midshipman of the watch, who should have been on deck but who hasn't turned out yet, and, addressing him in a sepulchral voice, point out the enormity of his offence, and send him shivering into the fore upper top. Then you carry on with your cocoa again conscious that you have begun the day satisfactorily.

Everything goes on quite well till 7 bells (7.30), when the officer of the watch is relieved. Your relief is probably late, but comes up so full of excuses that you can't very well say anything. Then, having turned over to your relief and told him everything of interest going on, you go down below to dress and have breakfast. After that, perhaps you are allowed a smoke, or perhaps the gunnery Jack, *i.e.*, gunnery lieutenant, tells you off to take some class for gunnery. Inwardly swearing, you do this till about 11.20, when the secure, or pack-up for training-classes, is sounded, and you go below for a well-earned drink and smoke. In the afternoon you have some peace, or perhaps you don't. Being your day off, if you have no job to carry out you either caulk, *i.e.*, sleep, or else go ashore at 1.30 and stay there till 11 P.M. So ends the day for a lieutenant.

SPRING CLEANING ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP.
Photo. by H. Stanley.



THE FORE BARBETTE AND CONNING-TOWER, H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."
Photo. by E. L. Goodman.

II. A Midshipman's Day.

The life of a midshipman is, in his own eyes, a very hard one, as everybody seems to be doing his best to make himself objectionable.

We will just take a short look at his day's work. At 6.15, guard and steerage hammocks is sounded in close proximity to your ear. Crowds of steerage hammock men keep shaking your hammock, and saying in an audible undertone, "Steerage hammocks, sir, please." This is repeated several times, and you eventually turn out. Then, at 6.30, you are supposed to be in flannels and on deck for half an hour's gymnastics. This you bounce out of on all possible occasions. Drill being over, you bath and dress, and go up to signals at 7.45, where you play about with morse or semaphore flags till eight o'clock, when you pack up with joyful heart and have breakfast. At 9 A.M. you proceed to the school-place and do school (fearful drudgery) with the naval instructor till 11.30 or thereabouts. On board you always have lunch at noon. At 1.30 you proceed to do more school, only this time you do gunnery or torpedo or seamanship instruction. At 3.15 you pack up from afternoon instruction and, if you have no watch or your boat is not duty boat, you can go ashore. At 7.30 you have dinner, and at about 9 P.M. you have more signal exercise, this time with a flashing lamp.

This practically constitutes an ordinary day in the life of a midshipman. Of course, during the day a midshipman is always in peril of having his leave stopped by somebody. He can never do right apparently. There is not much more to be said about midshipmen, except that the service could certainly not get on without them.

O.H.M.S.

COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 19. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, May 18.*)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——
Address ——, Age ——

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will in future be awarded as prizes.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by March 19.

The Results will be published in May.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Alternative Titles."***—The following twelve books, you will observe, were called after the hero or heroine, as the case may be:

Jane Eyre	Lorna Doone
Nicholas Nickleby.	Barnaby Rudge.
Oliver Twist.	Doctor Nikola.
John Chilcote, M.P.	Adam Bede.
She.	Quentin Durward
Jess.	Hereward the Wake.

We want you to suggest a title for each of these books which would convey to a person who had never read them an indication as to the nature of their contents. The title suggested should be as brief as possible. As this is likely to be a very popular competition, we shall award as prize a Billiard Table, value £8 8s., manufactured by Messrs. Calvert and Co. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—***"Photographs of the Daily Round."***—We should like to see photographic competitors more enterprising. This month we want them to send us a photo. of a person engaged in his or her daily work—a coachman, a laundress, a schoolboy, a painter, &c. &c. Prizes (in each class): Photographic Apparatus or Materials to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—***"A United Cabinet."***—This is a competition which will possibly appeal only to our older readers, but as they are many in number we hope there will be plenty of entries. Imagine that government by party had disappeared and that the Cabinet was formed, irrespective of Conservative or Liberal opinions, of the leading politicians in the country. The posts to be filled are as follows:

Prime Minister
First Lord of the Treasury.
First Lord of the Admiralty.
President of the Board of Agriculture.
Secretary of State for the Colonies.
President of the Board of Education.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Secretary of State for Home Department.
Secretary of State for India.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.
President of the Local Government Board.
Lord High Chancellor.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
Lord President of the Council.
Lord Privy Seal.
Secretary for Scotland.
President of the Board of Trade.
Secretary of State for War.
Postmaster-General.

Prize: Books to the value of 10s. 6d.
No Age limit.

No. 4.—***"Illumination."***—Draw in pen, pencil, or water-colours some article that affords light—by means of electricity, gas, oil, or candle. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"Best Twelve Short Stories in Volume XIV."***—Send on a post-card a list of what you consider to be the best twelve short stories in the volume which is concluded with this number. A short story is a story which is completed in one number. By way of showing our appreciation of his talents, we shall forward the author of the story which tops the list Volume XIV. bound and suitably inscribed.

Prizes: Three Columbia Graphaphones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—***"March Celebrities."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of March. Prizes: Classes I. and II., a "Boundarie" Cricket Bat, by Frank Sugg, value £1 1s.; Class III., a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, by Houghtons, Ltd., value 10s. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***May 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial March Competitions."

12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Game of Trip-Ball.—I have read somewhere that a million people turn out every Saturday afternoon in this country to watch football matches, and I can quite believe it. The other day I was one of a crowd of fifteen thousand at Stamford Bridge, and the play was of a nature to rivet the attention of the most casual spectator—keen, hard, brilliantly clever. It was the second professional football match I had ever attended, and I could quite understand why football as a spectacle has become so tremendously popular. It is thoroughly worth the money one has to pay for it; it is a magnificent sixpennyworth. Watching a football match is a much more amusing experience than watching the average theatrical entertainment, and one takes one's fun under far more healthy conditions than one does in a theatre or music-hall. But there is one feature about professional football that is downright distressing. Is the foul play one sees at nearly every professional football match an ineradicable vice? Professional football is degenerating into TRIP-BALL.

The Science of Tripping.—One professional side is not worse than another. Each side tries to trip the other, and the average professional footballer must not only learn how to trip, but how to trip so scientifically that he will not be detected by the referee. If he becomes a past master in the art of tripping he will not only stop dangerous opponents, but also save his side from being penalised for his offences. Professionals would, no doubt, be perfectly willing to play in a straightforward and honest manner, but they know that their team has got to win and that individually they must employ every means in their power to enable it to win. Hence all this foul play. The professionals know that if their side doesn't win, their prestige as public athletes will suffer, and that their failure will very materially, in course of time, affect their pockets. How many times every Saturday afternoon is a player prevented from scoring by being tripped? This sort of thing is occurring all over the country. A forward who is dribbling towards the goal, we will say, has passed the half-backs and reaches one of the two backs. This player doesn't "take the man" while the other "takes the ball," as was the way in the old days, but, failing to stop the man, puts into practice the last expedient known to him and *trips* the man. (Not invariably, of course, but far too frequently.) If the referee observes the foul a penalty kick will be granted, but the back takes his chance of that. It is a sort of gamble. It is just possible that the referee will not see the trip, in which case he will not give a penalty kick, and the goal is saved. It is a national disgrace that a million people should pay their money every Saturday to watch players who deliberately resort to such devices. We turn out to watch Trip-Ball, not football.

An amateur who has played against some of the best professional teams tells me that this fouling will never be put a stop to. That is a nice thing to be said about a sport which has taken a greater hold on the British public than anything in the history of games! Britain, the home of fair play and good sportsmanship, calmly turns

out Saturday after Saturday to watch football players endeavouring to gain an advantage by foul methods. How different is it at an amateur match! I saw the Corinthians play Oxford University at Queen's Club. The scientific accuracy of the professionals was lacking, of course, but instead we witnessed a fine, free, open game, long passing, robust but fair charging, and no fouling of any description whatever. There were no linesmen, and the referee seemed to be having a pretty light time of it. There was a small crowd—two thousand, possibly. Yet, not very far away, we could hear the roar of the multitude watching Fulham at Craven Cottage, but Queen's Club was the precise spot in that part of London on that afternoon where play of the most honourable and upright kind was to be seen. Well, well—what I want to know is—will professionals always continue to trip, if by so doing they can gain an advantage? And tripping is not their only sin. The insidious hack on the ankle sends some player limping off the field in a good percentage of matches every Saturday. Those players who foul would not dream of stealing a kipper off a stall or a packet of tobacco off a shop counter, and yet they do not hesitate to steal an advantage by trying to lame the star man of the opposing team. A good many of you will guess whom I mean when I mention that a very distinguished amateur centre forward who turns out with a professional team once thought of giving up playing football with professionals altogether because he was so persistently tripped and hacked on the ankle; in fact, he developed in time a sort of jumping run as a consequence of his endeavours, after beating one of his professional opponents, to avoid the latter's outstretched foot. The American Football authorities are putting a stop to the murderous style of play that has been the vogue in the States, and now it is time that the Football Association of this country made a real effort to reform the methods of professional footballers.

Things must have come to a pretty pass when a football reporter goes out of his way to remark that there was no unfair play in a particular game. It would seem that there are teams which *can* play the game fairly. Our old friend Blackpool, for instance, Blackpool played the Crystal Palace three times in the first round of the English Cup competition. The deciding game was played on the Aston Villa ground, when Backpool won luckily by 1 to 0. Commenting on this game, the *Daily Chronicle* representative observed: "It was a match full of interest from start to finish, and it was quite refreshing, after the many disgraceful incidents in Saturday's meeting between the Villa and Birmingham, to find two clubs who could play the game in all seriousness without descending to anything that was mean or unsportsmanlike. There was no lack of vigour about the tackling, and no one hesitated to use his weight, but there was never a suggestion of anything unclean." So, I repeat, it would seem that professionals *can* play a keen and yet a clean game.

A Great Referee's Opinion.—I had written the foregoing remarks when I came across an article by Mr. John Lewis, in the Football *Evening News* for February 3, bearing on this very subject. Note what Mr. Lewis says:

> The opinion expressed by the editor last week that it is high time the F.A. took drastic steps "to rid the game once and for all of the mean, unfair, and brutal player" will meet with acceptance from every lover of the game.
>
> It is not impossible, as things are, for a determined referee to check foul play, but the law does not give him sufficient power to stamp it out altogether. The most hopeful way of combating practices which threaten the complete degradation of professional football is the education of players, spectators, and club managers to regard such tactics as not merely illegalities but "bad form." That, however, will be a slow process, and in the meantime I would suggest that referees be given power to treat hacking, ankle tapping, shin-scraping, elbowing, tripping, and all such intentional offences as not merely grounds for free kicks—which mostly come to nothing—but as "ungentlemanly behaviour" or "violent conduct" which, if persisted in, would incur banishment from the ground and suspension.

Mr. Lewis further remarks that the way to bring about an improvement in this state of things is to make the directorates of professional football clubs responsible for the foul play of the men they employ. If a player persists in utilising the unfair methods which Mr. Lewis catalogues above, he should be suspended by his directorate. All directorates must bow to the laws laid down by the Football Association, and it is upon this all-powerful body, therefore, that the responsibility rests of ridding the game of Association football of the many abuses which have crept into it.

Football Crowds.—Several letters have reached me criticising "J. W. M.'s"

remarks in our December number about football crowds. Mr. A. K. Shapcote, of Paignton, submits the following arguments in favour of the crowds.

(1) A large number of spectators are those whose football days, in a playing sense, are over.

(2) If the rest wanted to play, it would be impossible for them to do so owing to lack of grounds. As it is, in populous centres clubs are being disbanded owing to the impossibility of obtaining grounds.

(3) The establishment of a professional "Soccer" team in a district tends to increase the number of clubs and not to decrease it.

These arguments are reasonable enough. A good many men who watch football matches are certainly past their football days. As regards argument number two, I contend that it is quite possible for anybody who wants to play football to play it. It is always possible to get a ground if you go out far enough for it, and the man who really wants to play football doesn't mind how far he goes to play it.

Argument number three: my correspondent is also quite right when he says that the establishment of a professional soccer team increases the number of football clubs in the district. The professional soccer teams, unfortunately, set anything but a good example with the kind of game they play. Minor clubs which come into being through the establishment of a professional club in their district are strongly advised to play the game as fairly as possible, for the good name of English sport and for the moral effect such a process will have on themselves.

My correspondent has also something to say on the subject of unfair play: "With reference to the low tricks practised by soccer professionals, I contend that the pro. is not one whit worse than the amateur in this respect. Indeed, of the many games I have watched during the last twelve years, the one which remains in my memory on account of its 'dirtiness' is that played by the Corinthians at Devonport about six years ago."

As I did not witness this match, I cannot challenge the accuracy of Mr. Shapcote's statement. Amateur combinations are not always innocent of unfair play, but it is rank nonsense to say that "the pro. is not one whit worse than the amateur." The desperate rivalry between professional clubs is sufficient alone to make the "pro." sin a thousand times oftener than the amateur.

The Old Fag's Dinner Fund.—In addition to the contributions acknowledged last month, the following subscriptions were received during the first two weeks in January:

	£	s.	d.
G. H. C. and "Old Merchant Taylor Boy," per Jack L.	2	0	6
J. E. Cranstoun Bell	0	5	0
Collected by H. West	0	5	0
Collected by Gwendolen Okeden	0	4	6
Jack L.	0	4	0
Gwen. and George Campbell	0	2	6
H. Crump	0	2	6
F. Gibson, sale of autographs	0	2	0
Two Shillings each: Frank Torpey, "Battersea," C. Mayd	0	6	0
Eighteenpence each: J. H. & J. F. Bentley, L. J. H., A. H. Eustace-Jones	0	4	6
Constance Moorsom	0	1	0
Sixpence each: "Platypus," L D B, G L A, Field, May Cross, "A Captain Girl in Canada," Fred. Hill	0	3	0
Amount previously acknowledged	34	17	0
Total	£38	17	6

Particulars as to the manner in which the Fund was distributed were published in the February number, since the issue of which number I have received the following letter:

Tower Hamlets Mission,
Great Assembly Hall,
Mile End, London, E.,
January 24, 1906.

To the Editor of The Captain.

Dear Sir,—According to your desire, I beg to inform you how the £5 was spent which you kindly sent us as a contribution from your readers.

A dinner was not given on Christmas Day, for the reason that our poor people receive materials for a Christmas dinner in their own homes from a fund that has been in existence many years in connection with our work. It was given in the New Year, when the pinch of poverty was again being felt. Our Children's work being the largest in London (a Sunday School of over 1500 scholars, and a Children's Service, entirely separate, of over 2500 attendances weekly), there was unfortunately no difficulty in finding the 200 children for the feast. The only difficulty was in excluding many who really were deserving. This was eventually overcome by confining the dinner to those children under twelve years of age whose fathers were out of work, and to those whose fathers were dead, the mother being the only breadwinner. On Wednesday, January 3, the two hundred gathered in our Small Hall. The fare consisted of roast beef and vegetables, bread, and plum pudding. Many of the children were very young, especially where several of one family participated, but the selection had been so carefully made that even the youngest were so hungry that nothing was left. Several of the bigger boys and girls, after a plentiful supply of meat and vegetables, had three or four helpings

of pudding. It would have been just as easy to have given dinner to twice the number, as for every one that participated there was another equally deserving. Yours faithfully,

EDWIN H. KERWIN.

School Sports Results, 1905.—In forwarding the results, given below, of the sports held last year at Wellington College, New Zealand, O. J. Reid informs me that their champion sprinter, F. W. B. Goodbehere, "is locally regarded as a marvel, his authentic record for the hundred yards being 10⅗. At the Shrubb-Duffey Meeting held here last March, he was given 2½ yards start off Duffey in a 50 yards' race, and won by one foot on the line." I also append the results of the sports at the Boys' High School, Napier, New Zealand, together with those of two English schools only just to hand.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.

Mile.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 4 min. 58⅘ sec.
Half-Mile.—J. Bennett, 2 min. 11 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 55⅘ sec
220 Yards.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 24⅗ sec
100 Yards.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 10⅖ sec.
Hurdles.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 18 sec.
High Jump.—E. Mackenzie, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 20 ft.

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.

Mile.—Watts, 5 min. 2⅘ sec.
Half-Mile.—Pettit, 2 min. 17⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Dobbie, 57⅖ sec.
220 Yards.—Pettit, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—Broad, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—Leyland, 22 sec
High Jump.—Bogle, 4 ft. 11⅗ in.
Long Jump.—Pettit, 17 ft. 6 in.
Cricket Ball.—Gibbons, 80 yd. 4½ in.
Weight.—Grant, 25 ft. 6 in.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL.

Mile.—Lewis, 6 min. 9⅗ sec.
Half-Mile.—Hochapfel, 2 min. 27 sec.
100 Yards.—Nash, 12⅖ sec.
Hurdles.—Pepper, 18⅗ sec.
High Jump.—Hochapfel, 4 ft. 4 in.
Long Jump.—Pepper, 15 ft. 10⅗ in.
Cricket Ball.—Weldon, 85 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.

SOUTH SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—Dow, 5 min. 46 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Watt, 59 sec
220 Yards.—Watt, 28⅕ sec
100 Yards.—Gowans, 11 sec
High Jump.—Keatinge, 4 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—Gowans, 18 ft. 6½ in.
Cricket Ball.—91 yd. 2 ft.

Advice to a Young King.—In "The Diary of Henry Greville," published last year by Messrs. Smith, Elder, there is a very amusing reference to the present King of Greece. In 1863, the throne of Greece was going begging. It was offered to, amongst other dignitaries, the late Duke of Cambridge, who said he would rather sweep a crossing than take it. At length it was accepted by a young Danish prince, who, after a prosperous reign of forty years, visited this country last year and was banqueted by the Lord Mayor. Here is an anecdote from Henry Greville's "Diary" which manifests how suspiciously every great Power was then regarded by every other great Power:

When the boy-king had gone to St. Petersburg to pay his respects to the Tsar, Alexander II., the latter said he had only one piece of advice to give him, and that was to beware of the intrigues of France and England in Greece; and when he thereafter came to London, Lord John Russell said the only advice he could offer his Majesty was to be on his guard against the intrigues of Russia; while in Paris he was told by the Emperor Louis Napoleon that the only counsel he would venture to give him was to beware of the intrigues of Russia and England.

I gather from the *Daily Chronicle's* review that "The Diary of Henry Greville" makes extremely good reading, and my older readers might do worse than get it out of a library, for they will find in it some excellent pictures of court life in the middle of last century.

For Rowing and Running Men.—"Rowing and Track Athletics" (Macmillan) is the title of a book by Samuel Crowther and Arthur Ruhl, price 8*s.* 6*d.*, which traces from the earliest times the doings of American oarsmen and athletes. International contests are dealt with in full, and the whole work is most instructive and interesting. The following note on climatic influences will serve as an example of the readable style and informative nature of the book:

The enervating effect of the English climate on American athletes has been shown on various occasions ever since 1869, when the Harvard four-oar was sent over to compete on the Thames. With the same amount of work that would have been sufficient at home the men became so stale that two substitutes had to be put in the boat. In the race the "subs"—probably because of the brevity of their training—pulled the strongest oars in the boat. The Yale track team which met Oxford in 1894 had a similar experience—accentuated probably by the fact that instead of training at Brighton or elsewhere on the coast they trained in the warm Thames Valley. Cornell and Yale crews which have rowed at Henley have suffered the same sorry experience. The Harvard Yale team, which went abroad in 1899, got their land legs at Brighton in comparatively bracing sea air. Instead of attempting to acclimate themselves in England, they did their hard training in this country, tried to keep in fair shape while on

board ship, and only took a few days for preparation and for getting the feel of the Queen's Club track. As a result the team was in better shape than any other team that had been sent abroad, and had not one man been actually ill, it would almost certainly have won. The acknowledged superiority of English distance runners would suggest that in the long run the English climate assists in producing staying power. Certainly the Englishmen have that quality, and in the acquiring of it an atmosphere which discourages speed and conserves rather than excites nervous activity may well be assumed to play a part.

Volume XV.—In our next volume "Cox's Cough-Drops" will continue gently on its way, while in place of Mr. Wodehouse's serial I am publishing a most thrilling tale of the Australian Bush entitled, "The Track of Midnight," by G. Firth Scott, the principal figure in which ("Midnight") is the leader of a gang of bushrangers. You will be pleased to hear that our old friend "Jungly," Mr. E. Cockburn Reynolds' weird creation, will also reappear. Of other contents, one of the most interesting will be a description of the Schoolboys' Rifle Meeting at Bisley. The National Rifle Association, as many of you will have heard, has arranged with the headmasters of the principal public schools to hold a meeting especially for schoolboys at Bisley. A miniature pattern of the service rifle will be used, and the week's camp will be held in July or August.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sisterless, who started the "Boy and Girl" correspondence, is wroth with "Rossallian" for suggesting that athletic girls are "ugly, flat-chested, third-sex creatures," and proceeds: "They are fully as good-looking as non-athletic ones, and generally more graceful. Good looks, in my opinion, have to do with a girl's health and character. Health and strength are the natural *rights* of every girl, and nervous weaklings are a mistake, though they appeal to a certain kind of fellow because he unconsciously feels his own strength flattered. If a girl is a good sort, healthy in body and mind, she will look it, and that is beauty enough for *this* boy. As for the kind of girls that schools like Hickson's turn out, well, Sir, is not every nation ready to acknowledge the beauty, grace and intellect of the American girl? Do not her pictures and types flood our English market? Hickson's is an American school, and as there are plenty like it in America, any one of those charming American studies in our picture shops may be a portrait of a grown-up Florence Louise, Mary Baker, or Isabel Uridge."—After our Canadian friend's frank avowal with regard to the looks of Western girls (*see* "More about Hickson's," on the next page), I am afraid I must tell "Sisterless" that the charming studies of American girls that one sees in English shop windows are not to be taken as representative of the average American girl's looks. Like English girls, some are pretty and some are not. The majority pass in a crowd, and that is about as much as can be said for them or, if it comes to that, for the girls of any country. And now I suppose some Irish reader will inform me in furious language that *his* fellow-countrywomen do by no means "pass in a crowd." Another injustice to the Ould Counthry!

Gwendolen asks me whether I am a graphologist, and if so whether I will be good enough to tell her her character from her handwriting. I am not a graphologist, but it is very easy to distinguish certain traits of character from a person's handwriting. I should say that my correspondent is generous and very communicative—tells all her troubles to other people, &c.; that she is of a happy and rather harum-scarum disposition; that she is the sort of girl who revels in pung-pong, and will some day make some gentleman (CAPTAIN reader, I trust) a very affectionate wife. In case some of my elderly readers should up and say I ought not to be putting such things into a "young girl's" head, I will hasten to add that Gwendolen mustn't think about any young man until she is twenty-eight or thirty. This is all I can tell Gwendolen about herself from her letter, except that I should surmise she is rather good at making up accounts, and can do most things well *when she tries*. For instance, her parents have told her that her writing is illegible; all I can say is that the letter she has sent me is very clearly written, the writing being quite good enough to get her along through this life satisfactorily.

"Lil" writes: "With reference to the Hickson question, may I say that I think 'Old Rossallian' is wrong in assuming that all athletic girls are the flat-chested, third-sex creatures that he imagines them. I myself know a few of that sort, but the majority of athletic girls of my acquaintance are bright, bonnie girls, with clear complexions and well-developed figures, the results of their athletic training. Mind, I don't hold with girls going in for athletics and leaving household duties, sewing, and the other little things that tend to make a woman womanly, completely alone. If you remember, dear Old Fag, I wrote to you a long time ago as 'E. S. (a girl)' on the 'Boy and Girl' question, and I still hold the same opinions, though I am twenty now and have put my hair up and let my skirts down. I *love* tennis, cricket, and hockey just as much as I did then, and—if you don't mind my saying it, I am *not* a flat-chested, slouchy girl, and I generally get on very well indeed with boys. I'd like to introduce 'Old Rossallian' to some of the athletic girls I know, and I think he would change his opinion."

K. D. Murray.—In writing an essay for a CAPTAIN competition you may, of course, consult books in order to collect your facts, and then you should write the essay in your own language. In the event of your taking a passage word for word from a book, you should mention the source of your information either before or after the passage. Begin with the phrase, "Macaulay tells us how, &c.," or end with: "As Gibbon finely puts it," &c. I am sorry to say that now and then competitors are so dishonourable as to send essays which are very slightly altered passages from famous works. This, of course, is a most mean thing to do. It is not possible for us to be always playing the detective when judging essays of this sort, and we have to

rely on the honour of our readers. I have nothing but contempt for a reader who can calmly make a bid for a prize by sending in what is practically another man's work. A prize gained by dishonourable methods can never give any satisfaction to anybody equipped with the average amount of conscience.

Molly Rickman.—I wonder what sort of people tell you to "chuck" THE CAPTAIN because you are twenty! What kind of magazine do they think you ought to read now? If you like to read a magazine for boys until you are ninety it's no affair of other people's, and you will probably find it fresher and more inspiring than the magazines which follow no programme other than printing stories and articles which are calculated merely to amuse and interest the public. THE CAPTAIN has, at any rate, an object of a somewhat worthier nature than this; it tries, in a mild way, to exercise a bracing effect on its readers by inserting matter of a kind to inspire and encourage those travelling along the hard road of life to get the best out of themselves, whatever their occupation may be.

Wanted: Officers for the Church Lads' Brigade.—The Rev. Claud C. Wood writes: "Thank you for your kind mention of our little paper, 'The Ninth.' I have been a regular reader of THE CAPTAIN from its start, and find that it is very much appreciated by our C.L.B. boys. The C.L.B. endeavours to find for lads of another class what the public schoolboy finds in his school. I sometimes wonder whether perhaps your magazine might not do more to stimulate the interest of public schoolboys, past and present, in the welfare of their less fortunate brethren. There is room, for instance, for a lot of good work to be done by old public schoolboys with the C.L.B. As officers in that society they would find opportunities of influencing for good lads of another class, who need all the help they can get."

"F. D."—I am exceedingly pleased to hear that THE CAPTAIN has been so influential in forming your character. It is my object to make THE CAPTAIN a friend and a helper to its readers, and my readers reward me by sticking to the magazine through thick and thin. We cannot always hit on a serial story which is agreeable to every reader, but, after all, there are many other features, and the most sportsmanlike thing for a reader to do if he doesn't like a serial is to wait for better times. You will be interested to hear that THE CAPTAIN is one of the steadiest magazines in the country from the point of view of the bookstall clerk and the newsagent. That is to say, its circulation doesn't wobble as does the circulation of many of its contemporaries. This is a sign that its readers stick to it and buy it regularly every month.

G. B. Hindmarsh writes: "I have noted with some satisfaction your answer to a correspondent, Harry French, in the December number, in which you say that you are 'thinking of discontinuing the Club before long, and starting some League in connection with THE CAPTAIN which will be of some practical use to readers.' I have thought for some time past that, while THE CAPTAIN Club is, in itself, an excellent institution, promoting as it does a healthy spirit of camaraderie between readers, making us think that we are all members of a big family with our one and only Old Fag as our paterfamilias, yet that something more concrete, more practical, such as the League you have in your mind, would be an advantage. I, for one, shall watch with great interest the further development of your idea."—I fear my idea has not developed very much yet, but I hope to hit on a scheme which will, as G. B. H. suggests, take a more concrete and practical shape than the CAPTAIN CLUB.

More about Hickson's.—Jack L. writes from Vancouver, B.C.: "Allow me to get my oar in with regard to this topic. In New Westminster was a College of the Hickson type, but last year it was decided, as a step forward, to have separate boys' and girls' classes, and to forbid the boys and girls to lunch together in the lunch-room. The Hickson idea may be good, but it was not the outcome of Yankee progressiveness so much as the result of necessity. The West was but newly populated, and, as is done in the Government schools at home, the classes were mixed to save expense. In addition, I may say that calf-love is utterly unknown in the West, for the reason that, sad to relate, the girls here are exceedingly unlovely. Exceptions there may be, but they only prove the rule."

Would-be Author.—There is no special training for the profession of authorship, an author being a man who is naturally gifted with a talent for writing, who is observant, imaginative, and endowed with the artistic ability to blend comedy and tragedy in the form of romance. If you have all these qualifications, by all means start in and be an author, but you will find it a very difficult vocation to succeed in. The people who succeed as authors are those who have absolute confidence in their ability, and go on trying in spite of all rebuffs. There is no special line of study for this profession, but one should read all the best books that have been written; one should see as much of the world and one's fellow creatures as possible, and be always *observing*.

Paddy suggests that we should have a series of articles on the great British railway lines. This would be most interesting, and I will bear the suggestion in mind. Paddy also jokingly proposes that as our girl readers would not be very interested in railway articles, we should publish a paper on "How to Darn Stockings" for their benefit. Much as we like to cater for all sections of readers, I am afraid that no member of our staff can tackle this seemingly simple subject. I certainly do know one man—a Rugby football player—who darns his own stockings, but he does it so badly, never by any chance making the wool match, that I fear I cannot commission him to write an article on the subject.

"The Abbess" is advised to consult my answer to "Would-be Author," as also are other people with literary aspirations who write to me in a somewhat despairing vein. One of Marion Crawford's characters—a literary man—remarks that when people ask him whether they shall go on writing he always advises them not to, being sure that if they are going to be writers they will go on in spite of all the advice he or any other man may give them to the contrary. As regards the particular contribution "The Abbess" sends me, entitled "Peace," it seems to me on the whole to be rather nonsense. What the girl wanted was plenty of hockey and a few healthy girl companions.

L. T. (Ontario, Canada).—No, you were not last man in with your subscription to the Dinner Fund. Another Canadian reader sent along a one dollar and a five dollar bill the week after we heard from you. The latter he procured by means of an advertisement which he was enterprising enough to insert in a

Vancouver paper. A total stranger to himself and THE CAPTAIN sent along an old greenback. Judging from the condition of both bills I should say they must have been knocking about for ten years or so. Still, they are quite good money, and they will help to make many youngsters a good deal happier than if they had never been sent.

Success of Captainites.—Quite a choice selection of young people who first spread their wings in our CAPTAIN Club pages are now going ahead in the world and selling their tales, poems, and sketches to well-known papers. I now observe that H. L. Dobree, who started reading THE CAPTAIN when it first came out and did very well in our competition and Club pages, is forging ahead as a dramatist. He has had a couple of plays produced in the provinces, his latest being a romantic drama called "Jessica," which no doubt various CAPTAIN readers will have an opportunity of witnessing in the course of its travels round the country.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Harborne, Birmingham.—Readers of THE CAPTAIN living in the district referred to who wish to form a Club should write to T. S. Oldfield, 19 Lonsdale Road, Harborne, Birmingham. We wish all readers to understand that we absolutely disclaim any responsibility with regard to CAPTAIN Clubs formed by them. The idea is that CAPTAIN readers should get to know each other by means of clubs of this kind, but we cannot undertake to draw up rules or to assist in their formation beyond inserting these notices.

Bullying in Schools.—After perusing "A Little Schoolboy Sixty Years Ago," a CAPTAIN reader recently sent me an article on his experiences ten years ago. These experiences did not seem to me representative of the average school, so I had to decline the article, but after reading it the thought occurred to me that the bullying described was distinctly of a private school nature. I think there is far more bullying in private than in public schools. Perhaps some of my readers may like to forward me their views on this subject.

An Acknowledgment.—"DEAR SIR,—I am writing to thank you for the bound volume of THE CAPTAIN which you offered to give the competitor who got most marks in classes 98 to 101 at the 'Keighley Kindergarten and Industrial Exhibition.' I got most marks and got the book. It is the best book I have ever had and I think it is the best you could give a boy for a present. Thanking you for giving such a good book.—I remain, yours truly, L. Gavins."

"Nervy."—A correspondent takes exception to our recent interpretation of the word "nervy," as meaning "subject to nerves." The word, you may remember, was made use of in the celebrated Hickson Controversy. This correspondent says that by a "nervy" girl he would imagine a girl who was able to look after herself when attacked by a tramp or chased by a bull, and certainly I agree with him that that construction can be put upon the word.

Hearty Well-wisher.—I thank you for your out-spoken letter. If we were to drop any one of the "Corners" which you so object to, a great many readers would be disappointed. I have no doubt that there are many others like you who would like to see the "Corners" swept away and stories inserted in their place, but the majority of our subscribers like these "Corners," and are willing to be content with just the number of stories that we can find room for.

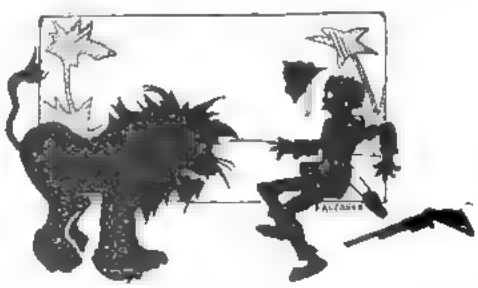
Tennahoe (Canterbury, New Zealand).—For really good photographs we always have space in the CAPTAIN Club pages. I hope your three brothers don't hurt one another when they "scrap" among themselves for THE CAPTAIN, or I shall have to come along with my club. The author you mention begs me to give you his kindest regards.

A Correction.—Mr. Walter Dexter writes to say that the photograph of Lant Street, Borough, reproduced on page 429 of the January Number, should have been described as, "Where Dickens *Lived* Whilst Working in the Blacking Factory," and adds that the blacking factory itself stood where Charing Cross Station now stands.

Mr. Winston Churchill's Portrait.—Several readers have written protesting against the insertion of this photograph and accusing me of exhibiting political bias. I need hardly say that I published this portrait merely as a portrait likely to interest readers apart altogether from party views. The accompanying letterpress from the *Star* must not be regarded in any sense as a reflection of my opinions.

"Boy and Girl" write a joint letter asking me whether I think a boy and girl of sixteen ought to be sweethearts. My answer is that young people of that age ought to be chums and nothing more. They are too young to be sweethearts. Let them put aside such sentimental ideas until they are a few years older.

George Faulconer, of Edinburgh, sends me a picture of a lion and a hunter which he executed *in five minutes*. It is a creditable piece of work, and I am reproducing it herewith. If George Faulconer can draw a picture like this in five minutes I should be interested to see what sort of a picture he can produce in five hours.



W. Rayner asks, "if a person is thirteen" can he go in for an "age limit twenty-one" competition as well as for an "age limit sixteen" one? Why, certainly. Some boys are so smart that they are able to carry away the prizes in any sort of class.

Book Wanted.—"The Two Legacies: A Book for Boys." By Jeannie Gwynne Bettany. Originally published at 1s., by Ward, Lock and Co., in 1886.—(Editor, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.)

Letters, &c., have also [to be acknowledged from: J. F. Harris, D. G. Fraser, Zeugma, Iris, F. B. Julian, Joseph Boase, Stella Bobb, Leslie Morgan.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—"What I Hope to do in 1906, and Why."

Age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Ernest Klemjung, 28 Endenicher Allee, Bonn, Germany.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow; Andrew B. Whitehill, 8 Grafton Square, Glasgow; Emerson Barker, 76 Southgate, Eckington, Nr. Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Horsfall, Alfred Plumbley, Reginald Waller, Frances Whittingham, R. Nicholson, Percival Dacre, Evan J. Lewis, P. Eustace Petter, Evelyn K. Bales, D. H. Champion, W. B. Kitching, Benjamin Corbyn, Eric Moore Ritchie.

No. II.—"Missing Building."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF STANLEY PEARCE "ACME" TELESCOPE: W. H Braddell, Parkfield, Park Road, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance Moorsom, Gregor McGregor Jnr, Henry A. Barrett, W. Cornell, L. W. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF STANLEY PEARCE "ACME" TELESCOPE: Alfred Gasston, 20 Havelock Road, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Bernard Shurrock, James Charles Walton, Meredith Spalding.

No. III.—"January Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S "ALDWYCH" STAMP ALBUM: Claude H. Auld, 66 Sandgate Street, Ayr.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Fry, P. Eustace Potter, C. Ingham, G. A. Rastrick, F. C. Rogers, T. D. Spikin, G. B. Hindmarsh, Bernard Weaver, John B. Sisson, Henry C. Han, P. G. Bales, D. E. Foll, L. Spero, D. E. Tyler.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S "ALDWYCH" STAMP ALBUM: Swinburn S. Cherry, 20 Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George F. Lexow, 33 Newington Road, Broco Bank, Sheffield; Edwin G. Urwin, 7 Albert Street, Milnrow, nr. Rochdale.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Birkett, H. Gordon Holmes, N. L. Thomson, R. O. Merton, Edmund Snell, R. E. Thomas, R. C. Andrade, E. O. Jones, G. E. R. Gedge, G. H. Schofield, J. D. Hosmam, Evelyn Siddons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S "ALDWYCH" STAMP ALBUM: William G. Parker, 218 High Road, South Tottenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. P. Macmecken, S. H. Clarke, H. L. Sackett, Harold Bartley, A. Brain, G. Lampard, S. Lomax, H. S. Thirkell.

No. IV.—"What to Make during the Holidays."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF MESSRS. W. C. HUGHES' RUSSIAN IRON MAGIC LANTERN: Bernard Weaver, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, East Dereham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Nora Bryant, 35 Hampton Park, Bedland, Bristol; Nora Ffrench Blake, Eythorne, Nr. Dover.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. M. Piper, G. Coffin, Wallace A. Lewis, A. Armour, A. Needham, Alfred Lerum, Guy S. Dawkins, G. Austen Taylor, C. A. Wright, Wm. Poppleton, A. G. Collins, John Bennett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Willie L. Thomson, 199 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Stevens, H. B. Champion, D. C. Mason, E. Colingwood, W. de Zough, J. Barlow, R. C. Andrade, J. Browne, Lionel M. Hunter, H. Gatford, H. L. Crawford.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: S. H. Clarke, 112 Cemetery Road, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Hunter, B. Barnes.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Charles J. Hankinson, Bergen, Branksome Wood Road, Bournemouth West.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. F. Harvey, Synwood, Polworth Road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. T. S. Hilton, E. S. Maples, S. W. Barnes, Harry W. Witcombe, R. W. Copeman, Ernest B. Holmes, George Herbert Beale.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. R. Nicholson, Home Mead, Lymington, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. J. Jones, 14 Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Edward White, Charles Beaumont, F. S. Foden, T. H. Stern, Frank L. Lees, Ernest Townsend, Lewis E. Whitfield.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: S. H. Mytton, 1 Moffets Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Shelley, 24 Carlisle Street, Dresden, Longton, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alan Lea, E. K. Wyatt, A. Cyril Geates, H. L. Barrow, T. L. Baylis, Frank Chesney Clubb, Vivian R. Poole, John Herbert Williams, O. W. Callard.

No. VI.—"Drawing of an Ornament."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Mortimer, Sibyl O'Neill, Olivia M. Harvey, Hilda Gilling, J. Protheroe.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: James C. Anderson, 33 Cambridge Road, Lee, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas Bell, W. T. O. Zeroni, H. B. R. Thompson, G. W. Bailey, Constance Henderson, Dorothy M. Gibson, John S. Small, Freda E. Myers, N. W. Davis, Edwin Cawthron, Violet Bellamy.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: D. Carrington, 40 De Parys Avenue, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances C. Ware, Bonnant, Avranches, Manche, France.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie Appleton, Norman Lea, D. H. Nicholson, A. Gladys Holman, Rachel M. Tancock, Gerald Poston, Edith M. Scales, H. C. Osborne, Frances E. Belfield, Dora Evans, A. J. Tennouth, Girlie Almack, Stanley W. Lefeaux, William H. Sixton.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(November 1905.)

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Frank Brierly, 13 Stanmore Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Hugh Millar, c/o James Millar, Esq., Box No. 1 G.P.O., Warwick, Queensland, Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. V. Hunter (British Guiana), R. V. Maitra (India), Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad), Alfred L. Solomon (Jamaica).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the January Competitions.

No. I.—To pass a certain examination or win a ce[illegible] is the avowed object of most of our competitors; others have determined to work hard at languages, art, or games; while one or two have set themselves the hardest task of all—that of conquering themselves. All these objects are most praiseworthy, and every one has our best wishes for their fulfilment during 1906.

No. II.—Very heavily contested. Most competitors placed the pieces correctly, but failed to achieve the neatness of arrangement which distinguished the prize-winning efforts.

No. III.—The usual large number of excellent essays were sent in, the favourite January heroes being Burns, Charles James Fox, Pitt, Lord Curzon, the German Emperor, and the Bishop of London. One or two competitors forfeited any chance of gaining the prize by exceeding the 400 words limit.

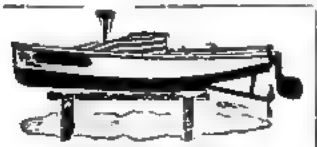
No. IV.—This was a most interesting competition to judge, and we must compliment competitors on their ingenuity and resource. Suggestions were sent for the making of all kinds of useful articles from a bookcase and table to a plant for making acetylene gas. Many of the plans drawn were most workmanlike and neat, but, in some cases, the two points of simplicity and cheapness were not sufficiently considered.

No. V.—A pretty study of puppies was successful in Class I., while in Classes II. and III. a statuary group and an interior respectively gained the prizes.

No. VI.—Some clever sketches, both plain and coloured, were submitted, the work of the prize-winners in each Class being particularly good.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.



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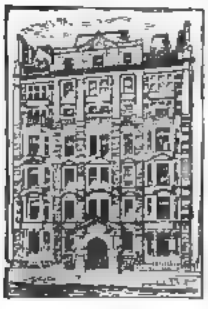

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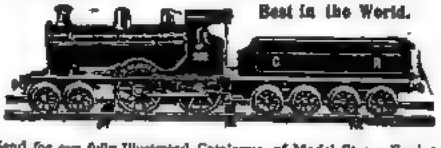

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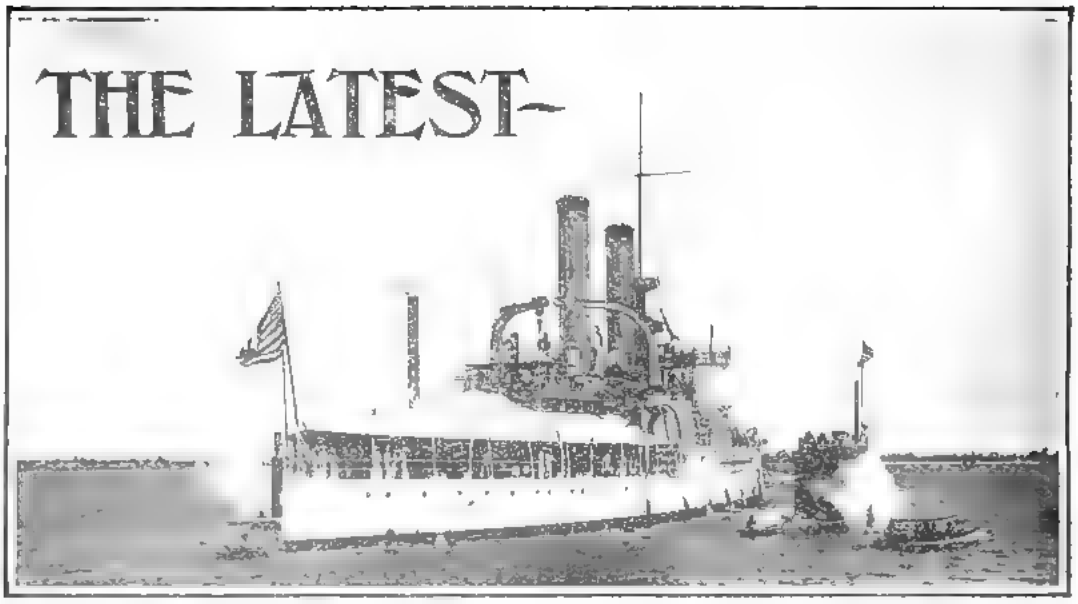
THE LATEST—

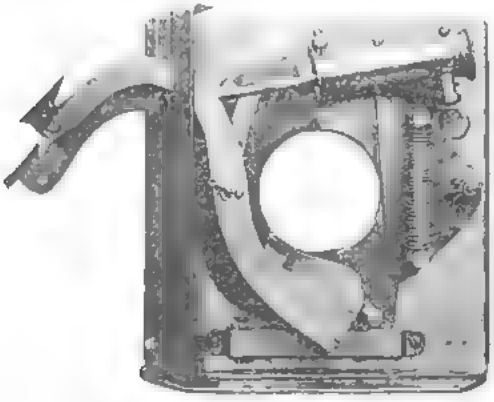


The Cavité Floating Drydock.

Our heading illustration this month represents the United States battleship *Iowa* leaving the latest American floating dry-dock built for use at Cavité, in the Philippine Islands, and now on its way thither. The *Iowa* has a displacement of 11,600 tons, and was dry-docked four and a half feet out of the water for two days. The dry-dock is being towed to the Philippines by three colliers, and four months have been allowed for the voyage.

The "Burrill" Signalling Lamp.

This is the invention of an old "Conway" boy, Mr. William Burrill, and is designed for signalling at sea in the Morse Code. With existing lamps for this purpose, the electric current is turned on and off by hand, the operator having to guess the duration of one second and three seconds respectively—representing the dot and dash of the Morse Code. This method has obvious disadvantages—owing to different operators' ideas of time, and the gradual lighting up and dying away of the light consequent on the low voltage of a ship's electricity—and frequently renders a message undecipherable. Where two ships are passing each other there is not always time for repetition, and the message is lost. The "Burrill" lamp overcomes these objections in that the light is kept burning the whole time a message is being sent, and the length of a flash is determined by the use of a shutter actuated by two levers which keep it open automatically for one or three seconds. The "Burrill" Signalling Lamp is manufactured solely by Messrs. Butler and Forrester, 35 Wapping, Liverpool.



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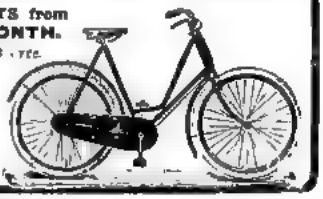

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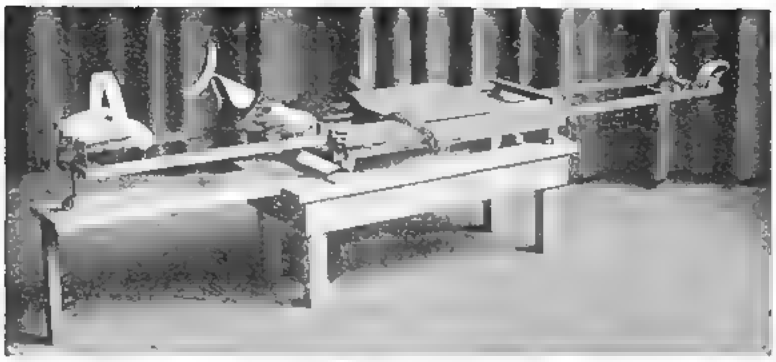
"I said the player;
"Because I need a stayer—
"I said

BOVRIL

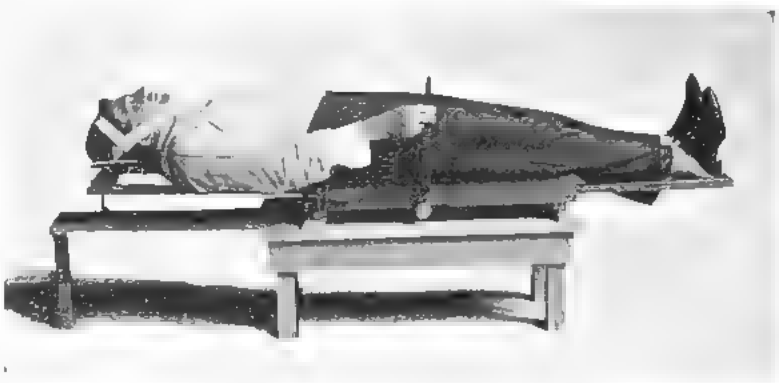


THE "CLEAVES-CROPP STRETCHING MACHINE."

How to Become Taller.

THE pictures on this page are not so terrible as they at first appear; they are not associated with a hospital operating theatre, nor do they depict a certain instrument of torture of the period of the Spanish Inquisition. They illustrate the "Cleaves-Cropp Stretching Machine," and the gentleman in the lower illustration is adding to his stature by means of it. It is well known that weight applied to an arm will, in a surprisingly short time, increase the length of it. This machine applies the same principle to the whole body by providing a gradual exercise of the intervertebral cartilages, and, in nearly every case, the treatment has resulted in an increase of two inches in height in eight weeks.

One instance in particular is recorded of a youthful aspirant for U.S. Government service passing the height standard by means of the "Cleaves-Cropp Stretching Machine."



"GROWING TALLER" ON THE MACHINE.

THE NEW LOCK AT MOLESEY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.
Photo. Park.

Molesey's New Lock.

THE new lock at this popular up-river resort was commenced last October, and, the Thames Conservancy inform us, will be finished by the beginning of the boating season this year, as they are working on it night and day. It will be 267 ft. long, 30 ft. wide at the body, and 25 ft. wide at the gates, thus being nearly 100 ft. longer, and 12 ft. wider than the old lock. While the old lock was built of timber with brick heads, the new one is composed of concrete with granite sills, copings, and facings. It will hold a tug and four barges, and will be very similar in appearance to the new lock at Teddington, but not quite so large.

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A Telephone for Divers.

We illustrate on this page, through the courtesy of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., Submarine Engineers, the latest invention for the use of the diver. This is the "New Patent Loud-Sounding Telephonic Apparatus," by means of which the attendant at the surface may speak to two divers separately or simultaneously, or the two divers be put into communication with each other when under water. When they wish to speak, the divers cause a bell to ring by pressing, with their head or chin, a small electric contact fitted conveniently inside their helmets. The diver in the left-hand picture is searching the ocean bed by the aid of another of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co.'s latest diving specialities—the "Self-Contained Electric Submarine Hand Lamp." This lamp is of the dry-battery variety, and will burn continuously for seven hours, and may be turned on and off without removing the cover.

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Messrs. Cailler's Competition last year was such a great success that they have instituted another, to run during the ensuing year, in which the total value of the prizes amounts to £10,000. Full particulars will be found in each packet of Cailler's Swiss-Milk Chocolate.

THIS DIVER OR—

A "Model" Society.

On January 12, the Society of Model Engineers held its seventh annual conversazione at Holborn Town Hall. In addition to the usual musical programme, models of every description were exhibited. Readers with a taste for model-making cannot do better than become members of this society. The Honorary Secretary is, Mr. Herbert G. Riddle, 37 Minard Road, Hither Green, S.E.

A Miniature Map.

The microphotoscope, invented by a Berlin chemist, though no larger than a cigar-case, permits of consulting the map of the whole district by night as well as by day. The map is photographed in miniature on a plate of ground glass, which is illumined by a small incandescent lamp supplied, when required, with current from a battery, while a lens can be adjusted to the observer's sight.

The Latest Flying Machine.

M. Santos-Dumont is having built an aeroplane as well as a flying machine. The former will be a sort of an arrow, nearly 50 ft. long, having a head 26 ft. broad at the base. On the shaft will be fixed two silk wings, having a total surface of 236 sq. ft., stretched on a bamboo frame and curving slightly downwards at the sides. The passenger will be seated in a basket beneath the double wings, below which will also be a 24-h.p. motor working two propellers, each 6½ ft. in diameter. Finally, an articulate tail will act as rudder.

A New Game.

Messrs. G. Wright and Co., Bayer Street, Golden Lane, E.C., are responsible for the latest addition to the list of indoor games. This is called "Sky," and is a game played with cards designed very much on the lines of ordinary playing-cards, in which there are six pools to reward both the lucky and the skilful. "Sky" contains just that nice blend of chance and skill which makes the successful parlour game, and costs 2s. and 3s. 6d.

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR MARCH 1906.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The Hon. Sec. at Adelaide writes to say that after a most successful winter session they are just going into recess for several weeks during the hot weather. His letter, which is far too lengthy to reproduce here, gives particulars of our colonial comrades both at work and play, and shows how intelligently they follow all the doings of the Motherland. Should any reader desire to know more of this wonderful country he cannot do better than join the B.E.L. Colonial Correspondence Club and get his information first hand from one of its members whose integrity can be fully relied on.

NEW ZEALAND.—The success of the League in New Zealand is beyond all expectation. It is not two years since the B.E.L. really became known at the antipodes, and now, I think, its members rival in enthusiasm those of the older colonies and the old country. Already there are branches in every important town. Mr. Raymond MacCarthy sends me a splendid report of the branch at Invercargill, every member earnestly carrying out the aims and ideas of the League with marked success and satisfaction. He would very much like to see an Inter-Colonial Camera Exchange Club formed for the exchange of views, both mental and pictorial, between boys of the Colonies and the Homeland.

GREENOCK.—This old Club is going apace. From the beginning it has always been fortunate in having a good secretary and good committees. In November it begun the winter session in earnest, with indoor games, Literary and Debating Societies; while out-of-doors it has been very successful in the football field.

B.E.L. FOOTBALL CLUB.—Mr. H. J. Verrall, Hon. Sec., 47 Thornhill Place, Maidstone, writes to suggest that a match should be arranged between two teams—say, North *v.* South of the Thames, before the end of the season, the "gate" to be devoted to the benefit of the League funds. I should very much like such a match, or even two, to take place, but am afraid my hands are too full to undertake any part, beyond secretarial duties, in the preliminary arrangement. However, I commend the suggestion to any readers who may be inclined to take the matter up, and shall be glad to consider any communication on the subject.

The Colonial Correspondence section still keeps up its popularity: This month I have letters from Adelaide, S. Australia; Invercargill, New Zealand; Dunedin, New Zealand; Rangoon, India; Iroquois, Ontario; Oya, *via* Lagos, and Elmina (West Coast of Africa); Sierra Leone; Lindsay, Ontario; Maberley, Ontario; Mataura, Southland, New Zealand; Oamaru, New Zealand; Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto, Montreal, Canada; Humansdorp, Qumbu, South Africa; Port Elizabeth, Natal; Melton, Newfoundland; Demerara; and many other places. To all of these I have replied personally, or placed my correspondents in communication with B.E.L. members in England. I should be glad to have a few more new correspondents in England so as to extend the usefulness of this branch of the League.

THE ORGANISING SECRETARY.

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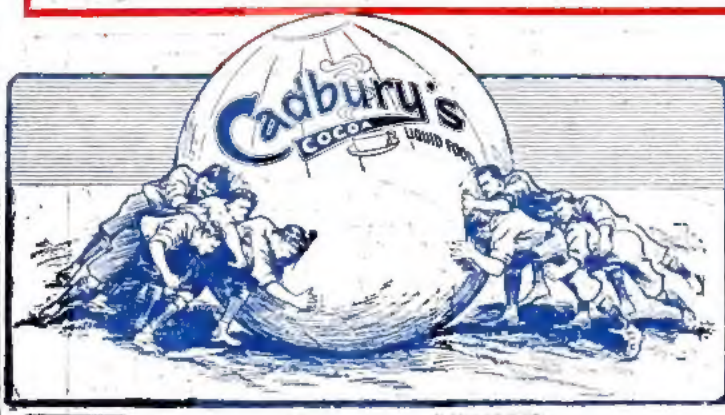

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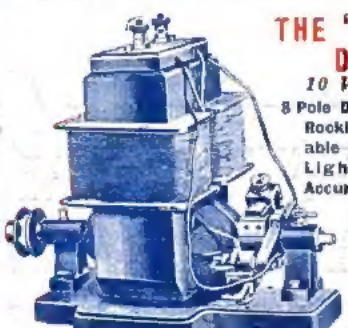

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